

PIER TO-MORROW;

OR,

A MORGANA!

CONTAINING

PROLOGUE

VISIONS OF MR. SERJEANT MALLET, M.P. FOR BOLDBOROUGH,
CARBERRY THE FUTURE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION,
AND OF THE HUMAN RACE.

THE WORK

EDITED BY
GOVERNMENT BY R'

WILLIAM DE TYNE,
THE COMMON OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

THE HOUSE

"Lucem orbis terrarum, atque arcem omnium gentium."—CICERO.

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PROLOGUE.

Is there no hour in the life of man, the individual, wherein he may say to himself—"I am as I am—but what to be?" Yet he may bear his fruit within his bark like the unfailing trees. The will of man is strong, but it may be but the iron road whereon may travel as well the harlequin as the eldest son of wisdom. Is it not thus also with man, the member of the nation? May a nation not also ask at times whither it is wending? It will not always sweep on like the earth round her sun-god in the measured unchanging oval—nor can it for ever revolve around itself in diurnal self-satisfaction. What it was yesterday, it is not to-day. To-day is not to-morrow, like the undistinguished steps through the ocean. It is dying and renewing hour by hour,—becoming more beautiful, like the healthful forest, or hideous as the naked waste. The nation is but the giant-man. Be he ever so big, his will may be weak as the unstable water. Let his head be at the white Arctic, his feet at the Antarctic, and his body be as bulged as the Equator, his words may be no more to the world than woman's whisper, and his large framework be filled with all manner of uncleanness. Again, let him be as dwarfish as

the alpine herb-willow, he may be as complete in his structure. This small willow rises farther towards the stars than the knotted year-laden oak, and its peak is the resting-place of pilgrims. What rigorous truth must be in that small state, that it speaks to the world as in the decrees of fate, and rules it by its word! How the helpless, useless strength may flounder till it fall, if the large limbs are not held by the larger soul!

If all men are born with souls, they are too often treated as the discarded garments that in summer are too thick, and in winter too thin. Some strip them in the early day for the noontide heat, and in the evening dew these grope hopelessly for the robe again among the thorns—Ah! in how many thousand shreds!

All men at least are born with bodies. What difference of nature, of nurture, of condition! The puny ones, withering, yet striving, day by day, at last spring up strong and tall as the cedars. The huge ones fall like the forest trees in the sapping swamp. Who shall foretell the doom of early decay and death, or the ever young and blooming life? Yet there is a foresight even in this.

Let us look farther on with the telescope Time has laboured for us. There are some who cheer the present in telling the grandeur of the past, or moan over the hour with the mutterings of Age. Let us be consoled also by Hope and Faith. Let us not break to utter ruin this mirror of the past—let us look into it as into that of the strait Flemish streets—which tells of those that come as well as

of those that depart. We see but the back of the Past ; the Future at least turns her full front to us.

Slow and painful is the growth of the good man ;—still more so that of the great nation. Its life is longer, but its step is slower. Its pulse is as the silent tide, while man's is as the petulant wave. Its voice is that of the great bell that sounds once in a generation of men. Its stroke is that of the great hammer, that rises gently, but falls most grievously. This people has its tears, its throes, its visions, its defeated feelings, and its intoxicating triumph. It has its personal trials, temptations, and tribulations, and may pray deliverance from them, like the litanist :—it has its hill of hope and its depth of despair. It has the lustful strength of life and the sickness almost even to death. Yet it will not die. Man dies like the summer flowers, but the root is perennial. The waters flow on to the ocean ; but the wells are filled afresh, and the stream is the same, differing, as before, from others in its virtues and its properties. Man dies—the nation never, or seldom. It has its sleep, its long trance, its dreams, its night-walking, but it does not die. In its deepest trance it is ready for the silver horn of the promised prince. Once more : for man, the unit, is early death, and eternal life ; for the society is only life on earth. But they both look to the skies, or should so look. They should also both look to the world within them. If man must live in another land, should he make no search for the best route ? The road to that land lies first through this. If the nation has no hereafter, its present is the

more urgent, and its future in this world follows surely. Self-knowledge, therefore, may be preached to every congregation of men. To know well the disease, is the best study for the cure. The state-body is large enough for vigorous treatment. If there be cancer, cut it out; if there be the perilous limb, cut it off. It may grow again, like that of the crippled crab. If need be, let blood out freely, or pour it in afresh—only not from the calves, as in the last generation of quacks. Let us look down into the dark gulfs with firmness, and up to the golden height hopefully.

The FATA MORGANA is not false; it is only true before the time, and therefore *pre-posterous*. It will be true to-morrow,—or, at most, THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW. Sail on, and you will meet the very ship you saw in the air. Its figure was inverted; but it is now erect. The thirsting pilgrim sees in the Arab desert the palm-trees and the fountains. They are not delusions as to existence,—only as to space and time. One more day-stride! and he is there! The good augury requires the good work. *Forward!* is the inexorable word in this world. Courage, then! FORWARD! for the fountains and the palm-trees!

THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW,

OR

FATA MORGANA.

CHAPTER I.

CARBERRY LODGE.

JOSHUA MALLET, serjeant-at-law, at Westminster, in full wig and gown,—in his shooting-coat often called Uncle Joss —had arrived at the Lodge at midnight. For he loved to break upon the soft alpine scene at once, and, as he said, to come blindfold, and tear off the bandage for one first gorgeous glance. He was now walking in the still early morning on the terrace in front of the house, and leisurely surveying the accustomed spots. His step was as quick as if he were still among the assize crowds, and his keen eye searched the flowers as if they had been the evidence for the defendants. But as he at times stayed to look up the green valley, or at the distant blue mountain, or on the nearer purple heath hill, his face was flushed with delight.

It was indeed a scene which might have delighted a moodier man. It was a very secluded spot, folded fairly within the arms of the northern English hills. It was separated from the main valley below by a short but steep ravine, down which the Helbeck only travelled, and in his haste seemed to break his neck at a waterfall. The only road to the Lodge was over a high hill, from which was a

rapid descent into the oval vale of Carberry. At the north side of the vale, with its back against a sheltering cliff, stood the quaint, curious, old-looking house, with its long pine portico, and its tall clock-tower. For the serjeant would have measured time in the garden of the Hesperides. A rounded wing on the west, protected by gigantic firs—the body guard, as he called them—held the chief saloon. Beyond, still westward, was the valley of the Helbeck, intercepted by rocks and wood. The stream glided gently down those rocks, and then wound its bright arm almost entirely round the oval-formed vale, leaving in the middle a fine grassy haugh. The right bank was clothed with wood; but in the midway was a large wide opening into a long valley called Meredale, watered also by a stream, called the Rowanbeck. The view from the house and terrace swept the whole of this valley, with its knolls of heather, its thin white birch-woods, its small lake, its rowan-trees (mountain ash) rooted in the rocks, and its green pasture-ground, till it ended in a broad purple-tinged hill, which sloped gradually upwards till it tapered to the bold head of Cloudberry Pike. This peak was the highest spot of the district, and from its stony chairs might be seen, on fine days, a wonderful, wide domain. To this high seat of the Northern Wetterhorn, which was now almost as blue as the sky, all eyes at the Lodge often wandered, as to a throne round which the first breath of storm gathered.

This mountain gave great character to the scenery for many miles around it. Even when invisible in the mists, the serjeant said that, as in the Queen's Bench, the monarch must always be considered to be present.

In this undimmed presence Uncle Joss took his morning stroll. He was himself not a little remarkable. About the middle size, and somewhat past the middle age, his figure

was also neither too much burthened, nor too slenderly furnished. His neat brown shooting-dress sat as easily on him as the heather on the hill; but his quick, active step, and his still quicker eye-glance, showed the training of a city. His face, with all its sharpness, was very benevolent. It was the lower part that betokened worldly shrewdness, easy decision, and habitual rule. Above, his broad white brow was as open as the dale; and looked an arsenal of unclouded, unwrinkled thoughts. His large grey eyes were sentinels that stood for both those worlds. See him, as he is now, prying with his knife into the cup of a mountain flower, and his searching sight seems to shrivel the frail herb. See him again as he throws it aside, and his step becomes more stately, and his large eyes fill with dreaming visions as he gazes on the far blue peak.

He was the youngest son of a long-deceased sire, who had given him no other inheritance but the gout. He used to say he was like the heir in "borough English," begotten last, when the family brand was brightest. The paternal estate was at the mouth of the main valley, many miles off, near the plain. How the revelling old squires had so long contrived to keep land and hall was a continual marvel. Burthened with mortgages, bonds, judgments, jointures, portions and pensions, it was singular how many an old squire could hope to get even another mug of strong ale from the ancestral cellar. Many a day, as the old rooks were busy in talking over the ancestral legends on their tall trees, had the handwriting on the wall been almost visible. But by some means or other—by forbearance, by lucky marriages like the Hapsburgs, by unlooked-for deaths and windfalls, by careful interregnums in the days of minority, the old squires had hunted, and eaten, and drunk, and the rooks had chattered over them in the grey morning, from genera-

tion to generation. But the last owner, Richard, the father of Joss, seemed really destined to fame by becoming the Belshazzar of his race; even the rooks began to shake their heads as this sad respectable old prodigal rode out and rode home under their thick trees. Yet they were saved again; for the worthy old gentleman rode out one morning on his chestnut hunter, and was on that evening brought back dead in a cart—he had fallen, and had broken his neck. The old rooks again talked and took comfort. Poor fellow! his fall saved the family land. That event was indeed long doubtful; for the land might almost have been covered with its own parchments, and the old hall was always haunted by red-faced ghosts attached to the law and to liquor; and who were continually scenting the morning draught. This time it was Uncle Joss that proved to be the preserver.

At the fall of his father, little Joss was sleeping quietly in his cradle,—for it was not then discovered that the cradle, wherein all the great men in all ages had slumbered so softly, was unfitted for nurturing the genius of the present times. In due time, Joss was promoted to a cot, was sent to school, shot the old rooks in the holidays, was remarkably clever in everything, both of head and hands. Poor little fellow! the world seemed to give him a bitter smile whenever he walked out. School-time was over, and he could not shoot the old rooks for ever. Poor little large-eyed, gentle fellow! He had always thought the world was pleasant as the home-park—perhaps not quite so green. But he awoke one day. The ghosts were again in the kitchen with their red noses. His dear, honoured mother had lately died, worn out with many cares. His brother Richard had taken up his residence in the county gaol. A gentleman in black had just entered the hall-door as Joss went out to shoot his last rook. Down he tumbled,

the glossy old gentleman,—that is, the crow, badly wounded, —and as he lay on the ground, old Joss vowed, to his own dying day, that he heard the bird thus speak:—"You lazy little vagabond! to shoot crows when you should be shooting Frenchmen! To put to death the only old friends left to the old house! Why, sir, I knew your great-grandfather! *he* would not have stalked about the stumps of the old trees to fire at an old friend. His eye was always kindly turned up towards us. His ancestors and ours settled here together when that old oak near the gate was a sapling. Wherein have we failed in our loyalty or our faith? Is it any fault of ours that the sons of Satan are in the Hall cellars, and the heir of the old house in the county gaol? Shame! shame! I say, Joss!—young Joss! Yes, *you* are young! Go in peace speedily, this is no home for you; the old hall-fire will blaze no more for many a day. Young, strong, brave, and with brains, be the **RESTORER**—the conqueror, the new founder! . Avaunt idlesse! Are *we* ever idle? Depart, and keep the old land for us all!—my hour is come! But when the conqueror shall come to his own again, the black tribe will sit thick on their trees, and give him a grand chorus. Would that I might see the day! Farewell!" And so saying, he looked up once more at the tree-top, and the old ancestral homes there—sighed—turned over on his side—and breathed his last!

Young Joss stood rooted as the trees with amazement; and as the dying speech was ended, threw down his gun, and ran like a hare into the house; there he was caught by the other old gentleman in black—a very different personage from the amiable, forgiving, old friend just deceased—viz., the family solicitor; these two soon entered into a league.

A few days afterwards Joss was in the office of a great

lawyer in Lincoln's Inn, hard at work. It was a great change. At first, as he stood in the court, and heard one old wig after another, chattering—gibing—cawing, he could not help thinking of the rooks, and longed for his gun again! But he soon began to caw like the rest. At first too, he often in the midst of a thick-winded written pleading, would burst out into fearful fits of laughter, and ask the old clerk how many words it took to make a pyramid of law, with the sharp sting at the end—and why not plunge the knife in at once? The old clerk could only shake his head at him in evil augury. But Joss was such a wonderful fellow that he leapt into this saddle too as easily as into a bed. He was in a fair way of being a book-worm of the legal genus. There were two things that saved his young soul from being for ever drugged with black-draught lore. The first—he continued to spend his vacation with a friend or two, in some nook in Wales or by the Devon coast, or in wandering among the Alps or Pyrenees, and in the old classic and romantic regions. He always came back once a year, as if he had been shaved, plunged into a deep sea-bath, and dressed out for sacrifice afresh at the fane of Themis. The other thing—oh, blasphemy—to call Adeline Penrose a thing! But we must be brief. This is by no means a history or a love-story, but a very grave book. But in what vale of sweet, wet Devon, in what city of black or blue eyed strangers, in what summer Alpine *châlet*, did Joss ever see such a delicious, chamois-like creature as the only child of his revered friend, the great Lincoln's Inn lawyer! Nay—wherever he went, abroad or at home, was this image for ever in his breast, like an amulet to shield him from all worldly harms—like a blue Alpine gentian that borrowed its bloom from the skies, and held him erect on the earth. Had he not seen it crown the pyramids, and look lovely

on the brow of the Jungfrau? How often in the night labours would this creature of beauty sweep gently across the big black-letter books, or open his eyelids as they languished over the lawyer's terrible tasks! How marvellous that such a blossom should bud on that knotty old paternal stem—crooked as the lanes of law—rigid and exact as the lawyer's bond! Also, how strange, that the ardent industrious, frigid, young pupil, should have issued from the old cup-loving, jovial, ancestral squires, who, like the old knight of Malta, had boasted that they had never read a book that was "ticker than his tumb." Chemistry of blood! what atomic change was here—with nothing of the old estate, save the gout and the name? Yes, the name—*stat nominis umbra!* How often would Joss say in his greatest merriment, "Alas! what have I but the name of my fathers? We must not drag that through the dirt of dissipation. That shall be to me as powerful as a patron. I will illuminate it in letters of gold." He was at least very different from the young bankrupt squire who came to Lincoln's Inn, complaining that for the first time for fifteen generations, one of the family had been obliged to do a stroke of real work for his bread. What wonder that old Themis, the impartial, peevish old lady, kicked him out of her house!

Thus the years sped, on the two wings of law and love, with equal flight. He was the pet pupil—the old man's pride and prop—the clients' promise—the fair maiden's fairest honour.

The brave old lawyer died full of years, honours, and riches. The younger stood in his place, with but a fresher wig. Then came the marriage, that delay had made the merrier. The only change Joss made was to take the trusty clients from the whisperings of the chancery courts to the thunders of the assize;—and he was brought into the old

Hall of Westminster, like the shire-knight, with the horses disbanded, and his car of triumph drawn by willing men—and he kept both his seat and his head.

Meanwhile, the affairs of the old Hall had floundered on. Brother Richard was dead, carrying a burthen, like the Lord General, too heavy for man to bear. His only son, Richard, reigned in his stead—and his realm, alas! was in Chancery. But uncle Joss was there, too—and the long, serpent-like cause cast its skin at last without losing the carcase. It is true, Uncle Joss fed it day by day with his golden spoon. It was he that silenced fraud, discharged incumbrances, speeded the sluggish, legal current, and at last redeemed the land, with all the black rooks;—and there *was* a cawing and a crowing chorus when Joss passed up the old elm avenue, to take undisputed sway over his ancestral home. It was *his*—but Time, the innovator, was even against granite. The strong agent works his wonders on others,—but the ruthless enemy works on him. The fair Adeline, the hope of his toiling youth, the charmer of his triumphant manhood, had gone childless to the tomb. From that time, serenity had sat severely on his brow;—and his large eyes looked oftener to the skies. But duty dragged him by degrees into the old ruts; and he had an heir in the heir of his house. From that time Richard, always to him a son, was more than son. He was now in the first bloom of youth—a manly, notable boy—living in his old home, that belonged to another. But that other was uncle Joss. * With him, was love without fear—dependence without restraint. The one acknowledged the strong arm of the preserver; the other saw the heir of his race. But uncle Joss seldom went to the Hall, except at Christmas. His chief delight in life was to shake off the dust of the wrangling courts, and to bury himself, in his vacation

of two happy calendar months, in the vale of Carberry. He had built this lodge—had gently guided the hand of nature over her own domain—and he was now the sole monarch of that mountain land. What wonder that he should now be rapt in dreaming delight, as he strolled about the terrace, and stretched his large loving eye to the summit of the blue Pike. Ah! yes, right honourable Joss! this is better than rebutter and surrebutter, or simulating bursts of enthusiasm before blundering juries, and drawing tumblers of tears from the eyes of the gallery ladies indignant for the outraged honour of the sex. This pleasant vale of Carberry! the spot ever clothed in gold and green and purple, in the fancy of the busy lawyer—the Mecca and Medina of his pilgrimage, holding the Zenizem of his burning thoughts. How in this small world may the prophetic eye forget the letter, and catch from the heath-breezes the fast-flying spirit of the times!

Now comes another from the open door into the soft August air. That man must have been a soldier. See, with what noble ease he swings his single arm; the other lies in the Pyrenean hills. His figure also is still stately as a pine that has thrown off its weight of winter snow,—and his face, though pale and full of sensibility, is calm as the Meredale tarn, and frank as an open flower. Captain Rowland Lovaine! His story is soon told. He was the second son of a neighbouring knight, and carried his father's sword to the Spanish wars. He served throughout the whole war with the utmost credit. As the war was closing on the spurs of the Pyrenees, he was leading his men up to the top of a grassy peak, to dislodge the enemy. This task was gallantly done, and the captain could not refrain from lingering awhile on the peak to admire the beauty of the winding valleys beneath him, rolling in cannon-smoke,

or trodden with the heavy tramp of horse, or belted with the red angry men of war. A rifle-shot crossed the valley, broke his arm and entered his side. His health was broken by the loss of his arm, and he retired, full of life-weariness, to the charming banks of the young Garonne. There are other flowers by that river beside the lily and the iris. The poor captain got back his health at the cost of his heart. Josephine Merlin, with one glance from her large brown eyes, shot far more life into his worn frame than all the phials of her father's healing skill. The poor captain would willingly have drained all the jars, if Josephine's gentle, joking laugh had been there to convert the draughts into sparkling champagne. Poor fellow! he had, in his day, made many discoveries in the art of war, and in the conduct of mankind; but he had now, for the first time, discovered himself in love! What wonder, indeed, if that kindly heart, heaving once more with health and reviving hopes, should bless for ever the name that made it beat! How lovely were the lands of the flowery Garonne! How bland and joyous were its people! Wherefore seek further on this earth for the flower of content? Thus, they were married, and the well-born English captain became a *paysan* of France, and was happier than a prince. He had written to his elder brother in England, asking for his approval, and he feared a rough reply. It was rough enough. The brother had died very suddenly, before receiving the letter. Rowland was now the family heir. He took Josephine once over for a few weeks to their new domain, but she sighed for her southern land and the joyous Garonne. They settled there again, in an old château. A few happy years passed, till Josephine died in giving birth to their only child, Claire. Then he could no longer bear the Garonne, nor the Château Montvert, nor the *danses de*

Dimanche. He took his child, and came to his own northern hall. She was now a gay young girl, with the round merry face, and the same large brown eyes, that had captured the captain on the banks of the Garonne. His brother had been one of the guardians of Richard Mallet. It was wholly understood by Joss and the captain that the two young people should be lovers, and in due time become more (or less) than lovers. Did the estates not join?—and would they not fall almost within a ring fence? Were the creatures not made for each other? *La douce aimable Claire*—the frank, brave young squire. These two had certainly shown no hatred to each other; therefore, the partnership, as the serjeant said, was provisionally registered.

The captain came out, singing a French *chanson*; snapping the castanet with his one hand, and flourishing the silent stump in accompaniment. It is curious, that one hand is naturally inclined to do what the other will do. A child will employ both together,—and the captain was still a child! It is long before the human creature learns the idea of division of labour, even in his own body. Alas! how often afterwards he tries to mount the skies with one wing! The captain was dressed plainly enough, but rather in the French *veneur* style. His manners and habits still told of the Garonne and Josephine. Outwardly, as inwardly, he belonged to both nations. He had left England as an ensign, with a large amount of the insular pride and a very small amount of cash; but he had no doubt that the British army was about to achieve the conquest of Europe, and that he should come home a general, and as rich as a banker. When the film fell from his eyes, like the *sierra* mists in the Spanish lands, his strong solid sense remained like the revealed mountain. He did his duty nobly, and without a day's vacation. But in the midst of all those

town-stormings, forced marches, fields of boisterous battle and daily deadly encounter, the captain had cause to think less favourably, but not less fondly, of his native land. As he began to raise the veil he found that many youthful fancies, like the *Fata Morgana* of the Guadalquivir, had vanished before the breath of day, with small prospect of overtaking them. During these six years he had studied the state through the army, which seemed to him to show many sores. As he lived by the Garonne, his kindly eye looked on the gay French peasant-landlords with wonder and delight. He had left his own land before he could comprehend its social structure—yet he was cast from his birth in a genuine English mould. Travel and warfare had made him tolerant towards the differing opinions and practices of mankind. He could see good and evil growing together even in the same tree; while his sound judgment carried him safely through the shoals, his fine soldierly imagination was ever offering to him wings for swifter flight; yet, as often as he essayed to mount on the heavenward steeds, his lonely hand grasped the reins with strong distrust. On the plateaux of learning and taste he felt firm. He and the serjeant were sworn confederates from earliest life, yet the sentimental soldier sank almost abashed before the bold, unhesitating lawyer, whose keen eye had measured almost all seas and hills of human thought, and whose ardent mind was ready at any moment to stamp its brand on every subject, great or small, like the Sheffield cutlers. In such conferences the captain's thoughts rose up timidly, like the larks; but, once up, there was sweet singing. Down they dropped to the herb again, when the serjeant-eagle came in full sight, and swept the heavens like a storm. The captain was not terrified, like the larks; but his habitual self-distrust fell before the self-sustained, confident, nervous

power that often, like the other conquerors, carried the goddess of victory bodily off by their boldness.

The captain was just finishing his song with the above castanets, when the young girl of the Garonne rushed out, with her rich brown hair banded with heath-bells, that seemed to tinkle about her head as she danced around her father, and at the close of the chorus threw his armless sleeve round her neck, and walked away with him to the terrace.

Young Richard is busy amongst the guns and the dogs. There is still another visitor; but the worthy, reverend man is sound asleep in his vicarage. The Rev. Edward Langland is not one likely to be wakened by a French *chanson*. But he is himself as poor as an epic poem. His vicarage is not far off; it was the only remnant of a large patrimony which his ancestors had neither taken to their old tombs, nor left behind them to their heir. Yet the vicar was as chivalrous as any of his sires that warred in the Holy Land; and, to say the truth, he lived still in a kind of romantic enchantment. It would not have much astonished him if the Black Prince had walked into the vicarage some evening in full armour. His tall, gaunt, bending figure, with his dark eyes hid beneath the spectacles, his sallow cheeks and shrillish voice, stamped him as the high priest of the past. Ah! what a brave old heart there is in that past! but it also must be studied with the spectacles.

CHAPTER II.

THE WORLD'S WORKSHOP.

It was a warm August day in Meredale, and a little past the mid-hour. The grouse had become more restless; and the sun, in this pure region, had a fierce stroke at the sportsmen. They had met at an accustomed spring in a small hollow half-way up the hill, for rest and refreshment. Here the gentle breeze fanned them as it came along, stirring for many a mile the crimson heather flowers, and the gilded threads of tormentil. The lake, below the breeze, mirrored the steeper yet heathery hills of the other side with wonderful distinctness; and above all that gay and golden autumn world, the lofty Pike stood out in serene supremacy. There was no habitation or sign of man, except in the few walled sheepfolds, and in the distant woods of the Lodge. There was a silence all around, broken only by the merriment of the sporting people. There, in a half-circle, backed by the dry, steep green sward, men and dogs reposed together. Old Tony, the chief keeper, was still exploring the caverns of a huge pasty. Old Mungo, the black pointer, was snoring, and his solid head was lying on uncle Joss's knee. The kind old captain was feeding with his one hand a whole host of mendicants—yet not so clamorous as those of France or Spain. The captain threw heaps of foreign words into the open mouths with the other morsels. At last, the learned serjeant handled his alpine pipe; the example was soon followed, dogs and attendants settled down to sleep,

and silence reigned even here. A half-drowsy feeling fell over those who were awake. It was not till the serjeant had knocked the ashes out of his first pipe, had filled again, and felt the fresh fire, that he broke forth:

“This wilderness is beautiful! Three days ago, at this hour, we were wading through all the filth of perjury in a great horse cause at the assizes, with jeering crowds, panting ushers, and a jury as hot as if they had ridden the wicked horse themselves. A judge in his great wig is always supposed to be cool; but even he, in his horsehair, looked as if he had run ‘heats.’ A few hours—a few miles—and we are in this silent wilderness. In like manner a man may one day be struggling, among fellow-men, up Ludgate-hill towards the great church, as fiercely as if he were storming a battery; and the next he is basking with the bees, six times higher than the cross of the great church, far away among the mountains. One leap from the heart of the earth to its heathered head—from steaming vanity to cheerful solitude. Look at this picture!—copy it in your books and on your walls! Paint it as the midday sun is filling the vales with gold; and as, at eve, he is covering them with roses. Paint it, as the west wind is heaving the red breasts of the hills, and the green bents, as swelling seas; or, as now, tranced in noontide loveliness. Copy it, I say, for it will not last a HUNDRED YEARS, and it deserves a portrait.”

The captain, with his mild look, evidently thought this was a long time. Richard, looking perhaps at the captain's daughter down at the Lodge there, thought it a mere fortnight. But what was the learned serjeant brewing now?

“The city is eating up the country. The land is becoming no better than a blacksmith's shop! It is not all covered in yet, but the fires are lighted. The city mouse is return-

ing the country visit, and, like the Saxons, will not go home again. Look at the far valley yonder, and there is the thin steam puff,—look over that far hill, and there is the blue smelting smoke of lead. We are sitting on ribs of lead or copper-ore, or on black bands of iron, or on alum shale, or on clay-beds that may yield the glittering, light *aluminium* metal. Yes, they will come groping here in pits and adits, with sticks and dials, and these purple seas will be drunk up by the great land-alligators. [Richard made an impatient sign.] Nay, I know. Why should we let them, you mean—the land is ours. Yes, it is ours, and the land of the Mohicans was theirs till they sold it. Wherefore sell it? Ask your ancestors how often the old Hall itself has trembled as with a hurricane! This remote old moor escaped only because it was supposed to be somewhere in central Africa, or in the moon, and the bailiffs would have broken their ribs in the way to it! Better off now! you say? [Richard had said nothing, but the learned serjeant, from long practice, knew what was passing in the mind of every witness.] Better off! Yes, but how long? As long as I live, or as you live—an estate *pur vie* or *pur auter vie*? Oh! but the youths of this generation are virtuous and full of prudence! The choice of Hercules! Bah! There is no longer any choice. We are all redeemed prodigals—and there needs no warning guide-post now to say ‘Road to vice!’ How long will *this* golden age last? Again, look what large families virtue has! Formerly the loose impenitent old dog of a squire had but one son, or one fair daughter that married an heir and drew another ring round the family domains. Now, the squires have as many as the bishops—almost as many as the poor curates. Just look at the old gentleman in the old hall, *not* a hundred years hence, with his best foot flannelled, a week or two after the Christmas

cheer, in full possession of the family honour, gentlemanly gout; with five big boys at home for the holidays, three more with big beards, an innumerable array of fair daughters, and twins in the cradle or the crib,—the new year pouring in long bills, which cannot be thrown out as in the House of Commons,—with income-tax and ten per cent. returns to unfortunate tenants,—the steward making a face as if he was going to take physic, and the black rooks making a fearful clatter in the old trees. In the neck of all this, comes for an interview a stout faced, sharp-eyed, jolly, inflexible, bald old dog, of the firm of Manacle and Co. Oh! don't be alarmed! He could buy the whole estate '*usque ad cælum.*' But he has not come for that. This portly, bald old gentleman is the magician pointing with his wand or his oak stick to the glittering ore veins—the slumbering steam-horses that lie in the black iron bands. The mortgages are discharged, the bills all paid, and the boys all sent out into the world, like the Polar mariner, with three years' beef and biscuit. 'What!' says the heir, 'are you going to let them the moors—and the Lodge?' The steward gives a sickly smile. The squire has one more twitch of the gout, but it is the last—it is gone. The old tempter has also gone; and as he went down the avenue with his large gold seals jingling to the good old rooks, these faithful, reverend old fellows look at him with as much respect as if he had been an archbishop. A lease for forty-two years is signed and sealed in the balmy spring. Little are the young broods dreaming of their coming doom. The lord of furnaces and forges comes down in August *en grande tenue*, with troops of jolly friends—coffins full of cigars, and hampers of everything. There they shoot, drink, and are merry as maidens. If the birds are wild, or if the men are hot and lazy, they sit behind those old scars, or lie entrenched in

those peat pots, and dozens of scouts send the scared birds over their heads to the shambles. These fellows must have full bags. Have they not paid rent in hard money, as in other transactions? They must send labelled birds to clients and customers. The brave birds are steamed by rail, no longer to the old halls, but to counting-houses and factories, or to old castles changed into foremen's dwellings. I should not wonder if these fellows invent some monster steam-gun, and bag a whole brood at one rise. The arts applied to venerie! Bless me! what would old Apollo, with his twanging bow and silver-tipped arrow, think if he could see the day! Then, there are the forge-men, the burly puddlers, smiths, and smelters—will they look on, and leave the masters all the hard work? There will be the moonlight netting,—the dawn 'peep o' day boys,'—and the open daylight marauders that care no more for their discarded masters than for dead Agamemnon. If the moor was as broad as the great Sahara desert, they would sweep it as clean as a board. It will be a race—the birds will die like flies—and the last old cock that has quacked on his heath-throne in the good old days, like the ideal last man, may hang himself on a guide-post, or on the engine-pump timbers.—Verdict, temporary aberration of mind! Yes, gentlemen of the jury! but 'broke his heart,' also."

Richard's eye flashed fire. Old Mungo awoke with a groan. Old Tony, the keeper, put his thumb into his cheek and chewed his quid harder. The good captain swung his one arm gaily round his fine grey old head, and hummed a French song—

"La jeune demoiselle,
Elle était si belle!
Je parcourais la plaine partout,
Je cherchais la bois,
Mais parbleu! et ma foi!
Je ne pouvais la trouver plus!"

"What! castles in Spain, you think, my good old warrior! Be it so. Let there be no siege of Burgos or Badajos, no ore of iron or lead. Let the alp-world's breast never be broken. What then? Think ye, the march of improvement, as they call it, will come to a dead halt? If the metal masters come not, are not the innumerable people on both sides surging up against these hills, and winding up the vales like the strong spring tides, only to retire no more? There will soon be as many shepherds as formerly there were sheep. The old-agricultural intellect used to exhaust itself in trying to make two blades of wheat grow where one grew before. Now the problem that puzzles its great head is to rear two sheep for one. This carrion-eating English people must have a full body before it will fight a round, or work a stroke. Formerly, to surcharge a common with live stock was as little thought of as surfeiting the sea with ships. Now they have stinted pastures, and fight for the best beats, as among the sportsmen. But that does not satisfy these incurable sheep-breeders. They used to get special Acts of Parliament for inclosing the commons, and they have put up massive stone walls round the allotments, so that every owner may be said to have his park. In the adjoining parish I have calculated they have put up walls within five years which, in one line, would have reached from the Firth of Tay to the Isle of Wight. There is now a special Board for promoting inclosures, and a general Act. Now our wisecacres, the English judges, have decided that, in spite of the most express reservations in special Acts, or in game Acts, the owners or occupiers of these allotments are entitled to the game, as lords of the soil. I think the judges ought to have been turned out into Palace Yard, and shot for such a decision. Other judges are now trying to reverse this law, to some extent too absurd. The lord

of the manor still has one of their writs served on him if he climbs over any of these brutal walls for a wounded bird. In fact, there are now a hundred lords instead of one and a hundred guns for one too. These sportsmen and their friends might shoot each other, but for those huge screens. But what chance of escape is there for the game? When the birds are wild, and the point-shooting is over, there used to be the stalking—up the deep unequal gullies, or over the brow of the hill, or round its corner—almost as good as deer-stalking to those that comprehend it, but to the Greeks foolishness. Now, any lazy old poaching hound may sneak behind these walls all the day long, from starlight to sunset, looking over them for his prey, with his eyes set in a sheep's cap, or in one of my old wigs, and boring holes in the wall for a safer sight. They know exactly where the birds sit, be they ever so wild. They shoot the sentinel first, and often a whole line of hidden comrades, rising at the discharge, by another pull of the trigger. All these are sent to the game-dealer. If the sportsman is licensed, then openly; if unlicensed, clandestinely. There is no rest for the poor birds till they are bagged. Before sunrise, there is the 'becking,' or calling time, when the birds are allured by imitating the cry of the hen. What refinement in the art of venerie! When the day is misty, this pretended courtship goes on till night, and the blind lovers are freely caught. When the field is spacious, the packs of birds may be driven to slaughter. Even when the field is small, if the birds are seen, they can often be driven overhead with great precision. But the sheltering wall is the chief resource. Truly the birds are going to the wall. All this is going on for four calendar months, mostly with the full approval of the law—in heat, in rain, in winds, in snow, without ceasing. In cold weather, hosts of birds come into

these allotments from the higher manors for shelter and for slaughter. Thus, there is a continual drain for a whole district. Then, again, there is the agricultural or pastoral intellect draining the land and destroying the covers and the food. Lastly, the birds are not protected as in regular manors, against the natural poachers, the hawks and the vermin. In manors left in the hands of nature, these poachers bag more game than the sportsman. What chance have the grouse against both—against all? Thus, they are doomed either way; and one of the oldest British institutions is in danger—the only institution that is peculiar to the British Islands. In England, Wales, and Ireland, the birds will be as extinct as the Dodo. Like the other ancient British citizens, they will be driven to the Caledonian wilds for life and liberty.”

The serjeant stopped, and began to smoke very vigorously. The captain hummed another verse of the French song. The captain finished his song, and innocently suggested to the learned serjeant to give a lecture on this institution. The serjeant gave a most bitter smile, and some words which the editor will suppress. It was not often the serjeant so smiled; when he did, it was looking at the sun through a holly hedge. This was when he was roused to righteous anger, of which there will be many examples in this book. At other times, he was as gentle a creature as ever lived in Lamb's Buildings in the Inner Temple—a lion among the lawyers,—a lamb among the ladies! This matter of the grouse was a sore subject; he smiled, therefore, somewhat like the Spanish knight. But he knocked out the ashes, emptied a goblet of Bordeaux, whiffed again, looked at the poor captain with the old brotherly love, and smiled as graciously as if he were examining the most friendly witness in his own court. The

good captain replied, with his own sun-born smile, that he liked nothing better than to hear his old friend preach in his own pulpit on the heather; that in Turkey it was a saying, "who would dance that could get others to dance for them!"—and that, since he had returned to England, the land of busy thought, it was really delightful to get others to think for him. The serjeant then adjusted his cap, as if it had been his wig, and again addressed the jury:—

"You think there may be no metals lurking below us. I wish we were steeped in poverty, and had Aladdin's lamp for a few hours, as we scoured this country. Have we not at the Lodge a Roman milestone, and a pig of real lead stamped with the name of a Roman proconsul?

"Look at that straight strip of white land that runs like an arrow up the opposite hill, till it is lost at the top. That was a Roman road, though it is not noted in the *Iter Antoninum*. Dig into that shapeless heap covered with brown grass, and you will find true Roman slag of lead. The lead from these hills did not carry the water from the Tusculan hills, across the Campagna, to the world's metropolis; neither was it made into musket-bullets; but it might have roofed the Capitol, and painted the palace of the Cæsars. Britain sent more to Rome than the *angeli* of Gregory. There was the *basket-work*—the *bascauda* that Juvenal sets out for the banquet—the oysters which he brings from the Kentish coast—and the English mastiffs for the bloody work of the Coliseum. Do you think the Roman senators never tasted British red grouse—nowhere else to be found in this wide world,—that the rich gluttons who fared on nightingales, Asiatic pheasants, and African guinea-hens, did not sup on the rare British birds, and float them in the Falernian? Bah! Consider that silk-clad prince of epicures, Emperor Elagabalus, as Gibbon calls

him—and as my friend, Professor Macfish, calls him, Hely-gobble-us. He knew where to find the red, sharp juice of the veteran's back-bone. He gave prizes for new sauces, and condemned the poor inventor to live on his own sauce till he had hit on a better! What was his sauce for grouse? A question never to be answered. Even old Horace may have fingered them with Mæcenas at Tivoli, though he has no ode in their praise. I would willingly exchange one of his odes to old *Lais* the courtesan, for one of that stamp. The ungrateful old reprobate! Think ye the British little horses that carried the lead-pigs up that old road were not crowned with the game-baskets? But the mastiffs could not catch the wary old cocks. It was not sporting in those days. The antique idea of game grappled only with boars, wolves, lions, and the huge river-horse that swallowed King Menes like a gnat. Just consider Hercules, with his idea of sport, who grasped dragons by their throat and lions by their manes, driving over this bright moor with Mungo and Manton. It was the net that then, as now, caught the small prey of the earth—the net, the work and the tool of the slaves. Farther on, there was the bow of British yew, that at Cressy smote the Frenchmen, and in the English forests the deer and the wild birds. There was also the fair science of falconry. At last came gunnery. A hundred years ago—nay, less—these wastes were the patrimony of the plebeian sportsman, as much as if they had been among the Rocky Mountains. The poacher! what a word of reproach now. The felon's friend—the felon himself! Robin Hood was a poacher—and Adam Bell—and Rob Roy. Their game was also man—but they lorded the wastes. Consider William Tell, the hero of Schiller Rossini, and a host of historians. If he had lived in England, he would have been put in prison for poaching.

stream-bed. Look at him as he stands erect within the trunk of the hollow oak, marking with his rifle the browsing buck, scanning suddenly the hunter enemy of his tribe, waiting impassive behind the huge tree till his foe has fired on the prey, then levelling him also to the dust. It is dreadful ; but it is exciting. Then again, the preserving instincts and police of the animals themselves ! The true sportsman studies the manners of birds and beasts with as nice discernment as the moralist studies man. His dog is his friend and counsellor, submissive to his higher wisdom in the general conduct of the war, superior in immediate instinct. This is the pride of sport ; without that, he might as lief go out and kill sparrows. His mind is ever at work, in harmonious motion with his braced body. Look at this crimson and purpled solitude ! Is it fit only for dozing shepherds ? The old *Bucolics*, with *Tityrus* playing on a flute and *Corydon* wearing crowns of flowers, are detestable. Shepherds are mere simpletons,—something like the Eastern fools, that stick themselves on the tops of pillars to stare at the sun. Solitude and society must balance each other. Look at this spare, solid sportsman, as he rushes, like a schoolboy, from his daily treadmill, to march on the heather-ground. One swift step, and he is in communion with wild nature, beyond the sight of home or house. He is free ; yes, freedom is the soul of sport, and the freest is the bravest. There is labour for mind and body ; and when he sits down to his frugal meal, with the sun raining gold in the silent lap of the earth, or among the rolling mists that summon up giants to his sight, or as the blue peaks whisper to each other athwart the vales with prophetic tempest-murmurs, and his dog is closely coiled at his feet—what a wondrous picture-book is before him, which the most unlettered may read,—the savannah, the prairie, the heath surging as a sea,

the castled cliffs, the stride of gnomes, the mirthful fairies, the ever-varying Alpine wilderness !

Yet all this will die like a dream, and the surging human ocean will cover all this beauty. The sealed books will be torn into a thousand shreds ; the pirates will be lords of the ocean. A few more years, and tradition, if it is not melted in the furnaces, will tell of these times as the Indians talk of the hunting-ground that now swarms with the busy bellowing citizens. The same fate awaits the old English forests. Toryism cannot even keep these. If you want to see the glades where King Cymbeline held his court, where Arthur chased the giants, and Alfred conceived his laws ; where the Norman kings spread their noon repasts after the hot morning chase ; where Jacques lay looking at the stricken stag,

‘ Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood ; ’

where Oberon led off the unearthly dance with his jealous queen,—speed ! for the Vandals are *disafforesting* the fairy realm—that is, stubbing up trees as old as Domesday-book—draining the small sequestered meres where the water-lilies and and white ranunculus floated, where the willows sheltered with their bending arms the sleeping swan or the weary far-travelled wild duck ; making straight the lovely ways that winded like waters through glade and greenwood, utterly effacing the rings where the elves danced, and the pure soft pathways ; parcelling into corn and turnip-fields the ancestral seats of the deceased deer, and laying down the eternal iron roads for the modern dragons ! Verily these are monsters that would kill the first spring cuckoo, and throw Titania herself into a blast furnace. My heart is sick when I think of it. The poor

man's park! the pride of the citizens! where the gipsies even might study nature and forget poverty! The memory of these delicious spots will haunt me in the grave. Never to be forgotten those old student times, when we dropped from the old coach on the cool Saturday summer eves, leaving behind law and lawyers, black letter and black gown, the troubled streets, the torrid courts and chambers, to find John Doe and Richard Roe among the herds of the forest. Oh! ye elegant-minded old gentlemen, that have for all life never looked at the clock, except towards the dinner-stroke,—that have been your own masters ever since you were breeched—what slaves are ye! how little ye know of the freedom, burning as it bounds, like the rocket, and bursting the prison-cell for a holiday! Oh, ye green grateful glades of the rosy wilderness, pilgrim-shrines of the world-wearied, resting-places for ambition, gardens for the poets, and—if it were not that love can consecrate even a coal-cellar—bowers of Paradise for the lovers! Even the most dry-skinned, mouse-eyed lawyer of Lincoln's Inn went back to his work as much 'refreshed' as if he had just come from Cairo or Ararat. England, the world's workshop! to supply cheap cotton to the perspiring Orientals, Mazeppa steam-coursers for the Russian steppes, metallic gods for the heathen, pungent snuff for the Sultan's wives, pale ale for the rich Brahmins! Eternal roll and rattle of machine and mill! Whither can man wend, and not have it in his ears, as if he lived near a waterfall? These men will kill thought in the country. There is far less of it now than formerly. Not thought about making money or matrimony; but that which quickens a people to desire more than is in the multiplication-table. How can any man think as he ought to think in bustling, sultry cities, where he is set to struggle with his fellow-mortals,

like the old fighting-cocks, and, when he has time, to badger himself with myriad foolish cares? Can a man who is in a continual Balaklava cavalry charge think of anything else but of getting through? He has not time to think of his own head. Solitude is the mother of thought; society, of expression by word or deed. But of what worth is the word or the deed, if it be not first forged on the anvil of deliberation? To murder sleep was Macbeth's crime; to murder thought is, as Milton said of forbidding books, to kill the very soul itself. The thought and the deed,—the centre-seeking and the centre-flying,—which hold the world between them in their two hands!

"It is true that the country will be eaten up by the town. I remember once going up a long green street in a country capital. The street widened—and I asked a barber the way to the town. 'You are in it,' says he,—'this is the market-place—that is the county-hall!' Will not the traveller one day ask where is the country,—be told he is in it, and a few wan dusty poplars be vouched as the witnesses?

"To lose thought like a wrenched hand among the wheels,—to lose motion by ever sitting on one end like the kangaroos! We are fast changing this old life of England. The roll of the imperial parliament will in future be written on sheet iron, instead of sheep-skin. The lawyer may hunt maggots in his old books during the long vacation, and perish himself before he has had time to be seasoned by study and old port. The rich senator, like the lazy Proconsul Lucullus, may feed favourite fish with his diamond-fingers in a lake-like tub. The chancellor will sit on a bale of American cotton, and the courtiers' wigs, like their wits, will be furnished *with rag*! Bah! Bah!"

The serjeant was so emphatic in this unusual peroration

to his discourse, that he broke his meerschaum bowl over his hard boot—"Bah!" again. The young squire Richard was dreaming of the horses that plough the distant seas of African wilds, of Andes, and Caucasus,—and of the compensations of art and science, as well as of nature. The captain, fatigued with morning toil, had unfortunately dropped asleep, and had been dreaming delightfully of the Garonne, and the happy days when he stalked the wild doves in the *bosquets* of Languedoc. As he heard the "Bah!" and the bowl, he opened his eyes with the coolness of an old campaigner, and whistled his song of "*La Jeune Demoiselle*." Old Tony, with his keen grey eye, standing with his spare sportsman-like form as straight as his gun, was scanning the field for the evening work. He had followed the eloquent serjeant as far as he could, and gave up with some faint notion that the world was expected to be fired in about one hundred years. Old Mungo, the black pointer, was sitting on *his* latter end, thinking of the dying day, and the perverse procrastination of the human race. He had latterly saluted the serjeant's speech with frequent sharp impatient barks, and had greeted the peroration with one long decided indignant howl. At the serjeant's word of command all was bustle and preparation. Ponies were sent home with empty flasks and full grouse-baskets. Richard had time to slip in a paper to a certain demoiselle that he had shot two brace more than Uncle Joss, and that the captain's single arm had done wonders. One moment more, and the sportsmen were all severed into their separate beats, with silent dogs skimming the heather, with silent stealthy followers, in the stillness of the mountain wilderness, broken only by the flapping spring of game, and the resounding thud of double guns.

CHAPTER III.

GOVERNMENT BY REPRESENTATIVES.

THE next day, as they were again seated by the spring, and the pipes were about to be lighted, the captain looked cunningly into the serjeant's face, and said: "The grouse institution is to last a hundred years. Will the Whigs last as long? If we are about to supplant the innocent communities of nature in their wilderness, the human institutions should be better than those of the birds." The serjeant immediately stretched one leg over the other, set his back against a game-basket, and without altering a muscle, whistled a long sharp note, almost as well as a steam-horse. He then said with much gravity, that "the Whigs had two favourite maxims, which had given them a long reign:—1. All power springs from the people. 2. All wisdom from the Whig college. This college explored the old wells of truth, and contrived a new chain for the bucket. For this service it claimed exclusive custody of the keys." There was a short silence, during which the learned serjeant looked very likely to go to sleep. But he was only musing, and, after a few whiffs, broke out in his usual vigour;

It is strange, that so few nations attain their majority; and if they do escape from the gripe of guardians, it is often but to slip into the custody of the keepers. Infancy, lunacy—then infancy again—often both at once. If the best human family be well housed, and fare well, it will

have a strong tendency to become like the *rois fainéants*—the do-nothings or nobodies. Yet every government ought, like language, to be the image of the nation—the portrait of the people in miniature. What confusion, what diversity in the creation of each! Yet the beauty of both may be like that of the young planet born from the thick chaotic clouds.

“The herds of men require a leader, like that long line of wild ducks that are just passing over our heads, with the first *dux* or duke in the van—or like these grouse that appoint, in more republican form, a sentinel for the time being—a consul for the safety of the state. The birds and the beasts discover merit by instinct. They depose an unworthy leader as if by general consent, and choose another on the spot with more decision than Cæsar showed when he crossed rebellion’s brook. But what a business among men!

“When men are hunters, as we are for the moment, and must live by personal strife with the wild animals of the forest and with human rivals, there can be no government but the paternal or patriarchal. The family league, chartered by victory, is confirmed by habit and affection. This bond, closely combining the nearest in blood, loses its grasp of the remoter kindred, unless all are again drawn together by defence against a common foe. Then the tribes have a common chief, and the chief is chosen for his wisdom or his prowess. The suffrage is universal, and the vote as open as the day. Such were our ancestors in the German woods. Such were the old primeval hunters that melted away in England before the Celtic invasion. Such are the Indians now wasting before the American settlers. There is no disputed succession concerning canons of descent, for there is no hereditary title. There is a perpetual constituent assembly in the structure of society, whose word is universal law.

' "When the hunter becomes the herdsman, and fixes his hut in sight of his herds—and learns still more to defeat famine by sowing the sheltered fields with grain—his arms are mostly for defence. Thenceforth he becomes a citizen, and his rude mud towns may be the sites of the future granite capitals. Then arise distinct ideas of property, protection, and perpetuation. The hereditary sentiment, natural to the human heart, even when it could bequeath only the skins of wild deer, or the weapons of chase, has now a wider scope. Meanwhile government has arisen by the strong arm, or by the mutual league, over the scattered families. The hereditary idea fixes also on that, but in a weak way, capable of dissolution and change, till it has built up its own citadel. This was the Celtic state, when Cæsar came to our shores. There was no single king, but a multitude of chiefs, whose prowess often created them kings. The voice of the people echoed, in peace as in war, that of the chiefs. When the German fathers came with their customs, and their stubborn industry, they watered the whole land, as with a strong spring tide. They planted no showy sapless trees of liberty, but they sowed with broad hand the lowly steadfast seeds of homely shrubs and flowers, to spring up 'after many days,' and finally to form the cradles for the forest giants. Again, there were monarchs and chiefs, and the first clank of the feudal chain. But the chain was not yet of iron fabric. The chiefs were still the fathers of the German forests; and the council of 'wise men' and elders, 'earls and aldermen,' swayed the will of the kings. When the Normans came and mingled their hotter blood with that of the Saxon, they were like the strong wine that entered the sluggish veins. Aristotle says, the beer-drunken men sleep on their bellies, the wine-drunken on their backs. The nation of many peoples thenceforth looked boldly at the

sun, and not on the dust. The conquerors welded together the strong plates, and bound them with steel. They changed the manorial chiefs, but they could not change the colour and texture of the old material. Language, the old traditions, the old songs, and the cherished customs still survived. The litigious Normans would not altogether erase the law. There was the law of the sword—but the sword is not the ploughshare. The monarch was the first chief, and the chiefs were kings within their own realms. There was the great centre, and there were the little centres; but it was like the motion of the double stars about each other. The great feudal chain was hard and strong, but it was cumbrous. It reached to the corners of the realm, but it snapped in the dealings with other lands. Then came the Crusades, the sale of fiefs, the impoverishment of kings and chiefs, feudal exaction and exhaustion, the extending human vision, and Commerce with its kings and its conquests. The Church then sided with the people. Its princes sprang from its ranks and opposed the hierarchy of the sword with the priesthood of humanity. The men of letters stood up to speak, at first, timidly, at last with the power of the prophets. Meanwhile, the ancient feudal machine had failed in its work. The oppressive services were gradually commuted for money payments. The rich towns were called upon to contribute taxes, and thus arose from necessity the renewed idea of REPRESENTATION.

“Some faint notion of this great engine seems to have dawned in the mind of Octavius, when he directed the sealed suffrages, *obsignata suffragia*, to be sent to the capital from the colonies. A hundred years sooner, and this idea might possibly have saved the Roman republic. It is a natural and universal custom among men, that one man should speak for another, and judge for another.

Thus, Cicero spoke for Sicily. In the old days, the jealous citizens either could not trust each other in their political deliberations, or there was some latent divinity about the vote direct. Ancient Germany voted directly—*De minoribus rebus principes consultant, de majoribus OMNES*. The prologue to the laws of the Franks admits the sovereignty of the entire people—*cunctum populum Christianum*. Yet the germ of representation was in the old forests. When Civilis declared war against Rome, he convoked the chiefs of the nation, and the cleverest of the people—*promptissimos vulgi*. The ‘wise men’ of the Anglo-Saxon assemblies were probably deputies. But the first Spanish Visigoths, perhaps, first founded the modern parliament. In the year 1266, the English burgesses were first summoned by Simon de Montfort, the rebellious Earl of Leicester, for the purpose of voting subsidies. Truly, the power of the purse is at the root of the whole state. The English gave their money sparingly, and according to the measure of the man that asked for it, and year by year. So King Charles found to his cost. The French people foolishly gave to their king Charles (VII.) the right to tax them as he pleased. Accordingly, the princely reprobate Louis XIV. told the peasants he had a right to strip the shirts from their backs—that is, from those who had one left. He said truly, *I am the State*. But there came in due time a stronger than he, who said, *I am the Revolution*. With the penalty of taxation comes the right of rule. He that pays the tax expects it to be so expended that he may not pay it twice for the same purpose. Then came the full feudal revolution—hired troops—empty exchequers—commercial franchises—the Wars of the Roses—the fall of the old chiefs—a new national birth. Thenceforth the strife was between king and people, struggling for the rich wreck

of the old foundered power. At first, the kings triumphed here, as elsewhere. Having lost or disbanded their body-guard, the old feudal princes, they hedged their thrones with divine rights, and evaded the vulgar gaze. *The king never dies*, says the law. But the people never die. Kinghood and priesthood, leagued together, perished together on the scaffold. The sword flamed again over the land, but this time it helped to reap the harvests. Wildly as it flashed its old fire at times from its sheath, at last it was hung quietly on the wall, on the golden thread of discourse. The kings succumbed, and the people reigned in their stead. Government of the people by themselves! Let us examine this—for this may be as hopeless as that by the kings, and as full of tyranny.

“The absolute kingly power is based not on divine ordinance, but on human infirmity. It is a sharp satire on humanity. The vast human herd, thrusting, goring each other, plunging here, pulling there, having a thousand heads yet having none, without a way, without a will, helpless, heartless, with no present power or passion, but to graze for the passing hour, and devouring the bare ground beneath their bodies—what a spectacle for those who despise mankind! But hark! the herdsman’s horn sounding o’er the prairie like the voice of the last trump! Forward! forward to the western plains—forward to the valleys of the sun! It is Hermann, ‘the king of men,’ who calls to conquest! In an instant, there is order. It is motion that gives method on the earth, as in the skies—that reveals power, as among the electrical elements. It is genius that gets power—and its prime lieutenants are force and wisdom. The unruliest of men bend like serfs before the leader that has the sense to see and the will to do. Onward moves the innumerable herd, with shouts that rend the..

skies, with tramp that shakes the earth, covering the conquest-lands like locusts—killing, conquering, consuming with fire and sword, exterminating, establishing—leaving the dead thousands in the swollen river, in the mazing forest, in the city of the plague, in the chasms of mountains. But there lives the king of men! and his throne is set up as high as the Sion hill—sand his prime ministers are still force and wisdom. What better lot for mankind, than to be thus ruled by godlike power! See with what manifest ease he unveils, with his counsellors, the hidden human mysteries, cuts asunder with his word the huge knots, and builds up with his word the crumbled ruins. At his glance fall down the senseless idols. Dishonesty and imbecility stand abashed before him. His single ‘*yea*’ or ‘*nay*’ revokes the wrongs of ages, and is heard among the future generations. Truly, what power! *yea*; but what wisdom! In him is summed up all. He is the sun of his sphere; but his ministers are also the orbs that carry his light into darkness, and answer him with their solid reflecting truth. *Esto perpetua!* Let wisdom beget wisdom, and might beget might for ever! Let the people be glad, and say ‘amen!’ What rebel will rise against this race of demigods? But look at that young thin sorrowful lunatic—slobbering, mammering, full of perilous stuff! He is in the custody of two sorcerers appointed by the council to cure him.

“That madman is the sixth Charles, the crowned heir of France. There is no law for restraining the kings of France, even when they are infants or incurably insane—that is the general feudal law. Even when the foam is in his wild mouth his word is as worthy as that of Charlemagne. It can revoke a charter or a franchise, behead a peer, hang up citizens like crows, waste a province by war and famine, and shower ruin over the Alps. They have invented for him

the game of cards, and in his better moods he may write on the back of the king of clubs the name of his blundering partner to be led out to the gallows. When astute Louis XI. once made a mistake, in nodding at the wrong person, and the Provost Marshal had hanged the king's confessor instead of some unpleasant captain of the guard, the good old king only shrugged his shoulders, opened his eyes a little wider, and exclaimed that 'Tristan had hanged the very dearest priest of Christ he ever knew!' Thus, look at this lunatic trumping his partner's trick with the ace of spades. When he is worst, he has uncles that love each other like the fiends, and who are always on the alert to get the royal *yea* to contradict the *nay* of yesterday. They would thrust him into a fathomless pit to-day if they could but get a prince better suited for their own wicked designs; but this lunatic is young—his reign will endure forty-two years. You say, 'Let the people and the princes rise with one accord, and——' of course; but one stroke does not murder the whole race—look at these uncles, for instance. If there be no more lunatics, there come magnificent tyrants—worse than idiots—that say the people shall not worship God in their own way, that they shall depart or die; and that all they have, lands, houses, body and soul, are stamped with the royal brand. Again, you say, 'Have at him! down with him! as a wolf come to the butchers stalls!' Yea; but these kings do wise as well as foolish things, and we might be worse. Again, if we expel the whole race, where is the next demi-god that shall come, like Odin, amid ten thousand tempestuous thunders? There is no concord among men to choose another. The state falls inwardly as well as by outward stroke from incoherent elements. The furious human passions, the sleeping human indolence, the stolid human ignorance, the rivalry of human castes, are as good

for the kings as the swords of the Paladins. The worshippers have all bowed so long to the old idol that they cannot go into the streets and choose another Grand Llama from among the innocent children. What amazing mystery lies in that profound human heart that it clings to that mean, depraved old king, as if he were the founder whose head had been crowned with a thousand victories! Well, is he not still their father? they ask. He has refused knowledge as well as love; and has brought up his sons to manhood in the garb of babes. They are still child-like in their love. Thus floats on King Log down the puddled stream of Time, till the tempest or the tidal sea discover that the worm has consumed his strength, and he crumbles into oblivion. Read the story of the last of the Cæsars of Rome—of the last Cæsar of Constantinople—of the last Caliph—of the last of the Incas—of the last of the Stuarts—of the last of the Moguls—of the last of the Goths—of the last heir of the old Spanish empire! Consider that miserable, mournful monarch, the last of the Valois, deploring helplessly to his people that he is answerable for their wrongs—waiting hopeless for the coming of the Jesuit assassin! Consider the kings that have borne on their backs the ball of the earth, while they have been drunken as with wine, and that have reeled into ruin with the burthen still behind them.

“Thus, when the kings are such ill stewards as may not dare to look into the master’s face, it is determined to examine accounts, vouchers, and defalcations, and to surrender no more the keys of power into the keeping of disreputable agents. Be thou thine own steward.

“Self-government—how simple—how sublime! Yes; but where to be found? The despots have their masters, and change them as often as the Baroness Brown changes her

coachman. Look at that aged young Sultan, smoking his chibouk and sipping sherbet, where the Bosphorus winds his arms around the blue Asiatic hills—with his ministers, his eunuchs, and his harem of beautiful women. Look on the other side of the sea at the Spanish queen, with as many spouses as Solomon, and changed almost as often as those of the good Sultan Schahriar, who sent his beloved each morning to be strangled. Nay, the wisest, the strongest, the fiercest, are ruled by man or woman, or even by child like Themistocles. ‘I rule my mother, she rules my father, he rules Greece—therefore, I rule Greece,’ said the urchin. Shades of Du Barry and Pompadour—that once ruled France—say, also, who ruled you! Again, who is fit to govern another—who is fit to govern himself—who *doth* govern himself? We are all despots by necessity, if not by nature; but as the kings cannot be trusted, we must try. Let us inspect a little this huge body corporate, with its myriad hands, heads, and mouths, so long strongly tending to war and prey on itself, if it be possible to get on without a master that shall bind all hands, hammer all heads, and shut all mouths as with a vice.

“After all, it is a base notion, to reign by division, like the tyrants. Henceforth let the word be, to rule by union.

“When a state is composed of a limited number of citizens, all may deliberate together in council. This is a question of convenience, but also of safety. When an assembly is too large there will be confusion, indecision, dissension, and dissolution. The German tribes voted directly on the subject matter, however large it was, because the voters were readily assembled. The Swiss carried the idea to the Alps. One of the sovereign forest cantons, which numbered about fifty citizens, declared war against the French republic. This was direct enough. The old Greek and Roman state-

cities easily mustered their citizens. The Romans voted in their tribes like the Germans, each for himself. The Polish nobility, numerous as an army, covered the plain. They came to think, but they ended in a fight. Words cannot contend in an argument with drawn swords for half an hour. It was, doubtless, a great discovery, that of deliberation by deputies, the elect of the nation. It was thought filtered into cleanliness. It argued also great forbearance in the multitude—and trust of man in man.

“ There were in England, from the beginning, two very distinct constituencies—that of the counties and that of the towns.

“ The original notion of representation for the county was larger, but according to the statute 8 Hen. VI. a man had no right whatever, even to the twinkling light of the blind, on the affairs of his native land, unless he had some visible slice of the land itself. It was not a loaf with a very large area that was wanted, but it must be the solid bit that reached to heaven on one side and to hell on the other, as the wicked law books say. If a man had this bit, he had one vote—if he had a million such bits, and the county could hold them, he had no more votes. If a man with one acre had but one idea, he was as worthy as the man of ten thousand acres, and as many ideas, all bright and as swift as the sword of Abdiel. If all the seven wise men of Greece could have been brought up to the poll, there could only be seven votes, and they must have been asked if they had any possession but wisdom.

“ The virtue was in the land, as in the magic wand ; but it did not grow larger as the land grew larger. Divide the land into parcels, and the vote multiplied, like the divided Hydra or the zoophyte, and got the virtue. Now, observe, it might be wrong to suppose that the power and right of

choosing a deputy should depend altogether on holding land. Yet the idea was not framed on the royal or aristocratic right divine, but on the common equal human right divine. Men did not vote, as in railway companies, according to the shares they held.

“ But there must still be land. The landlords made the law, and the great hoped, perhaps, to swallow the small. The land, they said, was the visible platform on which all men live and thrive—they eat, drink, and sleep, by means of land. In the Arctic circle, or in the tropics, it is the mother of commerce. Corn and cattle stand on it, but to-morrow they are part of the voters, or non-voters. The trees are turned into ships, and ships belong to no country. Money is only a token, a shadow for substance. Buy land with it, and you are of the guild. Also, in those days, there was not much other property. The reverend rector sat on a bench which the sexton had helped him to carry from the wood, and to slash into shape on the wet days. There was no prince to carry on his back an estate of £5,000 a year, like the half-barbarous Hungarian. The Jews, whose teeth were drawn at the rate of 1,000 crowns a tooth, had no furniture to match their Rebeccas. The cardinals drank out of leather, and the king’s children gambolled on the floor strewn with rushes. According to a valuation of the reign of Edward III, for the king’s fifteenth of all personal property, the tax amounted to £29,000. But the times are changed. The Jewish baron now carries a million sterling in his waistcoat-pocket, and the Lady of the Black Diamonds has as many real diamonds in her stomacher as would fill ten thousand stomachs for a whole year. In short, the movable property is almost as large as the fixed. The number of persons in Great Britain who are directly dependent on trade are more than double the number of those

directly connected with land. Is the owner of chattels a fool beside the acre-owner? He ought to be more acute, for he must keep good watch and ward that his goods do not vanish from bodily sight. The landlord of the acres knows they are safe as long as the earth herself spins safely, which I presume is a somewhat safer event than the solvency of the Bank of England. He is supposed to be as settled as the land itself (let us not say as cloddish), and to have the firm intent both to live and to die thereon, and be buried therein, like his fathers. Is the merchant, or the lawyer, or the respectable surgeon supposed to be always meditating midnight flight, or born to be a plunderer or a miscreant? Observe, it is, after all, but to give a preliminary opinion as to the proper man who is to give the primary opinion on the affairs of the country. For many generations it was held that a man might live in a castle, and be as rich as Cræsus, yet if he devoted no part of his spoils to the purchase of the bit of land, he was not fit for that humble function. Become lord of one acre—one rood—and he was a man indeed: before that only a kind of world-roving monkey. Even now the idea is not very much improved.

“The towns appear to have been much left to themselves in the appointment of the constituent body. There was much diversity. But it is easy to trace in all a very large idea of the franchise. In times when almost all the townsmen were freemen, there must have been a near approach to universal suffrage. In some places, the householders voted. Originally the town suffrage was far more extensive and general than it is at present, with the aid of the ten-pound franchise. The present freemen are the heirs of this idea, and it is visible enough that the right of voting did not depend on the possession of land, or even chattels. A free-

man was supposed to be good enough for this work, if his property lay only in the skill of his hands, or even in that of his brains.

“What is property? Poverty, of course, is a great crime, and property a great theft. But poverty may live in a castle as well as in a cottage. The poor rich man—one of the most astounding sights on earth! *What is property?* Every man has a visible body. He is also supposed to have a soul, often more difficult of discovery, often kept with still more difficulty in company with his body. Consider what it has cost every man of labour to have achieved this result for a period of, say thirty years—how much capital has been spent over the mere fact of existence—how much he is worth at the current price! Does not a negro sell for a thousand dollars? How much would buy a sturdy British labourer? Value his sinews, his bones, and his twenty-six pounds of life-blood, and you will find a property which in this free land is his own. Reckon this property in England and Wales in real pounds sterling, and you will find a round sum. For instance, one penny in the pound produces one million pounds of Income-Tax. The income of all persons with more than one hundred pounds each is, therefore, two hundred and forty millions. But there are in Great Britain, without Ireland and the islands, more than five millions of males of twenty years of age or upwards. Allow for those who pay the tax, and there will remain a larger income from those who gain their bread by the toil of the hands. Shall all this property be without voice? or, if there be voice, without vote? ‘Hear, hear!’ shouts the hon. member for Workminster—‘no class representation.’ Certainly not, sir! We pretend to represent all kinds of property. Let us take care we are just; we shall never

prosper without justice. Surely, there is a visible property, beside that of land, bricks, and gold ! ”

The captain, who had been puffing his pipe very fast, broke out here with unwonted fire—“ Then, you would have universal suffrage. May I be buried first ! May the land itself be buried beneath the sea ! ” Then, adding mildly, “ I will go once more to the Garonne.”

“ But you have it there ! ”

“ Yes,” said the captain with a true French shrug, “ and you have slavery beside it.”

“ I will go to America,” said Richard, “ and plough the prairie.”

“ It is there, too ; and there also is slavery, and the masters vote for their slaves ! But you must either step back or step forward. The ground is boggy—unsound as quicksand. If you solve a problem in Euclid, you must not leave out an angle, or the base itself of the triangle. If men will be ruled by divine right of kings—good. But if they will rule for themselves, who shall be shut out from this throne ? You may safely throw the rein to reason, for it is not like fancy, that drives to the clouds and descends to the dirt. It travels slowly as a carrier’s wain, but it bears on the sure road articles of all weights and shapes. On what ground will you shut the poll-book against any man ? Shut it if you like, and if you can ; but let the man be sent off with some show of reason. If you cannot tell him he is mad, or a felon, or a wandering vagabond, let him know the true reason. Scratch your head well till the reason comes. The franchise is a trust ! Good ! Will the time not come when those for whom this trust is created will arrive at majority, and the trustees must surrender their estate in full ownership or partnership ? When the schools have done their work, shall the scholars

still linger about the playground, and ask to be flogged? 'All men are equal in the forum of justice,' says the philosopher! 'Yea,' says the poet,—'yea,' says the preacher,—'yea,' also must say the politician. The lordliest man eats, drinks, sleeps, dreams, and dies, like the lowliest. The man whose broken hat covers his property, whose rents arise from limbs and labour, has a tenement as precious to himself and to his kindred as the landlord of a thousand tenants. What hath each man? His *all*. Can he have more? Security!—responsibility! Look at his fireside and his family. Hath he not given pledges to fortune like the best of us? Hath he not entered into strong bonds for good behaviour? Can he not love his country, fight her battles, and be forward for her fame? His land is the heart of the earth. Shall he have no more sway in its concerns than the Hottentot or the Indian serf? Not even the right to say what man shall speak his mind in the nation's great hall of audience.

"The franchise is not a trust, but a privilege! Who gave this privilege? Was it Force, or Wisdom, or both? May these not re-hear the cause? Men are joined together in society, not like beavers—for bodily comforts only—but for promoting human happiness in this world and the hope of acceptance in the next. It should be an association of mutual insurance.

"Let us now look at the invisible 'incorporeal hereditament,' the human mind. It is not the lumpish land, not the piled bricks, that give the vote; it is the man. Who shall lay his line and level over the spirit of man, save He who gave it? What statistic science can sum up the imponderable and the unmeasurable? What yearly registration can note the moral value—the intellectual stature? Truly, all men are not equal; but where, and how, unequal? The peers

gave Byron, and the peasants gave Burns. The spirit bloweth where it listeth. This is the law of God, who sows his precious seeds as he wills, who rains on the just and on the unjust. Culture is in the power of man; but the germ comes from God. This is one of the compensations of nature. Shall this, too, be perverted by man into a curse? All artisans are not as James Watt, nor are all justices of the quorum as stupid as Justice Shallow. Copy the heads, from that which wears the crown to that which carries the milk-pail, and you will find how impartial is nature,—what little regard she has for Court Guides, Peerage, and Baronetage books. Cast your eye on any man on Epsom-heath or at Doncaster, driven by his four bay horses with scarlet outriders, bowing to all the notables—or sitting on the shaft of a country cart filled with country wenches, drawn by a horse as heavy as an ox; or again, on that man with golden spectacles on his ample forehead, book in one hand, pencil in the other, registering wagers, solving the chances; and that other, with that bare, bold eye, as brisk as a basilisk's, with the thimbles on his desk! Can you tell which is the greater fool, or which is the cleverer knave? No more than you can point to the spot where the rich ore lies in the veins under these sleek hills. Can you tell the worth of the book from its binding? Look at the five thousand that stand shouting before the hustings; can you tell which have the talents or which have the votes? Not even from the coats on their backs. Nay, look at the hustings themselves; can you tell the honourable member from the genius that bursts from his lips? Oh, gentlemen of the jury, I would say, if stupidity itself sent up a member, like the universities, there stands the man. But of him hereafter. Look at that special jury; is there any face there wiser than those who have in the other court just found a prisoner

guilty of stealing a duck, or any head that is really harder? I think not. I think the twelve guineas might have been saved, and justice need not have been attempted to be bought. Look again at the polling-booth! I declare, upon my faith as a Christian, that I have often blushed at this business, when I have been before the enlightened electors. Not that I saw any wiser than myself—no, not that. But just look at that rich old wretch, with a face like a furnace, with brains that might perhaps once have baited a mouse-trap, now all drowned in brandy, propped up by two big men, prompted by the attorney's clerk, forgetting the names of the candidates—nay, even his own! This man never spent a shilling except on himself, yet next year there will be a monument put up to him in the parish church, as big as the Ten Commandments, and as full of praise as he is now full of brandy. Look at that thin democrat, to wit, the village barber's apprentice, who last year read Plutarch's 'Lives,' and had figured the Hon. John Asshurst to be exceedingly like Epaminondas, till he came to canvass the barber, who had shaved the family for forty years, and would have voted for him if he had been a baboon—and there was some likeness. This staggered young Brutus; but when he saw that old bottle of brandy give his vote for the Hon. John, he became a democrat for life, and would have shaved off the prime minister's head as readily as his master's beard. This lad has read Byron, Milton, poetry and prose, and the *Weekly Iris*; has got together, by hook or by crook, a large assortment of literary wares; has given a lecture at the Institute; and has a wonderfully sly, sarcastic mode of dealing with such men as the Hon. John, and with very questionable gestures. This clever little rascal will never have a vote; but he will help himself with his voice. What wonder if he do his best to get up a riot,

to break into the Hon. John's head, just to see if there be really any brains in the box. Why not give him a vote and stop his mouth? Look again at that most respectable old gentleman, in green glasses, coming up to the poll with still elastic step! That man has been from boyhood as steady as a ledger, as punctual as a five-pound note of the Bank of England. He never cost his father sixpence after he was sixteen, and he now has a vote in six counties. He could ride in a coach-and-twelve if he liked; but he drives himself the single good old horse. What wonderful fortune this man has had in life! everything he has touched has turned to gold; and yet that sullen old blacksmith who lives in the same village, and knows him as well as the village green,—this blacksmith, that can at times bring out words as hot as his own forge, and thoughts bright as the hammer's sparks,—this smith says he is only a silly old fool. But he is reckoned in six counties to be a wise man; and the blacksmith, the oracle of the country, is thought at the poll-booth to be no better than a fool. If we should ever come to fighting again in England, which side will *he* take? Surely not that of the law, which calls him fool, while others call him an oracle. He knows as well that he is no fool, as that his neighbour, Mr. Alderman Brass, is a born fool, who cannot possibly be other than a fool, and who does well to keep himself honest. Travel through the whole list in like manner, and you will see how the law regards the inner life of a man. Yes, this stony eye of the old lady can see a house or a corn-stack, but it cannot see a soul. She ignores mind, except as it is shown in the substantial things of this world. It must be born in the bricks or in the acres.

“But you say, if your man is so clever, why cannot he get his vote in an honest way? True. Why cannot he become

prime minister? My dear sir, if he could but get the first fifty pounds he *might* be the minister.

"A poor man must buy tools, keep his old mother, marry, of course, and have sons and daughters of his own, subscribe to benefit and burial clubs, perhaps insure his life, pay rent, rates, taxes, pay for christenings and Easter dues, set up his son in some small way, buy a little crockery for his daughter when she marries, and keep clean shirts for Sundays. Besides, it is said, the clever man often likes the strong liquor. A great pity—but this also must be paid for—alas! paid for in penalties that make the exchange bills of the Jewish race look like a legacy. Wait till this man reforms—wait till this man gets rich! Bah!—wait till this man becomes a republican! Oh! that men might learn how easy it is to bribe their fellows with real freedom—how much that is perilous is postponed by the small gift costing no more than a nosegay, as fragrant and as innocent. How long it is before the rebels cry out 'it is too late'—the knell of trembling kings—the very words that Suspicion throws into the face of Innocence, as the Moor threw them at the gentle Desdemona. It is a rude device to thrust the cork back into the bottle, instead of drawing it bodily out. Trust more in man as well as in God. Once for all, let us say, that every sane man is a citizen that has signed the social contract. Look at the providence required from these 'daily bread' men! The rich landlord has his steward; the banker has a wiser head than his own in the counting-house. Even the Chancellor of the Exchequer makes a speech in the House that is put into his mouth by a man as unknown to fame as that dog. Look at the different occupations of men, who must read skies, seas, and winds, the changeful minds of other men, who must sit in perpetual committees of ways and means, and be

used to constant discipline and self-reliance. If you can draw neither line nor arc within which you can gather the elect of the earth, confess at once that each man shall speak for himself. Whether you find stupidity, wickedness, or water-weakness in the boxes or in the gallery, in the front pews or in the free seats, deal with all culprits alike, as you send cheating bankers and embezzling clerks to the same hulks. If you can make men better citizens by state-craft, or church-craft, or any other skill—good. But let no man be told he is helpless as a beast. Let him try for himself. Leave him alone. Rather let him belch only his blasphemies at the booth, with his vote, in the face of the Hon. John himself, than bottle them up till he burst himself, and become a brand of danger. The vote is now a privilege, a private right; the trust is a mere fiction, like the Hon. John's moustache. All privileges are reckoned to be private property—which may be sold, mortgaged, or bartered. But the universal right is in the public domain, as in the highway, the alpine air, or the sea-shore. Shame on the man that tears up the seats from the public gardens or carves his miserable name on another man's monument! Gentlemen of the jury, is this sentimental? It is! Well, my good friends, the world is sometimes governed by sentiment. Luther and Ximenes both appealed to it. Cæsar and Napoleon sheathed their swords in it. War and Peace sit on either hand of it. Even now, empires are held by it, sometimes as by a thread, sometimes as by an iron-spun cable. As this big-headed world *will* think, let us try to make it think to a good purpose. Let us try, I say, to make it better. Yes! but no more votes till it is better! But this is the way to Better-borough. Privy Council schools for children, but the world itself is the school for bearded men. Begin this life by making more Freemasons.

Open the guilds to the freemen. Are they not freemen? Tell them they may fall down and worship the idol that most delights them. Depend on it, they would soon find out the wooden idols and those of solid gold. I have seen more power of perusing man in the hard-palmed multitude than in the 'respectable' guild of the kid-gloved. They may read little of Bacon or of Plato, but they can tell at a glance a mountebank from a real man. There is an instinct in them like that of those dogs that can tell at once a mild man from a Tartar. The kid-gloved look at each other so long in the face, as at the family portraits, that the one gets to be a smirking counterfeit of the other; and when such a man sees that blacksmith's face, for instance, he stares as if he had seen Satan. My good admiral of the white! you will never sweep the sea like Van Tromp, or conquer the earth, till you can hammer thought on your anvil with the smith's strength, and give his black bright eyes something more to see than a stuffed baboon. That smith has little more book-learning than Pizarro that conquered the Incas, ruled the fierce Spanish troopers, and could not write his name. But he knows more of the British constitution than that respectable baboon. As to the people, he is their type himself. Educate by all means. You can go no farther with the baboon.

'The fool that is truly so, never forgets,
But still fools it on to the close;
As Ponsonby leaves the debate when he sets,
Just as dark as it was when he rose.'

But let this school stand open for all like a church. In the lower school you exact discipline and train the faculties for future use. In the upper school, you must train thought that it may at once be wedded with healthy act. How can you bring out thought but by giving something to think about?

Aristotle could not think for ever about a vacuum. What nobler thought than to tell man he is a citizen, and must do the duty that was done at Trafalgar, in the same words, if not in the same fashion. If this citizen says he would rather drink beer, or get an old bill paid off, shake your head, and go on to the next. Try to shame both the tempter and the self-selling man. Above all, bring the sinners out to full day, that the whole borough may see them and set them in the stocks of public fame. Believe me, the world will not grow worse. It *shall* not! Say that, and if it were black as Erebus, it would begin to dawn into Elysium. I will never believe—so help me God and St. George!—that a whole free people will sell themselves to Satan for beer or for gold. I will sooner shoot myself through the head on this heath. I say, I will have faith in humankind. Love men, and they will love you! Even these dogs do that. Begin at any rate by giving them more at the hustings than the mouths of hounds. They will not howl if they can get at the real meat, even if it be a dead donkey. If we have all souls then, let us have some sort of soul-representation. There is no meter than can measure the mind, like that which measures the wind: there is no lens or magic mirror that can show the lovely or the loathsome soul. Man is too often masked for that. What then? Each for himself. In the race of this life, all may run and all may win. All should be workers, and there should be no idle spectators. If there be any that will not start fairly, or that may seek to jostle his neighbour in the course, trip him up, and let him lie defeated and despised. The prizes will fall at last to the strongest, even if they travel with the speed of the tortoise.

This civil social compact, of which learned men speak in ponderous books, is only to be found truly written in the

mind of man. This great charter of the people, of which each citizen has his copy, is founded, like the great Christian charter, on the equality of man in the sight of God; for all are His children, and His favour is justice. The electoral sages refer to it as founded on the law of lands and rents. Mutual protection abridges personal liberty, and all men claim a right to share in the imperial power that is left, like the chemist's precious residuum. Lazarus himself surrenders something, for which society must give him some equivalent. If it makes the laws, he must have some voice in their making. That is his compensation, as it is that of the duke. When a citizen pays no taxes, as in some happy state of the undiscovered Hesperides, he may be regarded as a guest, without rule in the generous house. But the instant a man is called upon to put his hand into his pocket, he expects to see the bill, and asks for explanation. Formerly, the visible property was taxed. Now, men are taxed by the invisible threads of customs and excise. Every puff of the poorest peasant from his clay pipe is heavily charged with tax, as well as with vapour. The melting income of the poor clerk, which is never seen by him but in fragments as small as the sea sand, is grasped in the firmer clutch of the collector. The fact is, the present law of society rests on force. As in the old times, might gives right. The old kings so ruled the old people,—the Parliament now rules likewise. The compact is a forced bond, with heavy penalty. The tyranny of this aristocratic Parliament has been as glaring as that of the kings. Look at the whole business of taxation. Would any really free people have endured so long the injustice of corn laws, stamp duties, and the host of sums levied on the people, at per head, and not according to their power of payment? The higher ranks coerced the lower—that is,

the unrepresented, who could not insist on their griefs and grievances. The 'monarchy of the middle classes,' *may* be little better than the others. This trustee, as you call him, with his land or his house, may be as faithless as the Stuarts—as besotted as the Bourbons—as bigoted as the Hapsburgs. How many kings are there among the shopkeepers as profligate as Louis XV., except that their *Parc aux Cerfs* is not bigger than the parish pound. Their ambition is the same. So also may the subjects suffer. The trust is disguised force. The electors will make the laws for the non-electors. The worst is, that it attempts the dominion of the mind. It is truly an insulting disreputable thought, that men are herded together in this world, only that they may grow fat for death, the great butcher!—that the miser may add mortgage to mortgage, or acre to acre, or street to street! Rather drown the land at once, than the noble thought of riding towards the stars—the love of excellence—the hope of the human eminence. These are things that will not be blotted out—not with axe or sword, cords or cannon. I often think the earth has need of another crusade or two, that its homogeneal life might be felt—a good hearty shake from Zenghis the Tartar. Except for trade, it might be supposed that man was not everywhere man's brother—that the Chinese, for instance, belonged to the planet Neptune. The nation is but the family—nay, what is it but the individual, with concentrated strength, and with the like enlarged accountability? Blessed is that man-nation that keeps burning the sacred fire, that it may never be quenched, and reverently carries its flame to the ends of the earth! There are few that do this. To most that walk on the rolling globe, it seems only to move round its god in unchanging oval—at the same precise spot now as it was this time last year, as

it will be this time next year, or the next hundred. But there are some that believe we are all going,—Neptune, Phœbus, and all,—in a straighter line to Hercules the hero. Yes! men are assembled, not only to eat, to drink, to sleep, to take ease, and to slice the thorns from the rose-stems—but to think nobly and to act conformably. Dig down deep into this common clay, and be the surface ever so scorched or frozen, the water will well out. The life-giving springs will not stay in the broken stony strata. Dig deep, or dig not at all. All men are equal! ‘What!’ says the Hon. John Asshurst; ‘is it possible?’ Certainly—look round the pews at church,—all the citizens are Christians even in the eye of the law. There is some show of equality there. Ask the Reverend George Genuine to preach his next sermon on Christian life, its rights and its duties,—to get it printed, and send a copy with marginal notes to the Hon. John for his next speech on the alarming state of the country. Send it to the able editor of the *Northern Star*, that he may preach from it in his leaders. The ‘favoured nation’ of the earth,—the ‘*officina gentium*,’—the nursery of heroes that are subduing the world! Yet it has clever helots that must have no voice in the government of the world, but that which is blown through the brazen trump of the unfranchised. Consider, that Robert Burns, the exciseman, and something more, would not have the direct deputed word. Yet he could write an election squib that got the Ayrshire votes, as well as many better things that have got votes in all shires by the hundred, for manly honour. Another poet, Cowper, was astonished to be told by ‘Mr. Ashburner, the draper,’ that he, the recluse, had ‘a great deal of influence’ in his county contest, when Mr. Grenville, the candidate, kissed Lady Austen and the kitchen-maid. Yet

this poet vowed that he had no vote—also modestly disclaiming the influence, in spite of the draper. Not one of the twelve apostles would have been in the register! Verily, can these things be, a ‘hundred years hence?’ Ask the shades of the dead sages! Ask the shades of the Crimean soldiers that wrote letters from that fatal cliff, better than the officers,—that shamed even the narratives of commanders as slow with the pen as with the sword. The heart of the world should be all heroic.

“All men are copartners in this great business of the world. The worthiest should be the directors—but all are shareholders. This great English lion should roar like the ocean, with its thousand throats,—should laugh like the ocean, with the ‘countless laughter,’—should slumber like it in its hour of rest, with gentle sighs. We are one nation, yet we are many nations. There are wastes and wilds amongst us as unexplored as the African deserts. You may sooner traverse the Australian sands than reach some of those spots that lie close beside us. The franchise is the light that should illumine all—the white that comes from all the colours. It should be the golden zone wherewith Society, the matron, is wholly compassed. Passions, instincts, diversities, and dangers should all be firmly held together, like the travellers of the caravans. Tell the Hon. John that if he will go hat in hand like the old Roman consuls, at the asking time, he must reveal himself to his brothers; they are as worthy of research as the sea-slugs, or the mammalia of the obliterated ages. I have known a candidate *discover* his second cousins during a hard contest. Was this not worth all the money he spent? Let his brains be in the best possible condition, for he will have many abstruse queries put to him, even from the shopkeepers; also his temper, for the truth will be blurted out now, or never.

Even the Roman slaves had that right in their great holiday. These men are real living beings, in outward form with some likeness to the Hon. John himself—in inward properties having the same desires, hopes, and apprehensions—with this availing difference, that *his* course is like a triumphal procession, with rich sun-steeds, while theirs is with bare feet on the dust of the earth, amid continual jostle and confusion of mind and body. Let them change places for one brief instant. A great rocky mountain should be looked at from below as well as from above. If there be splendour on the top, there is awe at the foot. The body politic also is ‘fearfully and wonderfully made.’ The knowledge here may also end in faith in God, in love to man.

“The inconstant vulgar! the unstable mob! Yes; but has the Hon. John been as constant as the needle to its pole? Ask the whipper of the Commons—ask his valet, or his wife. Has the Prime Minister never thought twice on one point, nor shuffled the cards to change the trump? Ask that dear little friend now nodding on his bosom, on the front bench, if they have not grappled like gladiators, and thrust at each other round every corner of the chair. As to the opposite leader, is it not the duty of his life, like the great ocean, to change aspect with the changing sky, to welcome, in the calm, any breeze from any quarter that can blow him into the Bay of Beauty? Ask the right hon. Member, who climbed his first hustings in the ‘buck-basket’ of a boroughmonger, who went through all the lunar vagaries, with halo, rainbow, eclipse, and occultation, till at last he came round again to invisible nonentity, and disappeared, not in the manner of Enoch or Elijah, in the Upper House—ask him, I say, what he thinks of the fickleness of the Sunday-shaving mortals. Really does not the Hon. John himself smile through the two young wings fledg-

ing to bear away the great coming thoughts to the Antarctic and Antipodes! Ask the Cumberland yeomen if they changed when they sent their Dumouriez out of their country over to the other camp—thenceforth to wander like an Arab, and with like guttural speech. The chiefs, drunken with success, smarting under disaster or disappointment, driven on the stormy sea by caprice, greed, envy, power, pride, and all factious streaming elements, change their course, but not their colours, and expect still to deceive with words as if they were mermen. Bah! it is not the multitude that change opinion. Have they repented of the Reformation—the Reform Act—the Corn Repeal—the Penny Post? When they do change opinion, it is spoken out, not smothered in soft words so as to seem nothing but a change of coffee for tea—of toast for muffin. Beware of the first breath; listen for it as the old prophets listened for the words of Jehovah. When the true tempest is arising, all nature comprehends the mystery of the few first whispers. The stagnant atmosphere, the mountains veiled black with prophecy, veined with blood-streaks, coming closer to the old homes—darkly but clearly visible—the rivulets running with the voice of ocean—the moaning forest—the perplexed herds and flocks—the hush of birds—then the white watery winds sweeping the heavens' concave—the bending perilous trees—the hurried harvest—the clenched doors and windows—the enthralled aspect of man—the horrible hurricane—the foaming storm-steeds—the ruin—and the renovation!

“In that storm the harriers will sleep in their kennels—and the Hon. John will read the Book of Revelations. Such a storm comes not in every century. What a brooding before such a birth! What avails at such a time the rood or tenement franchise. But the easily mounted wind that puffs out the Hon. John from his seat, as he peruses

the blue books tied with the red tape, is mild as a zephyr. It seems to change, but its breath is constant too. Is it conceivable, that the mass, as difficult of motion as an alp, will heave with earthquake to upset the arm-chair of a fox-hunter? It is stirred to its depths for the birth of the hero—but the pigmy perishes in the surface-froth. It is not the people that change—not the fulcrum—but the useless levers that are unequal to the work. When Archimedes comes back, he will find the immovable point for his task.

“The Hon. John can ride to the cover—and thence to the death of vermin. But he will never ride the whirlwind if he lived to be Methuselah—never farther than to the fields, till he rides behind Death himself, with arm around him, on his white horse, into the mist. We are not always in the whirlwind. To chatter about human inconstancy, as if it were like the English weather! It is amazing to think of the great state van, with its clumsy, shouting drivers, blundering in the ruts with the patience of a sloth. There is no bottom to human endurance, as to that mortal stupidity of which the gods themselves despaired. Do but feed, clothe, and house the human herd—and Oxenstiern’s family cook may guide them and milk them too. Throw a few drops of love into their trough, and they will lick your hand like the young calves. But if the Hon. John be the calf——

“I often laugh at these *free and independent electors*! as they are called once in seven years. How many are there? There is and should be no such thing as independence. Man should and will depend on man, till the kingdom of the saints comes. There are forty-one men in England and Wales who have incomes of fifty thousand pounds. How many of these are ‘free and independent?’ Let me see but one,

and I will make him my heir presumptive on the spot. Let a man live like Dives, and be as rich as Cræsus or Crassus—can he eat refined gold—can he drink silver like Tokay? Is he a man or a god? Ask Antiochus, the Syrian king, how he discovered himself to be a mortal, when the Orientals hailed him god! Is the Hon. John an innocent immortal seraph? Again, I say, ask his valet, or his wife. If he be a man with the rental of three counties, he has the desires of the parish beadle. The beadle wants a little diluted silver on the top of his official staff—the courtier wants a star, or a garter, or the high steward's wand—to marshall the army of royal ushers—to smirk before the court beauties—to sneak behind the throne—or another lift in the ladder of the peers, that leads to his heaven, as Jacob's to the other. This man is as much bound as Prometheus—as blind as Samson, but not so strong. Give him all allowance, and he but follows in the procession of his peers. Opinion! he had opinions long ago, in the first generous gush of youth—when he was on his travels with his tutor, studying Cicero's speeches in the Forum; but they are now as dead as the Cæsars. He has surrendered them for the good of his country, and he will never have them more, unless his third son is not made an admiral, and the next a general, in the season of youth. This man appears heaven-born, as he descends on the stage, like Taglioni; but, like her, he is compassed with unseen cords! He takes his opinions, like his snuff, from the royal purveyors, and they are very mild. What charming letters the Hon. John wrote to his mamma, dated from the Coliseum and Tivoli, but written at the hotel near the Porto del Popolo! But they are considered a little too republican now. The Lord Chancellor himself, how often he must say 'yea,' when his whole life has said 'nay!' What!

is he to give up driving the lawyer's team, and shrink back into the hinder roundabout. The prime minister himself—Her Majesty's head servant—the arbiter of the Commons—the king of the country—with his army of cavaliers—he is but the chairman of a commonwealth. It is true, he cannot now have his nose slit, nor two hundred lashes given to his *ehrenbreitstein*; but how long he must sit on it, and what cuffs and terrors he must endure from the new masters! All men are not rough and stony as Chatham—imperious as Strafford—crusty as Thurlow. There are those smiling as North—subtle as Shaftesbury—scheming as Halifax—silly as old Newcastle. Such a man must melt his opinions before the fire, like the butter on his toast, before he breaks his fast. What! is he to give up the reins of Phaeton or Phœbus for the sake of an opinion? Heaven forbid that the state coach should stand still, and Earth rest on her axle! Bless me; what possible right has the Hon. John to hold an opinion! His valet may have his own notion of divine right, or vote by ballot—for what can it matter what a lackey shall think, who cannot vote? In short, the world is ruled by usage and 'compromise.' I wonder if Luther ever thought of that cursed word, except to kick it down to the nethermost pit. The fact is, no man in this country can afford to keep an opinion; it costs more than whole studs of racers, and a bazaar of chariots. Keep two horses—two wives—if you like; but divide the conscience equally between them. They will not quarrel about it, as in Solomon's judgment. Look at that elderly clergyman—a small perpetual curate—yes, perpetual curate!—a little glossy about the elbows, but highly respectable—his funeral sermons are most pathetic; when he trumps your king second time round, he does it with as much compunction as if he were pawning the communion-plate; you

would say, if any man had a conscience, this was the owner of it. Gentlemen of the Jury, he *has* a conscience—he has also a very small family—plenty of them; but small, like the Ettrick fish. The stout rector of Alum-cum-Wincum is rolling fast down the hill, and a good sound divine is wanted for that post. The conscientious perpetual's dear wife had twins last Christmas; but he will do his duty to his country, his church, and—the twins. He thinks the country in danger from these chartists, infidels, and radicals; and fears that the rector is bent on breaking up the haughs. He voted for the Hon. John last time; but he never answered that letter about Charles going to the Bluecoat School. Ah, well! he is gone like the rest; and an archbishop would go too, if there was another step to climb, before getting into the ball of the earth. Yes! it seems a very easy matter to keep a conscience, like violin-playing; but there is nothing harder. A man may certainly escape transportation, or the gallows; but he is always living on his capital. Even virtue's capital will run out—he has nothing to spare in the way of works—he must make up by that 'gift of God'—words. Come on, ladies and gentlemen of the talking art! Earth is too small for your elegant gestures, and heaven stares on you with its blue face, as if ye were fools! Free and independent electors! we might thus travel through your rank and file. But I have travelled through the real list. Go and canvass, if you would know how man may be mean; and, rarely, how noble—often noble only by an unmeaning instinct. I have been solicited for so many offices, appointments, and deeds of grace, in one day, that I have dreamt, as I slept at the Black Bull, that I was greater than Cæsar in the Capitol. If this were to last a fortnight, a man must infallibly grow insane from the delusion. The drunken Eastern pauper

finding himself in the bed of the Caliph, and at last believing himself the prince—what is this to the conspiracy of the whole borough to persuade you that you can form a government, be a minister, and give away the patronage of England and the Indies. What is Bagdad to the realms whereon the sun is ever raining gold, in which the sword is never sheathed, and where even virtue is rewarded. What wonder then, that the hon. member, just returned for his native borough, should, on his way to the west, look into the Strand shops as if all were his, and think that the chiming clocks were ushering the coming man. But that big-breasted man, who is going to speak on the budget, will break the charm before he sits down. I wish ‘Big Ben’ himself could be returned, and brought into the House too.

“Independent electors, where are ye? Perhaps they are gone to the hills, like the old Celts—I was going to say fens and forests, but these exist no more. Some brawny landlord of the glens, full of patriotism and old milk-cheese, may now and then issue from his fastness and give a vote for human nature. An Arcadian fool! as the Hon. John’s tutor would have styled him. But where are the other good men? I declare if our fate hung, like that of Gomorrah, on the production of ten good electors, we should be in a sea of sulphur at once. We are all born and bred scoundrels. The man who is driven up to the booth like a sheep, on pain of losing his beloved landlord and the land, ought to shame the herds that might go right but will go wrong. The one does his work under force and presumed protest. He pretends neither to be free nor stuffed with thoughts. Perhaps he is short in the rent, or he wants abatement, and this is the price. It is a contract. Gentlemen of the jury! this is the social compact throughout. One man wants to be a

bishop, another to be a gamekeeper—one loves liquor, and another imbibes praise through all his pores. When the Hon. John shakes hands once in seven years with Peter Heavihide, the contact is to Peter as good as a mesmeric operation. If the Hon. John's pretty wife were to give but one fiery kiss to the sternest old vagabond in the county, his fate would be sealed at once—like the butcher that was kissed by the Devonshire duchess. An election might be carried by oscular demonstration. Gold is a vulgar mode of bribing mankind, yet you need not slip it into their pockets, or leave it in small brown paper parcels on chairs; it looks like buttons, but they would see the metal if it were in a mill-stone. Look at that genteel, quiet man, arm-in-arm with a friend, just coming out of the booth. This quiet, sedate, seemingly prosperous man has smoked a pipe for twenty-five years at his own and other firesides, and has all that time puffed out volumes of quiet satire and political pathos. But he is led up like the rest, and abolishes his whole life by the only public act he can perform. That friend holds his bill of exchange for a moderate amount. That is the reason they are so loving, and have come '*idem sentire de republicâ*.' Nobody knows about the little stamped paper; but poor Cato will break his pipe that night in very vexation, and blush redder than its fire. Courage, my dear fellow, you are not alone! You are better than those who bend to the rod and feel not its shame. Look at that noisy, oily-faced grocer, that has preached rebellion ever since he was fined for a small tobacco transaction, and knows as much about the State as about the Seraphim,—thriving, apparently, on the profits of democratic artizans—who told the ward-meeting even last night, that he would rather burst than betray his country. What a change for Boanerges the grocer! he looks apoplectic this morning—is it from the

fervour of oratory or of brandy? Look at him as he slides like a snake into the booth, wishing only that the ballot might hide his infamy, and still proclaim him an honest man, whatever he might say to the contrary. At the last moment it seems he received warning that A. B. had spoken to C. D., who had written to E. F., who had desired F. G. to put his warrant of attorney into "immediate execution" unless——. So, the good grocer is thenceforth dumb as a sugar-loaf till the contest is over. Like it, he may point to the skies, and go on, as before, without fear of bailiffs. But what cares he, except that he has lost the customers! How can you expect a common grocer, in such times,

“ ‘To stand, like Teneriffe or Atlas, unremoved.’ ”

These storms stir up all the filth of rivers, all the sands of the sea. The weeds are wrenched from their rocks, unless they lie dormant in the deep waters. The affairs of men are so complex, that a human mind is moved by agencies as subtle as those of the skies. It is only forbearance and indifference that forbid the land from becoming Pandemonium. But mark the difference between them that forbear and the tyrants. The tyranny is organized for a reign of terror. Into this private, secret police-box anything may be dropped. I wonder we are not all tigers, or grisly bears. These are independent, but not quite worthy of trust. Independence can grow at the lower end of the chain as well as at the upper! The man who gets his wages has a brief relation with the moneyed world. Look at those troops of workers in brass, in iron, in cotton, in wool, or in silk, from six to six—marching home to the mid-day meal, punctual as the sun—trained to know all the hours of day, and to pass them with profit, if not with pleasure—disciplined to regularity, but not to slavery. These men may have faults

enough in other fashions, but they are more "free and independent" than the registered monarchs of the middle classes. This realm is to the Hon. John like the empire of Japan, into which the western man has not yet penetrated. When it is explored, strange sights will be revealed to him,—the strangest, that these men do not wear their souls, like their aprons, in the service of the respected firm. This is not in the contract of hiring. There are firms who do not expect the soul to be thrown into the bargain. Nay, some of the old firms are leading most questionable lives, in all kinds of devilry. Their coin is as good as any in the country, but their morals are not exemplary. How can such leaders be followed farther than to the butcher's shop? No, for work, wages—for wages, work! That is the bond—no less, and no more. It will be well if they agree as to the wages and the work, without standing out on the Bank Charter, or on any of the four points of the other charter.

"If old Blackstone had had a glimpse of this state of things over his old port, he would hardly have written that the reason for qualifications was, to include persons too mean to have a will of their own. 'If it were probable that every man would give his vote freely and without influence of any kind, then, upon the true and general principles of liberty, every member of the commonwealth, however poor, should have a vote in electing their delegates, to whose charge is committed the disposal of his property, his liberty, and his life. *There is now hardly a free agent to be found who is not entitled to a vote.*' Oh! gentlemen of the jury, do you really believe, the old conservative justice knew what he was writing? Was he in the second bottle that night? Shades of indignant tenants and shopkeepers! Ye should have risen up in a body before him, and corked the bottle. But remember,

if you only dare vote as you like, you shall be of the guild ! Remember that ! There are more in these days than in those of the Third George that might give an honest vote, but who have none to give. There are also more who have the vote, but not the power to give it as they wish.

“This is the material aspect of independence. Let us glance at the spiritual world. How many of the present independent electors have looked into the gulf of Government with steady gaze ? Not as Solomon, or the wise men of Greece—for the wisdom of Policy is not always difficult—perhaps only intricate where it departs from the strong high-road of Common Sense ; not as the sages, but as honest citizens. You may not be able to write an epic poem, but you may judge such an article. The minister has two sets of opinions, like two suits—one for the country, the other for his country-house—one for real work, the other for Divine contemplation, like Plato. There are some clad in as many colours as Joseph, in as many shreds as Lazarus, as variable as the royal speech, which does not so much disguise thoughts in words, as express different thoughts in the same words, reversing the case of the two knights who fought about the colour of the figure. These are the waters that will mix with anything. The lawyers, the rising men of fifty, are obliged to order a fresh set of opinions all in a heap, with the court dress. The legal opinions are very good ; but they must have the others to match. I have always been amazed to think how human opinions are manufactured. Do they drop like dew, or come from the earth’s bowels, like the steam of the Baian grotto ? Where on earth, for instance, has the Hon. John got his opinions on the “present alarming state of the country ?” We are always living in alarms—sleeping in the mouths of charged cannon. Has he got them in any accountable way ? Bless

you ! he got some from his great grandfather, with the gout ; some from the old family groom ; some from the family parson ; some from the old rooks in the spring morns ; some he bought in a penny pamphlet ; some he stole as the Irishman stole the speech, in the cabinet—not exactly as Prometheus stole fire ; but did he ever make any for himself ? Gentlemen of the jury, did he make his moustaches ? Let him brush them both out well every day, and he will do as well as Solon. Look, again, at that respectable man just returned for his native borough, amidst infinite applause, and who this time last year might as soon have dreamed of being the Grand Llama of Thibet. What a jungle of brushwood ! What a jumble of marbles and brick is here ! How will this man make any kind of mosaic flooring for his footing ? But he has done it—and he contrives to get to the heart of the matter, if it have a real purpose—whether it pertains to Orient or Occident. If that son of industry were to write his life, plainly, as Franklin, or poetically, as Rousseau, he could tell you how he happens to assert this or deny that. He has these ideas, and he must use them. Some of them came from the “ Pilgrim’s Progress ” he read at the rural school, some from a line or two of Burns or Cowper, some from the Methodist preacher that christened his eldest son, some from a friend who left him his executor, some from the newspaper. The great genius tells you how a single small event determined the current of his thoughts and of his life. This man has thought for himself. But when, and by whom was the first seed sown ? That seed may spring to life at once, or may slumber for years. It is a world of mystery. We all live from hand to mouth. Does any bewildered man sit down leisurely to consider the best method of ruling men, and construct a chart for the use of mariners ? Keep a log-book, if you like—even

there one line will be written on another of yesterday, and none can tell the authentic entry. Study the books and the navigation as we will, there is the present peril. Each looks at this through his own glass, and believes it to be the naked eye of truth. We live like the misletoe dangling on the fruit-tree, without a foot in the ground. Where is the man with inborn light to shed on chaos and make his own world? Lives he among the independent electors? Is this life a masquerade or not? What infinity of borrowed feathers—nay, of broadcloth coats—and they are so much alike that no man can claim his own.

“The world is not ruled by the great spirits except after dissolution and new birth. The great intellect is often too sharp for the granite of this life. Legislators may be very ordinary men—for it is very ordinary work: it is but the final issue of a million minds. One man may see land an instant sooner than another. It may be a great feat even to see it; for there are those who cannot see it even when they are landed. This great Juggernaut machine has many masters as well as self-slaying slaves. The chemist is not born who can resolve public opinion into its atoms; the philosopher is a fool at this work; the poet may hang his harp upon it; the monarch and the minister must bend to it—be it from heaven or from hell. The armies themselves melt on its breast. It may be high as Teneriffe—but it is also deep as the Atlantic valleys. It has moved the solid earth with its throb—it has a slow, strong pulse; but it bears the daily cares of a thousand resounding shores.

But the franchise is not all spiritual. We do not live like seraphs. Is the Hon. M.P. for Bedborough, eighteen stone weight—even on a Highland pony—like an angel? We have bodies like the beavers, and we have property like them, but not in common. It is a joint-stock affair between

the material and the ethereal. A member for 5,000 invisible souls should be invisible himself. If we were all ghosts, as in the Elysian fields, it might be well; we could then deny bodily existence as conscientiously as Berkeley. But we know we have bodies, and we think we have souls. Let us assume this to be the truth, and try better to represent both ideas in the selected man.

" Yet, remember, the power of the purse or of the sword, compared to that of the spirit, is poor and contemptible. As to laws, you may have agrarian laws, and equal partition. But a man's own intellect is all his own, held direct from God, an inalienable fief. You would not serve out the brains of a man as of a calf. What a weapon is this in the hands of a Paladin! If the people comprehend force in the physical sense, how much more are they enthralled with the intellectual! Ask Hildebrand, or Luther, or Loyola. The herd falls prostrate before it as before an idol. The mastery of mind over mind is the only conquest worth having; the other injures both, and dissolves at a breath; rude as it is, the great cable falls down and snaps at last. But this is all-present, all-piercing, resembling dimly the dominion of the Creator. Two things are remarkable in the worst people—the love of music and the love of speech, which is articulate music. Look at the crowds that beset the street bands, and even the hustings. Nay, even the Hon. John has had a fair hearing, though he be little better than a one-keyed flageolet. But put up Gracchus or Rienzi, and they will bray till the skies part. It does not need a subject like that of Peter the Hermit. Only let the stream be bright and strong, and it will sweep like a spring-tide to their hearts—not in word only, but in intellectual act lies the fascination. It is the homage to the invisible. Surely these things are not in vain. This power, knotted with

love, is the golden chain let down into the well of Truth, or the invisible chain that binds the ranks of mankind together. What other can reach into the barren realms? what other bind the castes and the nations within the nation, speaking different words, holding diverse thoughts. To give food through the prison or the convent bars only, is not enough. Go in with the golden key of Discourse. It is not safe to divide a kingdom into camps, they may come to fighting at last. Let us have a Master-and-Man Amalgamation Company. Oh! if the Hon. John had only the wit to know what a fool he is, he might be respectable; if he could flash lightning into the souls of men as fast as the champagne into his small body, he might be a hero; if he could but rob one feather from the wing of cherubim—almost a god. It would be worth all the game he bags in August—worth more than the feathery delusions of the upper lip. Nay, like the latent wings of the nether body, they may be matured to lift him bodily up. Heavier than the stroke of Roland that gashed the Pyrenean rock into a chasm should be his who enters these realms of strange romance! Yet, strike hard! harder! harder! the anvil will not stir an inch, for it is rooted to the earth like the Pyrenean rock. Are you afraid of this fight? It is sterner than that of Fontarabia; the helms are harder, the chargers are swifter, and the swords are sharper; but woe to him that runs. Are ye afraid to look into this gulf? Look but earnestly, and the eye will not be lost. I often think the great human mass is like the earth itself—the lower you sink your artesian well into it, the warmer is the water—and that the peaks are cased in ice. Look hard! I say. John Milton looked even deep as hell, and found, at least, the intellect of the arch fiend prostrate before the Almighty.

“The ballot-box,—for hiding a good deed as if it were a

felony,—for concealing those combatants in the mists like those of Ossian! We want not only the vote, but the name of the giver. Yes! *name—name*. As long as there is difference in men, one man's one vote will be worth another man's hundred votes, if he had them. We cannot afford to lose sight of rectitude. A preacher may be a guide-post; but there is a real act worth many words. We still want sponsors for truth. Let us also see the godfathers for falsehood, face to face. If shame is ever so black, his big face shall be turned to scarlet. But we cannot get truth; we get forced falsehood only! I will rather have falsehood born of force than of free-will. I scorn the vote that is promised to one, given to another, and denied or warranted to all. If a man will be false, unmask him; if he be true, he will speak truth, and shame the ballot. But to make an academy for lying,—to invite men to be dumb over that which should be their pride,—to deny with an oath like Peter,—to teach the dangerous art not only of concealing thought in words, but also the very deed—

“ ‘*Jabella quæ frontes aperit hominum mentes teget*’

—rather than this, I will have the Stuarts back again, and the revolution repealed. I will rather see the slaves driven into the booth at the point of the pitchfork. What! is the sceptre of the earth to be smuggled out of this box, as if it were stolen plate? Are all men to bow down to this blind box as to the hideous veiled prophet of Khorassan? I will not march one step of the same road, on this long journey, with those who are taught to lie, and may be inclined to rob. The court of conscience has many chambers; but they all lead into the great central hall of truth. God forbid! that this His temple should be turned into a den of thieves.

“ Shut out the robbers of the outside as well as you can.

Influence of man over man is a law of nature, whether it be by a great estate in land or in intellect. Leave this alone. It is a subtle essence which cannot be handled. It may mean slavery, or deference to the eminent human judgment. It is fair that property should have its weight, unless it belongs to a tyrant; it gives the means of education, leisure, freedom from ignoble apprehensions and temptations, the right of generosity, and the occasion of bright example. It is fair that a man so endowed should lead his fellow-citizens, coerce them into the stream of influence by the importunity of virtue. It is right that he should have more votes than an ignorant, disorderly tapster. He has but one on the register in his own name; but he has a hundred more in the names of others, like the Bank mortgagees. It is false to say that extended suffrage reduces men to one level; it only humbles the proud and the oppressor. Preach the right doctrine, and let it take root as it can. Duelling is now held to be vulgar. It was always murder, but it was vulgarity that pointed the pistols once for all into the air. Let us try to teach men that it is wrong to force an act that should be free; that it is also cowardly, unfair, 'un-English,' and disreputable. Set up a pillory, and pelt them. 'Ride the stang' for them, as for those who get into the wrong bed. Trust in time; we are hardly out of the old ruts. The rail will stretch this way soon. I will have faith in mankind, even in the oppressors.

" But the stealthy scoundrel that will buy the little virtue you have for £5—the price of 'Paradise Lost,' think of that!—on him I will have no mercy. Let us dismiss this 'man of the moon' back to his gold hills for ever! Let it be criminal to attempt the larceny of a man's soul or vote, as if you had found his hand in your pocket for robbing instead of bribing. Trace the goods back, as you

trace forward the stolen articles. If you can come at the Hon. John in a fair way, let him go to the gaol in the felon's van. Above all, keep a good watch, and lay a heavy hand on the agent and attorney panders. Off the roll with these, off the books with the other—into prison with both. Prove the offence strictly, make the punishment a heavy burthen. Discharge the tempted altogether. Let us have pity on those that are guilty, that they may confess their sin, and go, and sin no more. The kings once took French money ; also the kings' ministers ; even Russell and Sidney themselves. The poor M.P.s took alms from the minister in handfuls and in driblets, according to size and strength. That bribery is now managed differently. But it is time to banish hard-coin bribery amongst all ; or if not that, to establish a regular tariff for all, as in the old boroughs, and legalize the trade like the sale of game. Let it not be said of us by barbarian princes, as of the Roman senate, that we are saleable—by the lump or in lots.

“Society hangs spiritually together, like the rolling worlds above. Take one orb out, and there is derangement, however small. So, even when the Hon. John goes to the stars, there will be, however incredible it may appear to candid minds, a peg knocked out—or, say, a half-inch tack. Make all these spheres meet. There is no room here, as in the heavens, for infinite independent stellar worlds. Let us all look steadily at our own sun, and live together in his common light. The franchise should be the silent solar ray that gives heat and life. The electing time should be like that of the old Olympic games, when the world stood still to gaze, and where he that strove for mastery was temperate in all things. It should be the gathering jubilee of the land, and not its Saturnalia, or the festival of drunken Spartan slaves. Let the candidate (*candidus*) show his

soul, or as much of one as he may have, in white lustre, to his constituents, as well as his body, his mill, or his land. Weld all together with sacramental cement. Let us have one homogeneous life with one big Atlantic pulse. It is the spirit only that can do it. The future citizens will now be educated. In a few years, there will be a different generation. This should be a generation of giants, worthy of the rule of the earth. They will have the franchise of the intellect—let us also trust, that of the Gospel. Can the other be withheld? The monarchs of the middle classes must march onward too—or their empire will fade like that of the Cæsars. If the bramble shall come to the stature of the oak, the oak must get up higher, or it will be choked. If they will learn from other books than the ledger, their rule may be as firm as the Gibraltar rock. If they will also learn to love, the sway may be mild as that of mercy. Beware of the moral darkness! In that gloom of the supernatural night, the social firmament may be without the wonted stars or suns—and the great highway as straight and smooth and deadly as that of the Pontine marsh. This electoral franchise should compel exertion and love from those in the higher seats,—honourable and intelligent allegiance from those below. The political public life protects all men from self-abasement in sensual pursuits, by giving the noble ambition of just imperial rule. The old feudal chain was broken long ago into a thousand pieces: shall it be forged again by those that broke it—for the serfs of the streets? Forge it—but let its threads be invisible as ether, strong as adamant. Let it bind all together this time, and for ever. Then will be no failure of light from stars or suns, nor of fragrance from the flowers. The earth might shine as splendidly as the distant stars.

"What a grand machinery is here for nurturing the human conduct! Privy Council Schools! Debating Societies! Literary and Scientific Institutes! News-rooms! Libraries and Lectures! Churches and Conventicles! Here is the end of all. To evangelize mankind by teaching love and wisdom, with power to him that teaches best. "History is philosophy teaching by examples." Let her teach as she walks with the pen in her hand. The present should be more precious than the past, and more comprehensible. It should be the glory of British life to be the school of political thoughts—the arena of political strife. Such an arena is better than that of the bull-fights—better than the shows of gladiators and tigers—better than the cockpit, or the ring of the fist-fighters—better than the thin chariot ring around Hyde Park. It is the wholesome public life that purifies the private—as the citizen's parlour is freshened by the Atlantic wind. We are not social as other nations—our homes are not in the public gardens, in the market-places, or in the museums. Let us try to know each other in managing the noble business of ruling mankind—of ruling ourselves. Let it remain a real privilege to belong to such a nation. Let every one lend a hand in this work. Division of labour is good for the daily-bread trades. But all should labour in building up the great monument of a nation—like the Roman soldiers that all took their turn in digging the ditch—even, at times, the general himself. The cardinal virtues must not be distributed among men, like the common crafts. All are apprenticed to the partners, duty and honour. It is a mean thought to conquer the world by the sword like the old victors—meaner still, by merchant ships—unless they also export the precious wares of human excellence. These wares are not made by the aid of steam, or of the metallic

properties; yet they endure longer than brass. Even the iron melts in the ground. The genuine public breath is exhaustless as the atmosphere; it is generated as fast as it expires. It is not the fitful storm that deforms nature by its sudden burst. It is like the life-breath of the healthiest human frame, ever active—ever tranquil—strong, and calm, and warm as the great beneficent gulf-stream that crosses the ocean and binds the continents. Oh! gentlemen of the jury! when this breath shall blow,—then shall this chain of society be let down deep, as into the crystal clearness of the Caribbean Sea, with its golden fishes, and its marine groves and gardens,—then shall cease the reign of the impostors—then shall arrive again the Age of Gold, sung of by poets, dreamed of by divines, sneered at by the satirists, but earnestly desired by all good men, when the heart, the head, and the willing hand shall also form a Triad of godlike Honour. Happy is he who believes in such things. Happy is he who can say with all his soul, ‘For the past, Charity; for the present, Hope; for the future, Faith.’ Happy is he who can see, even in the mirage, in the *Fata Morgana*, the image of the coming landscape. Amen! Amen!” (Loud cheers—in the midst of which the learned serjeant took—another pipe.)

CHAPTER IV.

THE COMMONS' HOUSE.

THE next day was rainy. After breakfast, the serjeant and the captain retired to a small room, "commonly called" the library, as the serjeant duly styled it. The chief book in it was a folio, professing to be a "History of England," but which, in this castle of indolence, had got itself transformed into a backgammon-board; and another huge box, like a coffin, which held the serjeant's tobacco and the pipe apparatus. As he prided himself in setting all precedent at defiance, in his vacation and as he had no jury in the still bigger box to exert his wits upon, he threw himself into his arm-chair, brought up a stool for his legs, and covered the oracle of the law with a cloud. The captain, the meekest of listeners, awake or asleep—and when awake, the most attentive—soon saw there would be another discourse. With one gentle shoulder-shrug, which he had brought from the Garonne, and the least visible grimace hanging about his honest cheeks, he also took up his pipe, and sat down to listen in his chair, like the Speaker of the House, who may snuff, but must neither sleep nor smoke, and who must lend his ears, with or without interest, to syrens and to snobs. It would be a great national gain, and a great aid to the intellect, if the official listeners were allowed to smoke. I have known a man sit as fast as an old hen, with the tube in his mouth, and listen all night, as if he heard the night voices of seraphs. Tobacco preserves

the intellect and improves the temper. Every irritable man, like a dyspeptic poet, should smoke as punctually as Milton—with water, if he likes, like that noble old man; but with patience,—not intemperately, like a steam-horse. Milton sat on the “Aonian mount” with a pipe in his mouth, sang of Paradise, and supped the Pierian spring. All the nine Muses by turn filled the bowl. Apollo was always ready with the fire, the Graces held it for him on the tips of their thumbs, and Pallas and Venus sat lovingly together on the cloud, amid divinities thick as the leaves in Valombrosa. How many pipes did he break over Salmasius, More, Dr. Gauden, Charles the Martyr, and his wandering wife, before he got resignation and patience. His marble figure should have that pipe in its mouth in Westminster, or on the hawker’s board, as Mercury had his wand, Phœbus his harp or fiddle, and Pan the other kind of pipe. Milton’s pipe was common clay, but it made the man porcelain. If Cæsar had been a smoker he might have ruminated, and never have crossed Rubicon. Socrates also might have puffed off his obdurate pride, and saved himself from the hemlock. It was a vast want among the ancients. Cicero’s speeches would not have been so full of laughable vanity. What finer lesson on vanity than the melting vapour. Cato might have relented, Carthage might have been spared, and the story of the world might have been changed. As to the philosophers, tobacco is the prime minister of thought. Those terrible old half-gods, Scandinavian Odin and the rest—drinkers of beer and metheglin—might have been as mild as Cavendish, and still as strong. So, also, the Crusaders, and even St. Dominick himself. Even those eccentric individuals, the Stylites, that spent their lives on the tops of pillars, might have condensed their seraphic thoughts into some meaning essence, and have come down and

lived honestly like the other sons of men. The old pilgrims should have had the pipe, as well as the palm, as those of Einsiedeln. The intellect of man requires Protection far more than the farmers. The sword has a scabbard, so the razor; the window has Venetian blinds, the eye hath lash and glass against the solar ray; the silver is in the safe; even the ferocious meat is wired up, like Tamerlane. Is the Speaker of the Commons to sit, day after day, night after night, 'dumb as a beast,' as Milton says of himself, patient as a pauper, till he is made stupid with speech as a horned owl? Let him smoke, and put himself in the cocoon, like the silkworm,—to sit, if need be, in permanency for ever, as the French say, meals excepted. So also, why should the twelve jurymen be deprived of the sedative influence as their intellects are confounded by the roar of rampant lawyers and the herds of hostile witnesses—nay, even the learned Chief Justice himself, as he listens to harangues on the *Habeas corpus* as the inalienable birth-right of man! *Ex fumo dare lucem*. Even the Cabinet Council might thus throw a small per-centage of clear sense into her Majesty's gracious speech. Then, as to the congregations that groan under the Protestant preaching penance, if they could only, in their comfortable Protestant pews, light up, like Captain McTurk, in the isle of the Hebrides! Seventeenthly! for every new head a fresh fill! The pipe of peace be with them! The Orientals make peace with the pipe!"

Thus reasoned the Serjeant on this wet August morn. The editor of this work wishes he could report this preliminary speech *in extenso*, as the Captain and his learned friend were filling. But life is as brief as a pipe. Thus, therefore spake the Serjeant, as the rain fell fast on the tall fir-trees:—

"Let us now push by the serjeant-at-arms, and enter the House itself—*orbis*, the clock of the earth,—where old Time with his brethren also takes his seat for posterity, and looks on with weary, longing eyes.

"This 'mirror of Parliament' should reflect the very aspect and substance of the British people, as truly as Lake Lemán gives back art and nature—alps and vineyards, —feudal castles, churches, and modern villas. It ought not, perhaps, to represent the foulness as plainly as the fairness, but it should give the wrinkles and the dark rocks, as well as the open loveable beauty. Even a sweep should see his black face in the mirror. There they are, the men that govern a large part of the earth—even hundreds of millions of men. They are, in outward look and gesture, much what they profess to be, the types of British manners and occupations! Much like those of any well-dressed crowd in any other court. They are not put into livery, like the French deputies, nor do they gild themselves with lace like a golden-mossed mountain. In the old days, the jerkin and the doublet would have divided the Norman chief from the Saxon wool-stapler, as plainly as the hawks are distinguished from the pigeons. The relative demeanour was also marked enough. If the young embryo baron had borrowed ten thousand marks from the borough member, the bond would not have been written on his brow. Now, the duke's son is like the son of his father's factor, who sits opposite to him. But the inward garb of first nature or second nature is often visible. Look hard at the folded elbows—the whisper—the habitual bearing—the step or stride—and, failing these, at the words and the thoughts. Some inferior spirit may take the hues of all skies, like the sea; but most men may be judged on the spot, as to calling or condition. The heir of a county must be different in bearing from the needy

partisan that has mounted the back of his constituents, like the dwarf on that of the giant—to make grimaces at mankind and at the Minister—also different from the sleek owner of mills or consols, who began life at the village school, and has fought every inch of his way up with the tough pugnacity of a bull-dog. The phrenologists judge from the skull—the physiognomists from the face—the gipsies from the hand-veins and nail-specks. The mind is the man—and it is expounded in his motions—unless he wears as many skins as Horace Walpole, or is as mutable as old Matthews. Silence and stillness are veils for a while. But five minutes' good study is as good as a written character. Even Coleridge's solid neighbour burst out at the sight of the apple dumplings.

“If the deputies were elected by dint of personal aspect, it would be easy to select better. Old King Fritz had a matchless regiment of giant guards. It is so also in intellectual aspect. There might be chosen men of more angelic strength than most of the members—perhaps than all. But we want to represent, not abstract human nature, but the manifold British life. As I have already said, it is not altogether a soul expression. Sir Isaac Newton might have sat for the stellar spheres, but he sat as member for Cambridge, and shone here not so conspicuously as many thicker thinkers. It is well to have intellect in full force—better still, moral worth, religion, honour! But we want speech for land, labour, and chattels. It is not a society for the promotion of science, or a conclave of cardinals, or a Wesleyan conference. It is the great national institute of practical mechanics. A thousand streams, great and small, run into this sea. All murmurs may be lost at last in the ocean voice of the general weal. But they must all be heard or seen,—from mighty Mississippi to the brook born on the

sea cliff. It is well that each should be the best of its kind—that even the rural mind should be, if not so acute as a Sheffield razor, as sharp as the scythe. It is well, also, that the special deputy should now and then give a vote for human nature—always for justice,—but for both as seen through his own glass. We cannot help that. The nymph Justice is seldom seen naked, as Actæon saw the huntress goddess. Perhaps the sight might be often as fatal. If men were always in a jury-box, they might bear the sight and pay homage to it. But the house is a jury of partisans—and if unanimity were required, there would never be a verdict! We seldom get the best in this world. There is adulteration throughout. We are not likely to see the deputies sitting in deliberation like Homer's gods, on the hills of Olympus. Neither are they the clever wrangling fiends of Tartarus.

“The concord is wonderful enough in an enterprise where what is given to one is to be taken from another. Truth was said by the old sages to lie at the bottom of a deep well. Is she not sometimes torn from the earth's entrails by volcano, and tossed in ashes over the land by the tornado? Here are the elements in full eruption. What words of fire!—what streams of burning stones!—what trembling of the earth!—what lurid aspect of the skies! Yet the end is peace—brought triumphant between Fear and Justice. The herald is Forbearance. Amid amazing turmoil, the shrieks of passengers, the rearing of steeds, the tempestuous jargon of bewildered drivers, the great State waggon goes slowly as Juggernaut's, but surely, and grinding to powder beneath its iron wheels the unjust issues of time. Behind are the procrastinators, who find the travel pleasant, and would prolong it, or who fear for the heavy wain in the descending hills. In front are the daring rein-holders, who want to

sweep boldly down, that they may rise with a spring up the opposite steep. 'Hold hard! Let me get out! On with the drag! Stop! We shall all be in the ditch, or over the bridge! Hold!' scream the slow ones. 'Go ahead! Never mind, Bob, or Bill! All right—only have an eye to that wicked old off-leader! Forward!' shout the patrons of the box—and the machine goes rumbling down, and rises soberly up. The same scene occurs at every hill, and at every sharp turn. The guards behind are dragged down unwillingly, clinging to the rail; but they get back serenity as the crisis passes, and admit the skill of the enterprise. A few old gentlemen get out, and are left behind, a marvel to all they meet. Very rarely—once or twice within human memory—there is an actual crash; but the disaster is soon forgotten in the whip and the whirl. According to the science of mathematics, the chances are overwhelming in favour of a safe journey.

"It is this usage towards each other that makes progress possible. In other countries there is, first, bawling and wrangling till day departs, and the road is missed; wandering for ever in the jungle of the forest; angry encounters and recrimination, dissension, division, dispersion—death. Too much zeal, like too much pitch, burns out the fire at one breath. Besides, patience is only got by long sitting, as with the wild ducks. It is in this sitting that the constant heat of thought hatches the deliberate deeds. The ancestry of this House is older than the Peerage. The old Council of State, before that, is older than the throne. Many an old oak has fallen, many a young sapling has been torn up; but this has survived all. Its usages are prerogatives; its forms have preserved its essence; it has the honour of an old name to uphold; it has been in real victorious arms of sword and cannon against the Crown; and it is

grave with the wisdom of experience. Moreover, those who go to this college have already been disciplined in the schools.

“It may appear marvellous that the rights and wrongs of millions of men should be thrown into one caldron with any prospect of a good boil; but there is in that caldron as true a law as in that of the chemist. All assemblies of men, with fixed sittings and purposes, divide at last into two bodies—those who say *Yea*, and those who say *Nay*. In the wars of the Arabs every man’s hand may be turned against that of every other; but the land is desolate, and the war is fruitless. In regular warfare there are but two camps—there may be Cossacks or independent expeditions—but the irregulars find their way at times to the camp-fires, like the Immortals. In civil assemblies there appears to be the like necessity. When a series of great designs must be accomplished or defeated, discipline must prevent disgrace. There is the perpetual danger of surprise. Union is the law of success; thus men are brought to surrender their judgments to the guidance of others, and to vote, as they would fight, at the bidding of a chief. Even in matters of fact which would divide the most unscrupulous jury, there is marvellous unanimity. These huge blue-books are read with but two pairs of glasses—one gives the large print, the other the small pica. It is an astounding phenomenon in these days of difference, that three hundred men on each side should almost always come to the same conclusion after an attentive examination of the conflicting evidence. The biggest Chinese puzzle is equally within the comprehension of all. This may be morally wrong, but it is the fact, and it will ever be a fact; for it is with men as with beasts, that the weak yield to the strong, and that the common safety is the common bond. The law of conscience, like the law of

England, may say with some truth, *De minimis non curat lex*. Another maxim, not admitted into that court, says, that 'the end justifies the means;'—hence the origin of Government by party. It was so in Athens, in Rome, in Carthage—it is so in Washington, as in London. The Russian Czar in his council holds both the yea and the nay. But in the multitude of councillors, the wisdom is only got by decoction, as in the caldron. There are two perils—that the mixture is boiled into space without other result than cracking the vessel; and that it boils over and puts out the fire. The first is Indifference, the other is Faction.

"Thus the whole purpose of each party is to keep its chiefs in power—for that purpose is presumed to hold all others. What a heavy reckoning history could make out! What misdeeds, what meanness, what unbelievable enormities! The kings have transacted their crimes, and have had their vices. So has Party—the inexorable hag that stirs the caldron with her poisoned spoon, and pours the venomous stuff into all throats alike. Let us throw the veil over these affairs—we are wiser and better men—a hundred years hence we shall be still better. No longer are the London sheriffs chosen with clamour that they may summon juries to hang adversaries at Tyburn. No longer does the Minister send the seals of his office in a hackney-coach to the Sovereign, and himself in another to France or Jericho. No longer is the member lodged in the Tower for sedition, or fined in thousands of pounds for a piece of foolery. There followed the softer reign, when the tempter prevailed 'by making rich, not making poor'—when Jove came down in the shower of gold. It is hardly a hundred years since the minister tipped the members as coolly as if they were gamekeepers; and so they were, but they sold the game for themselves. When the hard coin rattled too

much, as it slipped from the clutch, on the floor of the house, the transactions were done in paper—not in that of the Bank of England, nor in real bills of exchange. Sinécures and pensions were organized and brought to perfection. If the Parliamentary conscience at last revolted at the bribe direct, there was the bribe circumstantial, up to the very 'retort courteous.' An aged dowager got her jointure from the public purse. Infants were made army and navy captains that were yet strolling in the park with their go-carts—the very cradles were full of bursting genius! There was then some chance of a man rising to supreme command before his intellect tottered on the margin of the grave; there were young Alexanders who might be presumed to be the future conquerors of the world before the age of thirty. Every pull at the strings of the inexhaustible purse saved an old estate from mortgage or sale, or the poorer patriot from an appeal to the compassion of the Hebrews. Even the legitimate offices, with some show of real service, were as thick as these heath-bells. The younger sons even took the bread out of the mouths of the guilds of literature and science. If the rising young gentleman could but have written a sonnet on the birth of a prince, or to the eyes of a royal mistress, he might have had his pipe of port as Poet Laureate. It was a grand idea to rule a realm by such persuasion. The clumsy law of feudal force was worn out. The great foreign despots had hedged their thrones with fawning followers, paying the upper servants of the people with the people's coin, therefore not the people's kings. The iron age was gone—also the golden age—but the age of brass lasts longer. Even Blackstone, with his conservative eyes, was appalled.

"The fiscal laws, too, were so admirably constructed, even in our days, as to exempt the rulers and to rob the poor.

It would have been much better to have settled all claims of the privileged by a fixed money payment, and to have redeemed the realm by commutation like the land-tax or the tithes. But this system broke down too. Such is the invincible propensity of men towards moral perfection, that even the hag Corruption must be beautiful as a mermaid, and hide her slimy tail in the ocean scum. It is a pleasant thought, after all, that the world will grow better, and must be overcome by fresh ingenuity. It is a good sign to see the scorn in the human face at a mean thing. The earth goes rolling on—but it comes to the same spot in the immeasurable heavens at last, and has the same eclipses. The Reform Act passed, and the world was announced to be born again. Abuses of all kinds, in church and state, in law and trade, in army and navy, in poor-houses and hospitals, were hunted like wolves. It was the fame of a man to scent vermin, and to hound on to the death. But the Minister was the '*grand veneur*' the chief huntsman. The true official reign was but begun. Offices of all kinds sprang up like daisies. If a man had but the wit to discover a grievance, a single tile wanting in the roof, he was set on the house-top with an army of workers, though, like other masons, he might, in mending one part, mar another. The judges were increased. The great offices of state grew larger. The lesser judges appeared like new stars before the great telescope. The recorders were appointed by the Crown. Boards and commissions were thick as lamp-posts. In fact the whole world was put into commission, like the great seal—like the royal prerogative—and the great modern tower of Babel was christened Centralization.

"All these are the perquisites of party—from the throne of Aurungzebe to the stick of the exciseman. The foremost of course help themselves first, just as the first shareholders

make themselves directors. Those of the second bench hope to rise (literally to descend) to the first; those of the third, to second; and so on. There is a gradation in the official genius as in other kinds. A great many must look on from afar, wooing patience dismally on the back bench, and trusting in Providence. When the Minister has filled up the parts of his great play, he may survey his hierarchs and his troops with as much complacency as Satan looked at his—not with the same excelling intellect—let us hope, with not so much iniquity. Woe to him if he should mistake might for impotent malice—if he has whipped back the petulant hound that has given mouth too soon, but that may have the best nose in the pack. It were better for him to be torn at once to pieces by the hounds, than to turn that clever hound into a blood-hound—to bay at him by night—to track him by day—to drink his blood by drops—and to worry him with the skill of science as the cruel Scotchman shot his noble elephants in the African wilds. What! he would be a consul, or a foreign court appendage, to bask at Naples, or to read Dante in the Val d'Arno! Bah! make him a monarch of the Indies, if you value your health. That man may be resolute in revenge as a wounded tiger—patient as Time—torturing as Death, when his sickle is blunt. In this grand life-chase the hour may come when the humblest hunter may bring succour and safety—as the mouse to the lion. Let the lion beware of the mice as well as of the rats!

“It is for the general interest to give due allegiance to the Minister and to keep him firmly at the helm. It is his interest to keep his faithful crew in the great ship. But these depend on the popular choice. Bribe the people too! *Largesse! largesse!* not bread and the games, as in the Roman times, but by place and patronage. The Minister will help with all his might;—he will open all kinds of doors—front doors,

back doors, garret doors, trap doors, windows, and skylights for those who have the right colour on their breasts. The very princely fountain of honour will be fouled for this end. The Whigs in my time have made lords two or three of the most infamous men in the kingdom. What liquid filth from this fair fountain which should be fairer than Egeria's! Again, look at the Garter and Thistle apparatus. There are men who prefer a star to a coronet. The Minister can fit all. Once he was balked. He wished to give the drawing-room *entrée* to a partisan. But old King George III. stood at bay on this last yard of the royal domain. 'No, no, never—make him an Irish peer if you like—can't give him the *entrée*.' Diversity of taste even in the trifles of life! This man, it seems, had set his mind on the back-door business. All the patronage of the palace, from the pinnacle to the vaults, from Whitehall to the Irish village of huts, is as well organized as that of the bees. This grand chain, golden at one end and Birmingham metal at the other, is a great girdle round the broad British breast or belly. Break its links ever so often in pieces, and it will join again like the squares that met the Mamelukes. There are 38,000 public civil offices of trust that Party distributes amongst her children, besides those of the bar, of the church, and of foreign and colonial lands. What a magnificent consolidation of power, and with what exactness administered! Occasionally two of the Kilkenny cats will quarrel about the same bone. But all this is veiled in decent official secrecy. The keys are shaken in the face of those who have to pay. A favour of this kind may be passed through the hands of half a dozen patrons, fructifying as it goes, till at last it drips from the small squire into the apron of the village shoemaker. If one mouth is shut, a hundred open wider. This

system, like other vicious devices, will come to some end or some bounds. Already there is a change. But it should be recorded in all its glory as a wonderful achievement in the art of ruling men—almost equal to the inertness of the Incas, the polity of the Jesuit fathers, or the vast imperial machinery of France. A hundred years hence posterity will read with amazement how England was governed! or will posterity discover some other golden formula? This love of lucre is perhaps the deepest seated in the human heart, for it prostrates the noblest minds as if they had been born to run like the lizards. Yet there is no hope till this citadel is breached. If the electors are not honest, what can be expected from the elect? Remember the Indian grandee who was asked by his constituents to vote against the Minister. ‘What! have I not bought you? Shall I not sell you?’ Of course! let the hon. member sell himself too.

“On this official throne sits the Minister, shaking the great chain from end to end. This man of mystic power might be regarded with as much awe as the Grand Llama. He is as good as king of this realm. All the grand paraphernalia of royalty seem to exist only for him—like the beautiful rivers that Telford said were but designed by nature for the construction of canals. It is true, he rules in the garb of Augustus, not in the showy purple of Diocletian. He has neither sword of state borne before him, nor the jewelled sceptre in his hand—not even a star on his chest. But consider what this man can do. He can make you a king over one hundred and fifty millions of men in the brightest region of the sun, or commander-in-chief of Brahmin armies—even if you have no more brains than would fill a snuff-box. He can do this as easily as mend his pen. He can pull this monarch from this gorge-

ous throne of the Orient without stirring from his desk in Downing-street. Is this not a sceptre that crosses the seas? He can make a bishop or a judge, as he waits till his coffee cools. He can tell the most mutinous general that leads the noblest British army that he must come home and study the ancient campaigns or the ancient archives—the admiral of the most terrible fleet that he is only fit to command cockboats! Ambassadors, governors, and consuls, all stretch their eyes from a thousand lands, across a hundred seas to him. He can plunge his country into foreign wars, and explain the events some months afterwards, with the most winning smile of satisfaction. He can contract, by the aid of his party, for a hundred millions of pounds sterling, to be paid in full by the people when they can. He can, if he likes, degrade his country by a treaty, which, if it be black as Erebus, will bind the land like a covenant. Yet here he comes, this modest monarch, to his seat like the rest, with no more show than if he were our friend the Hon. John himself—nay not so much. Is it possible that this ruler of the earth can take snuff with snobs, have his hat held for him when he speaks, get an orange brought for him when he is athirst—as if he were really no better than the Hon. John! Wonder of Wonders! In the East, men would fall down and worship him. In the West, they keep erect in body, but they may prostrate their souls as they like. It is only the difference of etiquette; when the power is real, there will be no want of real obeisance. Look at that big treasury-box before him. Ah! my friend, if you could but see half of what is in that chest, you would see the springs of power. His precious wares are there—rich as the crown jewels—manifold as those of the conjurer's inexhaustible hat! Look in at the corner—you will see tickets of all colours and kinds—labelled

'admit the bearer'—'not transferrable'—pictured with views of fleets, fortresses, episcopal parks, foreign cities, palm-groves, snow-sledges, elephants, kangaroos, interiors of cathedrals, law-courts, and custom-houses, Windsor Castle, the Dublin Bay, the Cove of Cork, Holyrood, and the Dumbarton rock! Can you wonder that a hundred hands are ready to bring him an orange to suck when he is athirst, and a hundred faces to be convulsed with laughter when he condescends to joke? Can you wonder that from one side this man is viewed as an angel of light, from the other side as a son of Satan? or that the rebels are ever on the alert to pull him from his seat—not indeed to burn out his eyes with hot iron, as the Eastern princes blind their fallen relations—but merely to shift him to the 'other side,'—in short, to change places—and thus change the aspect of the earth as visible to the lunar people. It does show great forbearance in human nature, that, with the world for a stake, the combatants keep their fists as open as their faces. Achilles and Hector could not have bandied words for ever without coming to blows; yet we have only had this once in many ages, when old Oliver turned them all out, and after that—the key.

"It is a glorious thing to fight for the rights of man, and nations, and the British people. It is a fine field for patriotism, and for fighting. But to fight for the intoxicating power—for the pelf—for all that is loved by the human passions, according to taste or talent, this ought to make party rancorous as nightshade berries, unless the human race become angelic. The war of these Titans will last long enough; and the old and young gods will be pulled down in many a fall from their seats. The healthy human constitution is full of fine effort. As soon as the body gets a wound or even a scratch, nature strives with all her might

to heal it, in spite of the doctors. The instant a government is launched into this deep sea, it is attacked with mortal thrusts—from abreast or from below. It contains as sure a seed of decay, as the old hulk that has just hobbled off for its last voyage to the Cape of Storms. It will go to pieces if the enemy will let it alone; for the crew is subject, not to scurvy, as in the Arctic seas, but to mutiny, and to the bad temper that men appear to bring from those seas. A child may burn down what the giant has built up. But the enemy will not wait for an instant. They will bear down with steam and sail, with shot and shell, long range and short, from sunrise to sunset, from sunset to sunrise. To batter her down in the hollow bays of her own land—to catch her reeling on the edge of the huge Atlantic billow—to board her on an iceberg—to trip her up among the coral isles—or as she swings among the American fogs—or as she falters in the black Euxine storm—or in the Chinese subtleties. Open warfare or midnight piracy—boldness or sleight—all is fair; and the crew may save themselves as they can. It will be well if they are not shot down like the shipwrecked mariners of the Cossack sea. In this field of war, there is no grateful generous sacrifice, as in those where the wounded warrior waves off the cup of water towards his dying comrade; or the flushed victor holds his hand as he reads the face of his prostrate enemy among the violets. It is a long life-duel, carried on, as in Carolina, by pistol and rifle, across the street or the counter, at the window or round the corner.

“When this great State cable is pulled at both ends with equal force, a slight sharp cut may bring all down together; or the knife may not be needed at all. Oh! gentlemen of the jury! have ye ever seen such a thing between plaintiff and defendant? Is it not a case of nonsuit? Does not

Justice shudder on her seat? Call a fresh cause, with a new set of disputers and witnesses! Nay! ask to be discharged—a new jury by all means! The world will not stand still.

“Yes! this king, filled with the pride of humility, powerful almost as Cæsar, folding the globe in his cloak, rather than bearing it on his bald head, has the Sicilian hair-sword always hanging over him. He should be always looking at his handsome coffin, like the Chinese. He has nothing hereditary in him but the just ambition of a fair name, looking before as well as behind. He is not for life even—like the Popes—nor for other people’s lives, *pur auter vie*, like a butler—nor for four years, like the American king—nor even for a year, like the Lord Mayor. He may die in a day, like the summer flies. Is it not well that the tenure may be snapped? The kings, with the power only of holding *levées* and giving the *entrée*, may transmit it as they will,—to lunatics if they like; but the keys of the Earth are a fearful trust. One real rough blast should split his wings, be his flight ever so high, or so far—and it does. Our American children boast that they choose a king so often, and make as much noise about it as if it were a dynasty to be founded. Our kings can be unthroned as easily, and as often, as a horse changes its groom; and they need neither be strangled nor banished. Constitutional government is an ingenious device for procuring kings of full age and capacity, without disputed succession and civil war.

“The real power, then, is with those who make and unmake these kings—makers more urgent than Antonius—stronger than Warwick. The whole political function of the British people may be said to consist in choosing the jury that is to choose the king or kings. If the members should mirror the people, the ministry should mirror the

members, and therefore the people too. It should be the twice-expressed essence of the nation. As in the larger glass, also in the other, not one single tree or leaf in the forest but may be seen, though in miniature. If, therefore, it should occur that the men in the best seats are unworthy, the fault lies either in the nation that it can produce no better men, or again in the nation that its institutions are not capable of bringing them out.

“It is reasonable to expect that the chosen rulers of a free people should be the best that can be grown in the country for that purpose. For the science of government is not only better understood, and more generally cultivated, but there are fewer impediments to a free choice. The minister should not only be the true representative of the whole nation, but he should be a grand representative of human nature. A great statesman may be as rare as a great poet. But a free people is more bound to practise the art of ruling than the art of poetry. If a people can be great in science, in the arts, in letters, and even in commerce, and is not at least equally great in its statesmen, it is certain there is defect in its political expression. If it produces men who can master the material world—who can ride dauntless, and keep a steady seat, in the spiritual realms—and yet it is represented in the noble art of ruling by men who can neither run, nor ride, nor walk, but can only creep and grope in their blindness,—this is as much misrule as if it were still in the den of despotism. The trained men of a free people, breathing from birth the air of liberty, sharpened by daily encounter against every enemy, open and secret, nurtured in the gifts of unconstrained speech, fearing the face neither of monarch nor of man—whose daily life is full of self-discipline, world-knowledge, and practised skill—ought to be vastly superior to the most grey-headed servants of the

most sagacious czar. But it is not so. We are often ruled by pigmies that look through the mists like real giants. It is not intellect only that is gigantic; there should be the giant heart; for it is only heart that can speak to heart. The statesman should be as true to this spell as the poet. There is but one thing on earth that cannot be counterfeited—the earnestness that springs from a noble soul-source. Loyalty, patriotism, love, religion, may be well painted in the mask; but the pervading life-blood of a man cannot be thrown into it. Can an iceberg be taken for a flowered alp, or even for a hot green-house? There are hundreds in that great House who can speak for an hour volubly as a good pump. But where is the real ethereal spring? Consider this Russian war—with what calm, unwinking eye this brave British people looked the glaring tiger in the face as he was about to make his spring; the bounty with which they fed the inexorable maw of war, in gold, in ships, in stores, in heroic men; the patience with which they listened to the dreary tale of disaster and official disgrace; the misery of that tale, as it went to the heart of the widow and the orphan; the hour of deep despondency, when the heart listens for the voice of the charmer, and hears the unpatriotic, unmanly howls of disloyal leaders; and the unbending purpose of this people, in the midst of all that wintry gloom, to confront all, save dishonour! Such a spectacle of the bearing of a free nation, and of its exhaustless power, will not be forgotten. But who were found worthy at such a time to lead such a people?—to strike with living electric force the most torpid human feeling?—to utter the burning words that move the great heart to heroic strength and endurance, that give faith and the light of hope in the murkiest hour of trial, and stir the meanest of mankind to unselfish sacrifice? Where was Bolingbroke,

with his sharp, dazzling intellect; or Chatham, with his impressive patriotism; or Burke, with his gorgeous morality? Ah! there are men who can speak punctually to the purpose as a clock, but who cannot cheer the soul of man with the glorious chimes of midnight melody. While the faithful soldier was facing famine and pestilence—the swarming foe and the official fools—clad in rags, yet covered with the patience of sublime duty, the wrangling rulers could choose neither the generals fit to command nor the purveyors fit to feed. Schism in the camp, schism in the council. When the silent nation was strung up by its own strength to utmost constancy, and failure only fed with fresh fuel that unconquerable spirit, there was amongst the faltering statesmen dismay, unmanly dread, the desire for disgraceful compact—nay, even the words, though not the spirit, of treason. History will record with shame the speeches of those who with all their skill laid open the sores of their native land, and pleaded with unavailing might the cause of treacherous enemies. The old Athenian would have marked these men with his eternal brand of fire. The highest of the land chose that hour for disbelieving in the powers of a free people, when the people only perished from oligarchical incompetence. Oh! for one hour of

“ ‘ Those ancients, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce *democratie*,
Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne.’ ”

“ Wherefore hath nature made the white mountains?—not only for ornament, but for watering the earth from pure pereunial springs—springs that are the fullest when it is dreariest with drought. So in society. If the lordly alps can give no more freshness, men will inquire why they are not level with the plain; and will sink for deep springs in

the common clay. The official aptitude is matured by vast experience, by social communion, by the vantage of rank, riches, and leisure. It becomes easy to rule a realm that is at peace with itself. It is delightful to witness the official readiness, the harmony, the perfection of tact, and the play of wit. The comedy of the rats was also delightful till the cat came. But the world-crisis is not meant for these, and *that* comes—like the final advent—when we know ‘neither the day nor the hour.’

“Has the hereditary right of the deposed kings also dropped in the hands of the ministers? Shall there be for ever a political priesthood, exclusive as that of the old Nile? Genius can break through the rock. If it breaks this barrier, it must be with the force of Roland, and the new Paladin will be sworn of the sect, in the same spirit that the old secret society compelled a hidden listener to swear brotherhood. The inferior hero, that bears no title of nobility from nature or from man, skilled in figures, useful as a piece of apt machinery, or as a sample to the astonished electors of plebeian promotion, is but a proselyte of the gate—to be strangled with red tape. Nature’s peer bursts through. But where is he? He is not in the House. Perhaps he is at the plough, the loom, or the desk, or, it may be, in the country mansion, lecturing the tenantry on husbandry, or selling cattle, like Cromwell. Cannot we force Cincinnatus from the plough? He will not come till he is pressed like a sailor. He goes freely to the service of art and science, letters and trade. But he is not apprenticed to the king-craft. Yet, if a man is born with a great soul in him, he may be as great in this craft as in any other. There ought to be nurture enough in the daily English life. Should not a nation take some pains to secure the best head for this skilled labour of ruling millions of many-tongued

men? Put the Reform Act in force. It may become as dead as a statute of King Arthur. A minister must choose his confederates from those sent up to him by the people. If the best are left behind, he will choose from his own caste, even from his own family. The Government may be carried on by the fireside as merrily as at a Christmas gathering. The minister, if he is as wise as Solomon, or gold-eared as Midas, cannot create genius. At best, he can but discover it, and hidden, as it often is, like the Brazilian diamonds, in uncomely covering, he will do well if he does that—better still if he bring it blazing to the light of day.

“The old boroughmongers would sometimes choose genius, even when wedded to poverty; but it must come to the people wedded to wealth. Dives showers his gold with supreme indifference, and carries his constituents, like his gold, in his purse, or funds them at a bank or in consols. Another, leprous with poverty, stalks boldly to the table and hazards all his borrowed stake on the single throw. He buys his borough too. Dives may have his price—a ticket for a dance, a handle to his plebeian name, a dinner with the high-priest, a walk in the street with the ‘archangel affable.’ But what can Lazarus the leper hope for, but crumbs from the great table? *He* has his vote and his conscience. He can look the proudest minister in the face, and spit in it with all the insolence of poverty. He can also follow him into the lobby with the opportune vote that saves him from a fall. If a berth is vacant, he can wheel himself round as long as a hound before he settles to his seat. Like the mendicants of the Bay of Naples, he will mount with the minister to the cone of fire; but if aid is there needed, he will give the stick with one hand and open the other for the alms or the hire.

“The Roman augurs that used to laugh in each other’s faces at the simplicity of the vulgar, were also tickled with their own guile ; but it is enough to leave people to deceive themselves. The manager of this representation knows his men to a hair’s breadth—for what parts they are fitted, and what they want. The House is full of expectant heirs. The lawyers are not the last to look out for a ladder ; in fact, they can run at this game as fast as when the Temple was on fire. It was once a maxim of the Bar, that none should enter that House till he was fit to be the royal adviser. Now a man goes in to become a small commissioner, a recorder, or even a police justice. He fails in fighting his way in the court, but he succeeds in the senate. Even the future judge must show himself at nights before the minister to be looked at a little ; a future bishop would do likewise if he could. Shall the right man not go on parade like the rest ? Certainly, gentlemen of the jury ! Let us see what a man really is ; but beware of disaster. The minister dare not promote imbecility to high places—even bishops are now chosen with some good intent ; it is not enough to have been tutor to a duke, or to have written tracts against Catholic Emancipation, and to have eaten them up again. But the smaller offices are showered, like the rain of heaven, upon the just and the unjust. The most unscrupulous partisanship prevails even in judicial trusts—the most unjust appointments are constantly made. Every improper promotion not only confers one undeserved favour, but it may make a hundred honest cheeks smart with injustice. If a minister, like the other kings, can be penitent on the bed of death, truly he will see a terrible array of angry faces ready to witness against him. The frail burgess may say to this pharisaic House, ‘Physician, heal thyself!’ Let honesty, like charity, begin at home. At home ? Yes ;

but there is another home—the hustings. Wherefore are the frail ones sent up at all? Answer this, ye brazen-throated, hundred-thousand-tongued burgesses! We want a man, and you send a dwarf, sometimes a man-monkey. The minister smiles on him as if he were Solon—alas! he is but a Solan goose. Look at the whipper, as he nods pleasantly to the piece of trumpery you have packed up for him. This man, he sees, has small optics. He will not shake the earth with thunder, nor ride the whirlwind. The well-born are still Heaven's favourites, and will rule the earth. These men are useful. All men, as was well said of wine, are good; some may be better, but all are good. Let there be marts, treaties of trade, consuls in the ports, and customs—these bring revenue and good renown; but thou, who hast had a grandfather, art born to rule the minds of men, as Virgil sang of Rome, and to despise the flatterers.

“These men are as much self-elected as the old Venetian senate, or the thirty Greek tyrants. Who competes with them? The expectants?—the incapables? Press a man or two of good stature to complement the crew, and the old commission may be sealed again. The same family party, with a foreign friend or two, may dance at Christmas round the tree of liberty, and solve charades, drink to the glories of good old days, as if the Reform Act had been unanimously repealed. The great electoral machine is dragged out at stated festivals for the entertainment of the people, and the clumsier performers amuse the great van-proprietors as well as the populace. But the clown must show amazing powers of grimace and gymnastics before he becomes a partner and one of the master-men. All the great tournaments of the great arena, where the great intellectual duels are fought, with or without ball, when the spectators are crushing at the bar, in the gallery, or looking down, like

the gods, from the ventilator, and the earth holds her breath to witness Titan tossing Titan—all the great pitched battles which cover the land with their strategy, and in which oceans, if not of blood, yet of good beer, are shed,—what is the end of all, but to transfer power back to the same men from whom it was taken a short time ago! Shuffle the cards as you will, the same trump will turn up. Shake the hat, and stir it as you like, the same lucky tickets come out. If they had always the real stamp, there could be no complaint. If they have, it is a singular fact, worth noting, that genius, like the gout, runs in families, and requires several generations for its perfect title—or, does genius split into branches, like the *Solanum*, that gives with one hand the edible potatoe, and with the other the ornamental nightshade? If this chair of desert, more precious than refined gold, is manufactured, as under a trade secret, let us act manfully, and present the partners with perpetual patent-right. If it be a hoax, like Parr's pills—a perilous imposture like Morrison's college—let us throw it into the sewer for the mudlarks.

“If you want this to be changed, you must run the Thames through the great house for half an hour, and let one good brave wave of the Atlantic sweep over the country. The minister can only create the official genius. But he can do his best to make men honest. If he be not Gabriel, he need not be the arch-tempter. Try to draw the fangs from this fiend Party, and to transform her into a respectable goddess. For Heaven's sake, I say, keep us as honest as human nature will bear. There will always be scramble enough. Let us try to bring the contest into a cock-pit, instead of tossing the apples of discord over all the country. Try to build the public service more on merit—not on mere knowledge only, but on all the conditions that make the crystal

called Character. It is true, patronage, like the human frame, will ever have its weak parts. An angel only, without nephews, sons, and cousins, could hope to dispense patronage, lay or spiritual, with decency. But let us no longer bribe with it. Better give beer or hard coin, than fill the land with official fools and knaves. Let the hon. members fight no more about the distribution of prizes, and try to win the goodwill of mankind themselves by merit. This business of the Treasury is the filthiest speculation that ever degraded a people. I would rather be the fallen 'King George the Fifth,' than take a share in that concern. Buy the body, if you like, but spare the soul. No man, not even a Cuban planter, can make out a title to sell that, nor file a bill for completing the contract. If there be sale of this article, there is the great speculator below, who has the patent of monopoly. The buyer here can only be the broker.

"How poor are your Parliament writs, without the seal of conscience! Hon. man-member! reform thyself! The road to the Treasury is paved with temptation; though you ask for others, you will learn to ask for yourself. Virtue cannot remain balanced on a point, as long as a chamois, nor look as leisurely into the chasms, and up to the green velvet beds. Oh! my hon. friend! my learned friend! if you are not bright as beauty, you may be true as valour. 'My wife,' said John Milton, 'wants to keep a coach, but *I* want to die an honest man.' Yea, doubtless, that is the point, gentlemen of the jury! Do that, and you will go in Elijah's chariot to the 'Upper House.' If not, all the Astley troop will not stir you an inch thitherward. Keep your eyes, then, my young friend, off that box! If the minister drops his pocket-handkerchief, like Elizabeth before the great bard, let him 'pick it up himself this time.' If he will suck an orange before his oration, let him pay

for it himself. Let honesty have only a fair chance in this world, and she will beat roguery by many necks. I will venture my own neck on that. Say what we will, I, for one, will believe in human nature. I will run the risk of being laughed at for a fool!

“But we pray against temptation! Hotspur knew his wife would not tell the secret she did not know. Therefore, let us sweep this floor clean, once for all. Bundle up these small golden hooks into the minister's box. Let him go home without even a trout. Confine him to the capture of *Salmo ferox*. Let him hunt the roebuck, and the wild boar, even the fox, if he will—but clear the hares from the stubbles. In a word, take patronage from the minister as much as possible. Decentralize; let the blood go back freely into the veins. The provinces have been gradually stripped of the old Saxon right of patronage. Canvassing may not be bad—but corruption is bad. Let us not see so many commissions for investigating family grievances—so many over-paid boards—such a realm of Bureaucracy. The minister looks on patronage as the means of government, the substitute for the old gold system, the curb to the head-strong popular will! The hon. members even stand aghast at the right of spoliation. What! are we not to appoint an exciseman? How is the Government to be carried on? Not by fraud, my friend! nor by unfair favour, nor by illegal contract. It is less costly, and it ought to be more agreeable to discover the right men from the light that shines in themselves. Genius is self-lustrous, like the glow-worm. Talents are as thick as were the ancient lanterns. Even modest merit may be gathered, like the shaded scented woodruff, without the aid of Parliamentary spectacles. Only look for it in the right place—not in the swamp, not in the sewer. If a man has bellowed like a

bull before the hustings, or has stolen like a snake into the camp of an enemy, or has imbibed as much election beer as might have liquored the whole quiet little borough for a twelvemonth—is this man henceforth to guage barrells, or sit in the house of customs,—that hundreds more may go and do likewise? This is inconceivable delusion. Down with this imposture, I say, once for all! The first English minister who shall say above a whisper, ‘*The road to reward is through desert; the worthiest shall have the work,*’ shall have the first statue of gold put up in Parliament Place. To get the worthiest for any given post is a fair stroke of ambition. It is worth while stepping into the streets to search for it—better than filling up from a list, in which every name may tell an enormous lie. Let us leave the doors of state wide open, with no reserved seats as in a playhouse. It required in France a revolution to ‘open the career to talents.’ They have kept this ground in all changes. It is worth a revolution or two. Let us try to get it quietly. Let us resolve in all true liberty to excel the French—and every other people—we, whose office it is ‘to teach the nations how to live.’ Let us not be behind the Chinese—nor the Blackfoot Indians. Power is fought for by rival parties. Fair play is the plain law of human nature. Let it not be said of the factions that they seek power for the golden dewes that drop from it. This would be ignoble ambition—the lamp of the sewers—not the lightning that plays about the pinnacles.

“When the minister selects his staff on the grand parade-day, let us at least have clean linen and clean hands. Bravery is from above; but honesty is a flower of earth, and may be plucked even by the bishops and the lawyers—not only worn in the button-hole, but felt frequently in the breast. The rose of Sharon will grow in any crevice or

corner. 'But look at the staff,' says Mr. Thickly, M.P. for Brassborough, 'they are all lords, or sons, cousins, or uncles of lords. This is no ministry for the people! Fair play! Shame! shame!' Patience, my dear sir! You are very honest—you are above pollution—pearls of any price would not tempt you—but, forgive me, you are not a genius—in fact, you are rather—very—amazingly stupid. You are bold as brass, but full as a churn of sour milk. If you think there are better men than yourself still in the ranks—better than the staff—by all means vote point-blank against the minister, and change the dynasty. Turn him back again to the other side, rather than endure injustice. But if you examine faces—and find one that means well but performs ill—another that shows well but means ill—another who has neither wit, wisdom, nor good intent—and so on through the ranks—my dear Mr. Thickly, take off your golden spectacles, be comforted, sit down, and go to sleep again. We have not got back yet to the city of gold! Courage! It is well if we are on the road. Before you arrive, you will find the street paved with it, the fruit-trees glittering with it, the roofs tiled with it, the tongues of men tipped with it, the very pumps forcing its stream out of the clay. That great minister himself is not of angelic beauty. One wing will never take him to the sky, but it is better than none. In the realm of the blind the one-eyed is king.

"The minister can make a hundred lords before breakfast, but he does not pretend to make a real genuine man. That work is halved by the great Builder, and by the individual self. The patent of precedence must be all autograph. Renown must be wooed by force, as Hercules won the Amazon queen. You may order almost anything for delivery next day in England—a hundred new ships—a thousand steam-engines—ten thousand dozen of British gin

—one hundred thousand tons of iron rails—a million of percussion caps—one thousand miles of iron rope—and so on. But if you advertize for a whole year in the journals, on the railways, and on the vans, and extend the contract for ten years, you will not get the man that can rule the land like King Arthur, if there ever was such a man—or like King Oliver, and we know what he was. You may describe the man physically, even to the arch of his nose or the twirl of his moustache, and metaphysically, even to the colour of his habits and the texture of his thought; yet when he comes on trial, you have not got the article you want. Somehow, there is some mistake about the sample. You may have a man who can calculate eclipses, compose chronologies, solve problems in mathematics, and yet who cannot settle a parish dispute. You don't know what you have till you have thrown him into the fiery furnace. Few come out like the three invulnerable Hebrews, or the unchangeable cannon-balls. You may make a thousand fiddles, yet there may be but one that can 'discourse excellent music.' We cannot expect to grow great men with as much likelihood as prize cauliflowers. The fact is, they grow of themselves, like the trees, while we are sleeping, eating, drinking, or making merry. We can but discover them, like new planets, or comets, or sea-serpents. It is true, there is vast machinery for this purpose—schools, colleges, apprenticeships, institutes, and—the electoral apparatus. After all, they will not come, except in their own gorgeous chariots. Well! courage! Let us keep clean the glasses, that we may miss nothing. We are as blind as bats. These vast sub-earthly plains of coal—these bands of iron ore—these steam-horses, that for long ages have, like Milton's lion, been—

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the golden quartz rock—the clay silver—the ocean alkalies—the electric weird-spirits—all had to be discovered by the eye of man. They all existed in nature, before Abraham or Agamemnon. As many and as good secrets as these abide the footsteps of loitering Time, dangling his silver key. Nature is at all seasons like an old lady that is burning over her secret, and ready to blab it in the face of the first comer. Shall we have no more great men in England? Will the seed spring no more on this side of the Atlantic sea? If I thought thus, I would also breast the Gulf Stream for the future pilgrim spots. What! never greater men than —, or —, or —? Oh! my dear countrymen! Oh! gentlemen of the jury! I have done. You may find for the defendant! Take me away. Take off my wig. But I tell you, they will, they *shall* come, and cannot choose but come. We will not excuse ourselves, like the Cingalese, who say their great works of old were done by giants forty feet high. Nature's high chamberlain will shout out their names to the Arctic and Antarctic. We will not seek for them, like the dog Diogenes, with lighted lamp, in broad day—nor like the fools of Thibet, among the babes. They shall rise like Sirius, behind the wrath of Orion—and shall set like the Love-star, behind the steeds of the Sun. What! the arena of the earth filled only by the pugilists! the stage of the grand drama trodden by masqueraders, buffoons, thieves, and prostitutes—to be fired by them, like the great theatre! Shame! The voice that might shake the earth like Etna, to reach no farther than the Royal Exchange! The spirit that might breathe on disorder, cast its line across the creviced centuries, and call forth music from the spheres, to bray like a penny trumpet, to stay in its aerial flight at the sight of carrion, to bear chains like a tame falcon, and to rise only to fall—to be lost for ever in the marshes! Shame! I say

again. Also courage! I say. Even the agricultural intellect is not yet exhausted by the four-course system or the five-course. Let us take more pains of husbandry. Above all, let us be honest, and choose the umpires 'indifferently.' If Solon comes from any quarter of the compass, let us go out to meet him, whether he ride on an ass or on an elephant. When the rake Delaval was wooing the borough of Andover, he posted back to London, to bring an artist who could eat fire for the amusement and edification of an elector, and thereby carried the elector and the borough. Yes! it is the fire-eater that is wanted—to breathe it in—to send it scorching out! But to travel post for that! Should a man-candidate not carry enough about him to consume the borough at a breath? Surely he should not go to any shop for that. That should be fresh from the fount!

"Let no man, in future, post to London for fire-eaters—nor bring down in his bag the heavy gold from the banks. Shall it be a qualification, even for a Wilberforce, that he should spend his share of half a million to get elected for his shire? Is he not a trustee for the public good? Is it not fair that his costs should come from the trust fund? When the conqueror is crowned with the popular laurel, shall it be asked at the table of this House if he is worth three hundred or six hundred pounds a year? Or, worse still, that he should be worth that in another's goods? Will you teach him, as his first lesson in this House, to be a deceiver and to strut in other men's garments? Even a yeoman may now shoot partridges without qualification. The Justices and the Turnpike Trustees will come to that. The Peers are not asked what they are worth. The ancestral wisdom was glad to secure the service by actual payment to the members. Shall it come to that again? If the best citizens will frame as many excuses as those bidden to the marriage

feast, it may be needful to search the highways. Try hard without that—ask again. It is better to be paid by the people than to be bribed by the Minister. But it would be worse to witness both the one and the other. At any rate, the people would not pay for a fool. They will rather give him, like the clerks, competitive examination.

“Democratic government cannot be concise and sharp as the despotic. When its strength is raised, the sturdiest rebel trembles in its arms like the aspen. But its habitual domestic rule is tolerant, patient, and indecisive. Men are brought together first to differ, then to agree. As in married life, *bear* and *forbear*, are the golden words. But the executive power should not be foiled by division. It should not always require the enemy to be at the gates before the sound of the disturbers is drowned in the chorus of consent. In the legislative office, deliberation defeats decision. ‘The mountain nymph, sweet liberty,’ can play the fool like the tyrants. It is not only that refined society requires greater minuteness of regulation; the steps of all advancing states are more and more to be picked amongst the old rubbish and the new materials. The difficulty lies in discovering the right road-path amid such a herd of conflicting witnesses. Apart from political progress, the adjustment of mutual rights and wrongs is more difficult in democracies. It is easier to see and to estimate the relative importance of objects from an elevation than from the level or the waving land. For each looks through his own mist. The peak brings the full daylight. But it is an eminence of bare unfruitful rock. There is great want of forbearance among us. It is painful to see the body of a bill dissected on the table of that House. I often long to throw it out into the river at once. Every one seems to be led to the scuffle, walking between two ruthless constituents. Abject de-

pendence on the constituents is just as miserable a thing as that on the Minister. How much genius is required to enable a man to speak the simple truth that is in him, without fear, favour, or affection! The constructive power of these assemblies of men is always deficient, without faith in each other. Thus, the chief triumphs of modern days have been in obliteration, not in building up. There is still scope for repeal. But repeal is not reform. Time must bring with him the restorer, the rebuilders. Look at the statute-book. Look at the law-books. Oh! for an hour of the despot's will to cram a whole wise code at once down the legislative throat, as the ailing horses swallow the bolus! We are not like the little man that was ordered to take a quart of gruel for dinner, and who retorted that he only held a pint.

"If the use of speech be glorious, its abuse is the most villainous of vices. Rhetoric, says Plato, is the art of ruling the minds of men. But to hide thought in words—to overlay it like the innocent infants! Intellectual bubbles! Again, intellectual jugglery! to balance thoughts as the circus-actor balances pipes or straws! or heavy timber-beams on his chin, or on his knees! or playing with them as the Arab with the gilt balls! or fumbling the fire-balls, as Pius those of Hildebrand! There is no horrible spectacle like this! The inexhaustible rhetoric hat! the pint bottle! the swallowing of swords! Oh! gentlemen of the jury! turn them out of court nonsuited or found guilty! The more perilous the trial, the more astounding the applause! It is a sight to witness, for men and angels! but when Faction lends her greasy flaming tongue, also for the fiends to laugh at—the divine power of speech! the privilege of man, the gift of God, the talisman for the brutes, that should sway men mildly as a sweet inspiring

song or shake them in their seats like a genuine tornado—that it should be no better than the screech of parrots, or the mimicry of monkeys! If the ape could but cite from the Latin poets, he might represent a county. I would rather listen to a conclave of the Orinoko forest in the midnight time, of wrangling beasts and birds, than to the oratory of the jugglers—nay even, to the solitary tune of ‘Whip-poor-Will.’ The despot, like the night lion, drowns all this clamour at once. It is the birthright of the free-man—the laughing-stock of the enslaved! But when the ‘poison of asps is under their lips!’—

“Such a man begins by the allurements of address and exercise. He walks out in the morning air—but when the hounds come up in full cry, he runs like the rest. That furious old beldame Faction gives him his strong drink, drugs it as he wipes the water from his brow, hounds him to the onslaught—brings him, if he were strong as Samson, not blind, but blindfolded, into the deserted heath—and when he gains his sight once more, like Orion opening to the bright sun, he finds around him the scorn of deserted comrades, the mockery of false helpmates, and the howl of the ocean. The sword of modern chivalry can be as false as that of the old times. It is a sad vice of democracy that there must be the talking apparatus. It is almost as bad as the Thibetians praying by machinery. The mere talker, if he be fluent as the Ganges, is very barren of deed in the day of trial. Even Cicero and Demosthenes were but boasting poltroons. The Greek ran bodily off from the field. When he was to speak against the King of Macedon, he had the quinsy and his neck was stuffed with woollen wrappers. But his pocket had been stuffed with gold, like those of the other orators. Look again at the wordy Hungarian in our days—a prodigy of speech—a miser in

deeds. The Greek lyrist says the tongue is woman's weapon. Truly, there are men voluble as woman, and as weak. Too much talking, like too much thinking, destroys the power of action. In human nature, the thought is only made perfect by deed. Silence is the mother of both. The trumpeter is not the bravest of the brave. It is the steel, and not the brass, that wins the day. A man may bray for ever, and be no better than an ass. The great doer of great deeds is mostly slow and slovenly of speech. Cæsar spoke and wrote, as he fought, in short sharp campaigns. Cromwell and Napoleon spoke best with their swords. Philosophers and orators only hammer thought on the anvil of speech. The Italian *improvisatore* never made an epic poem. The word for the hour, or the article for the day, may resemble the fertilizing rain. But it is not like the copious stream of Nile, that waters all fields with its bounty. Of all crimes in such assemblies silence is the most intolerable. Speech, speech! if only against the clock! There are some men born and bred to betray. Patriotism is their trade, and their capital is speech. They are as well marked as the bankrupts of the Exchange. They have no trust in others, and others have none in them. It is a 'marriage of convenience.' Neither party is deceived—and divorce breaks no bonds. But the soul that has been generous from its birth—that has once glowed with the earnestness of grand endeavour—that has been once filled with ardent love and faith—that has grown silently to greatness with its root deep in human feeling, with its head high as an Alpine Silverhorn—scorning the false applause, looking straight to the skies as a pyramid—that such a spirit should also fall like Lucifer, into the slough of faction—and founder there—Oh! gentlemen of the jury! this world is incurably corrupt, and deserves to

be covered with another Dead Sea. Look at this man to whom God has given noble thought and conformable utterance—raving with wrath about the oppression of distant Gentiles—calling heaven and earth—lawn-sleeved bishops, and hereditary wisdom to witness the crimes of his country—what indignation, what eloquent sarcasm, what terrible gesture, what prophetic denunciation! Oh! gentlemen of the jury! do you believe in this excited enthusiast? Does he believe in himself? Does her Majesty's Opposition believe, as it hounds him on? Will history believe it too? Ah! my dear sir! it will believe, that if he had been on the right bench he would have done precisely the same thing, and purchased the same censure. For Heaven's sake, let us be honest! Let us ask that from the bishops! Let us live with the baboons at once, if honesty is to be counterfeited. At first sight, it seems very hard to detect imposture. It is done with amazing skill. But look hard—look before—look behind—and you will see the pleading mendicant throw off his crutches, and walk like the other sons of men. If the House itself were blind as bats, there are enough that read the spoken words, and can read the man as visibly as a book. Verily, how Faction forces her favourites to eat unwholesome dirt! Can a noble spirit not see itself reflected in this mirror? Can it plead like Paul and be as false to itself as Judas? Can it weigh wholesome argument, and fold up arsenical invective in the false delivery? Can a man not know when he is drunk and when he is sober? Oh! gentlemen of the jury! it is a sad thing to see a fine spirit flounder like Satan in the sea of sludge. Let him go to some skilled physician who may examine with his stethoscope, whether this godlike man has the seed of disorder or is still endued with hopeful health.

"Yet, courage once more ! Imposture shall not rule this land for ever. The nation is growing up to majority ; and already it has its eye on its guardians, and can separate the just from the unjust. There are yet sufficient to save us from the flood of sulphur. If thou art but a dunce, Heaven will forgive thee, for it has not given thee wisdom ; but if thou art not honest,—begone ! Let us have Colonel Pride and his 'Purge' again ! Yea, it can give honour to the weak and feeble ; hoping, in due time, that to honour may be added the meed of might. Men will not eat dirt for ever—even intellect itself will claim exemption from that. Speak against the Minister, in justice, if he deserve it, and in thunder if it can be got ; but let not life be a lie. Love the Truth, if she be poor as Job ; abhor Untruth, though she may promise the sway of the world. It is a great temptation, but Truth also is lovely as Eve—rich as an empress heiress. Think of that when the tempter comes. Yet you must look into that lovely face with earnest fondness, like the lovers that place the portrait of their beauty in a heart-locket, and with this shield face futurity and fate.

"There is honesty enough in this audience. It is not learned like the professors, nor critical as the snappish commentators, nor philosophic, nor poetic, nor yet wholly statistic and financial. It is like the nation itself—with solid sense, good intent, and nice-toned discernment, and much discretion. Come to the point, and you will be heard for a month. If you have much or little to say, only let it be in no unknown tongue, to require translation. Be eloquent as Tully, terrible as Jeremiah, mild as Moses, but speak the vernacular language. Above all, be honest ; for this tribunal, by instinct, can tell off the fools as easily as the votes ; only, let it also mark the knaves with a burning brand. Above all, let the choosing people mark with their

repentant wrath the buffoon, the pirate, and the betrayer. In the armies of Truth there will ever be mutineers. Down with these as speedily as if they were the registered sons of Satan!

“Also, in His own time, will come the King of Men, who shall awe all foes with the terror of a true utterance, and shall wield the sterling sword of state. Disorder is the law of weakness; strife is not disorder when the combatants are girded with the solid belt of sincerity—Truth comes from that conflict as Venus from the troubled sea. Knowledge is not power—Wisdom is power, and her prime minister is Justice, which is the perfected law of truth; and her lord high chamberlain is Charity, which is the bond of peace.”

When the Serjeant had finished his discourse, the Captain declared he had never heard so pleasant a sermon, that the Serjeant spoke like a book—he should have been brought up to the pulpit instead of the bar. “My dear Captain,” said the warm-hearted lawyer, with a tear in each eye, “there is not an old chair in this earth, nor an old stone that might not be made into a pulpit in five minutes!”

CHAPTER V.

THE HOUSE OF PEERS—ARISTOCRACY.

THE day was still rainy. After dinner the fire blazed brightly in the dining-room, as the young maiden of the Garonne went to the window, listened for a moment to the growing waters of Foxglove Force, looked at the nodding fir-trees, closed the shutters, and went with Richard Mallet into the library to play at backgammon. The Serjeant looked slyly at the Captain, ordered another allowance of old port, and drew his chair towards the fire. It was a moment for inspiration; and, after a slight preface, the Serjeant again opened fire on the mild-minded Captain, who was very sleepy, but who always felt bound in honour to keep himself awake when he was the only audience.

“In procuring the refined gold, the first process is by furnace, and the last by separation. The like contrivance may be used for extracting the elixir of a state. In almost all modern democracies an appeal is allowed from a lower to an upper tribunal. For a free people are ever young, and they have the impatient temper of youth, like the sparkling young wine. The appeal lies naturally to Age—from the man-child to the man-sage—from the hour to the year. Thus, by a strange inversion, Age sits in the seat of Posterity, and considers its judgment. The tree of knowledge not only gets from Age good root and higher stature, but its fruit is larger and richer. The ruins may drop freely from the young clouds, but the filtering earth prepares

them, like a careful matron, for the springs and the uses of man. Age is supposed to represent this kind of wisdom—when the Passions sleep on the breast of Experience. It is observed, greater respect is paid to the verdict of Age among barbarous tribes than in the great cities—that it is received by the wild man almost as prophetic wisdom, and that Civilization treads on the old man's toes. The unlettered Spartans were astonished that the polished Athenians did not rise to offer seats in the theatre to the aged men who entered. The reasons for this apparent rudeness are, that wisdom grows quicker in the garden-soil, and that the old tree is afflicted with the cancerous disease of prejudice. If Youth is ever longing for the eagle wings, Age is too apt to ride on the cumbrous elephant. It lives in the twilight, and trembles at the ghosts. In the advance of society, Age ceases to be the ruling power, unless it does more than shake its head, like Burleigh.

“Seniority is therefore Conservative. All men become more attached to old things as they grow older. It is often as hard to discard an old coat as an old constitution. The laws of the country are to be changed with these patriarchs, by stealth, and piece by piece, like the garments of Dominie Sampson. It is this unreasonableness that strips Age of its old respect. It not only loses motive power, but it may act as a heavy drag on the great state waggon. Yet the voice of all communities asks for this hindrance. It is the inert centripetal power. In electoral monarchies the senate has executive powers; in hereditary states it is only deliberative. But it must not sit scratching its head for ever. There cannot be permanent dissension between two separate powers in a state. One would eat the other up. There were two kings in Sparta—but they were not much better than constables. As the

House of Peers has been once eaten up in our land, its function can be defined. It is to speak to the other House, as the old man to his grown-up son that has made his own fortune. Counsel but not compulsion. It may say once, twice, thrice, 'Not so fast'; but if the machine must go on, the old men must hobble behind at last as well as they can. The balance of power, as defined by Blackstone, is a mere delusion of the mind. Perhaps it came out of the good old port that aided in that good old work. It is not worth examination. The purpose of the Upper House is to give second thoughts to the other—the wisdom of remonstrance—the power of repentance—but not the final right of contradiction. It has the last word—but sooner or later the word must be *Yea*. Even the Crown has now forgotten the old excuse, that 'it will consider the matter.' It says 'Yes' at once.

"Let us enter into this Senate of conscript fathers. This is the *aurea domus*—the golden hall. The burgesses of Augsburg have their golden hall. But in this hall stands the throne, whence the Sovereign speaks, sitting to the people—to an innumerable people of all climes, races, and creeds. The law is also enthroned on the woolsack. This is the old offering of the *land* to the house of landlords—like the oak stick of the squire cut from his own woods. Observe—it stops short of trade. The fleece is silver, as it leaves the hands of the landlords, like the stars of tropic skies—it becomes golden in the thumbs of burgesses, like the same stars seen in the cold north. Yet the woolsack would be thought to be polluted, if it were filled from the warehouse, and not from the barn. In like manner the metallic ores produce leaden pigments and pipes—copper kettles and small coin. Coal feeds the steam-horses and the forges. Iron runs, like the herd of

demons, into pigs, and thence into innumerable devices—‘*Quam lubet in formam et faciem decurrere rerum.*’ But alchemy separates the landlord from the manufacturer with unerring skill. In this golden house it is not genteel to carry on commerce beyond the first partnership with Nature. The soldier comes in with drawn sword—and the admiral with the union jack. It is also the hospital for damaged or invalided statesmen. The Church sends her life-deputies—the Law strikes its root into the hereditary soil like a true sapling. The guilds of Science and Literature only stand at the door, or sit in the gallery. There are members for money—but the reverse process of conversion into land is mostly performed.

This is the golden hall of the old state—for the council of the elders, earls, or aldermen. But where are the elders? Where are the snow-white heads—or the silver beards hanging on the stooping breast? the wisdom-men? Is not this the appeal-court from Youth to Age, from the stale shattered cistern to the pure wisdom-well itself? This might be the idea of Teutonic tribes—of British Arthur—of Saxon Alfred’s *aula regis*—of the Norman dukes. But it is as much worn out as the Saxon woolsack. In short, there is not much difference of aspect in the living contents between the two Houses. The bishops may look a little like the old cathedrals, and the lawyers as wise as their wigs. But that gay young scapegrace behind the bishop, who is he, but the son of the late chief justice, or of the last chancellor, as full of devilry as his father was full of law, who might receive a lecture from Prince Hal himself—another reversed process! His father left him a poor peer. His foolery has made him much poorer. In short, there is not a button about him that is paid for—or likely to be paid for. Would it not have been better to have

allowed this young man to make an honest livelihood, like his father before him, in some fair way of life—instead of this cruel jest? You cannot compel Nature in all things. You may make her clothe the house with jessamine, and bid her bring the roses in her apron—but a peer may die like a plum-tree in the prime of life, striking the clay, or smitten from above. You cannot warrant his wisdom to be forthcoming at the time it might be worth something—for it may lie in the family vault, and his young heir may reign in his stead. This is the simple reason why there are not more greybeards—men like the old Venetian Doges—or like the Senate of Rome which Cineas reported to Pyrrhus as being an assembly of kings. There are many young men who belong to this house who would think it a melancholy waste of time to sit here and listen to Cicero himself. They are hunting—running horses—running into debt—running into all sorts of houses except this. Again, some of the old ones are as bad as the young ones—nay worse; for old wickedness must in all realms be worse than young wickedness. There are others at college, at school, on the knees of nurses; and though there be none laid in the manger, there are some in the crib or in the cradle. Again—and alas! there are some in the lunatic or idiot houses—from their own vices, or from the hereditary right. Yes! this golden house is a phenomenon in policy—the only one, of old or new times, where every senator, except a bishop, has the inherent hereditary right to create a legislator from his own loins. The Irish and the Scottish peerage have their deputies, but they represent the same idea of hereditary human right.

“This is the ‘wisdom of our ancestors’ in its literal strength. The first son may be a fool, and the second a Solomon, but the family must send the first that comes, if

there be but five minutes difference in the birth. 'Too late,' by five minutes. Think of that! you cannot even cast lots between them.

"The object of this singular institution is to secure independence—a body which is to stand between crown and people—to sit in this House, with the throne at one end, and the commoners summoned to the other end. Another of the splendid legal fictions. This land is still ruled by fictions, as in the days of John Doe and Richard Roe. There are some not without substantial results—as when a horse is sent through the Post-office in an ambassador's *bag*! If it were not a fiction, the Lords would form a caste in the body politic, like that of the Brahmins, but with far more fatal power. But the fiction has another fold within it. The Crown or the Minister may not degrade a peer, like Cato the censor. If he be infamous as Clodius, his vote is as good as if he were Cicero, or incorruptible Cato himself. But a 'regiment of guards' may be thrown into the House by Letters Patent! The minister who vowed to 'stand by his order' threatened a flood of a hundred peers at once—and the flood was averted by submission. The guards were put into the charters of the Cornish boroughs by the Earl of Bath in the grand electoral days. But they have not yet been called bodily into this House, either to sit, or to turn the others out. Yet there has been a minister in our day who made forty-two lords in four years. Where is the independence? only in the small concerns of State. The House may shut its door to Hebrews, as it did to the Dissenters and the Catholics—it may prevent a man from marrying his deceased wife's sister—it may toss out a railway bill, or fire off a blank cartridge against a minister for foreign affairs—but it must not touch the nation's purse—not even its tassel—nor tamper with the large bills of re-

form. Where would it have been now, if it had kept the corn laws? In the jaw of reform itself. When the nation is indifferent, it may thunder like Jove, and look black as Rhadamanthus; but when the pulse of the people is feverish, that of the Peers must be cold as Caucasus. For there cannot be realm within realm, nor the motion of the double stars that roll round each other in meted concord. Thus Fear eats up Fiction, like salt and sugar, in the very jaws of Truth. Why feed on fictions at all, when the real food must go down at last? This counter-irritative process is very dangerous. Manly minds are more annoyed by the small trials of life, than they are shaken by the strong ones. There is something cowardly in this—like the cruel Scottish lion-hunter trying the ball-experiments on the noble elephant. Perhaps, the elephant may remember this some day, as it remembered the respectable old lady that pricked his trunk, when he almost drowned her.

“It is a device of old societies to live by appearances—to seem otherwise than what they are. The Athenians had their Delphian ship that had survived many generations and had been so often patched that not an inch of the old hull was left. The first Cæsars made themselves the tribunes of the people, as if they had lived in the days of the Gracchi. Even our dear American children have it written in their constitution, that freedom is the natural gift of God, though slavery is an institution among them worse than it was among the old heathen. Even the Emperor of China has his innocent conceits; he is pleased to call us ‘barbarian devils.’ The Russian czar asks his children at the coronation if they will have any other Czar but him. It is only for Ivan the Terrible to write on his churches, ‘I am thy Czar, and mine is Jesus Christ.’ Thus, the world delights in the feigned issues of the law.

"Why not look at truth right in the face instead of a bad portrait? Wanted the certain conclusion, why not consider the most probable means? Are we like the stilt-ing peasants of the Landes, that stump about on their timber even in the streets of Bordeaux? Surely they may walk there like other men. Men are not born with stilts; neither are they born lawgivers.

"The end is to secure the sound second-thought—to chew the cud, like the other ruminating races. Look at this golden House on any fine afternoon in May. But for the Press it would not be known that there was such a House engaged in the actual work of law-making. One or two retired lawyers who must drop in like the retired chandler—a bishop—a young man with his cab at the door, and pawing like his horse for a release and a good run—the chiefs of the opposing parties. Yet these half-dozen men are saying *yea* or *nay* to the deputies of the nation. Through this small over-shot mill must pass the whole grain of the season. When men only represent themselves, they are sure to give to others their right of proxy. Hence the House has a sort of standing committee for all work. It is sometimes feigned that they represent the realm in but another way. Why not make it a real representation like the other? There is something repulsive in this. Reform is visibly written on the doors of this House. If there be many who might worthily figure the genius of a nation, there are some who are unfit to sit in a vestry. If the good and the bad must be mingled, as they must in all human communities, let it be from liberty of choice, and not from a necessity as hard as that which bound the Egyptian kings to marry their sisters. If the heaven did not inoculate the lump—if the new blood did not renew the old—there would long ago have been a new charter. This old House looks

lynx-eyed into the precedent-books—mole-eyed into futurity. It is cut off from the nation's body by want of sympathetic chord. It might gain the nation's heart by judicial charity—but it must know that heart first. It is aloof, and sees the world hazily as from a height. It looks on the great battles also from this height, and must crown the conqueror at last beside that very throne. Can we not call down these gods from the hill of dignity, like Homer, and pitch them in regular array in real fight?

"Aristocracy defines itself as the power of the *best*. Society often defines the 'best' to mean the richest. It infers that those whom it has raised to wealth should also not be without true renown. The man that wins wealth for himself is *presumed* to have shown some capacity—to have shown prudence, perseverance, foresight, and honourable exertion. In like manner, it is supposed that the man who is born with the golden spoon in his mouth, also succeeds to the heritage of honour, and that his fathers have bound him in a valid bond for good behaviour. It might, indeed, be expected that those who have ample means, abundant leisure, the occasions of varied and refined intercourse with other citizens, and with strangers, the advantages of special nurture and education, and the spur of a lofty ambition, should excel in public conduct the myriads who seem born to drudgery, obscurity, and all the ills of poverty. It is expected that elevation of rank will bring some sublimity of soul—and that men who live in the great houses should not dwell in them as in 'a wider sty.' When this hope is utterly frustrated, as it was in France of the last century, as it is now in Spain, the volcano is at work from below, and the Earth may witness a spectacle. When this duty is well done—that of generous compensation for the gifts of fortune to those whom she has not so favoured—the poor recognize in the rich the bene-

factors, the protectors, and the true representatives of the nation. It is said, Property gives duties as well as rights—or it is but a theft. Is it not better to say that the duties *are* the rights?

“ In the old days, when land was the only visible possession and inheritance, the aristocratic power also lay in the land. When the military tenure spread its net over the whole land, and the sword flashed over all, Homage, the allegiance of man to man, belonged to the lords of the soil. That allegiance implied protection as well as power. But the age of chivalry is gone—and the knights are gone too. Land is no longer the sole wealth. It is not only covered with herds, but with houses. The personal property of this nation is of enormous value. England is enriched with a vast national debt. There are lords of money, mills, mortgages, as well as of acres. How many of the golden House can reckon the sires that came in with the Conqueror—how many that lie on the lands of the Crusaders? The rural squires, whose ancestral ambition has never soared above the County Sessions—the landed yeomen, whose sires might have bent the yew at Agincourt or Shrewsbury, and who serve on the petty juries, better represent in strict succession the England of olden time. The House of Peers is, for the most part, as new as the House of Hanover. It has still a large territorial power. Its original idea was entirely territorial, even with the bishops and dead abbots. The Earls of Arundel and Berkeley claimed their titles as part of their estates. But there are those in it now who have no more land than John *Sansterre*, or Lackland, no more than lies in the flower-pots of their city balconies—and no more money than Walter the Penniless. Yet there is but one recorded instance of degradation for poverty, which was done by Act of Parliament. Aristocracy is no longer exclusively the

power of the land. Every rich man is a lord. For the old oligarchies it was not requisite to have land in order to secure worldly respect and large political influence. Tyre and Carthage had their merchant-princes. Athenian aristocracy had its fleets for trade as well as for war. The Roman patricians were usurers as well as landowners. Florence, Genoa, and Venice had a merchant-nobility as proud as that of the feudal princes. The French *seigneurs* were but the nominal landowners when the storm swept them off the land altogether.

"Insolence is the issue of wealth in any form. In the hereditary state this fatal feeling is less apparent; for deference is also hereditary. There are noxious weeds that lose the sharpness of their prickly by cultivation. The new-made man comes in all the flush of conquest after a hard race. The scorn of success often sits awhile on the brow, and stings it like the gnat, till it is wiped off with the manly sweat. The meaner kind of pride often comes out in the second generation, like the aspiring bristling thistles after the first crop of good kitchen herbs. There are some families whom Fortune cannot change—no more than Cherubim can inspire the dunce. *Fortuna non mutat genus*. But in man, as in the flowers, culture works wondrous things. The real gentility of life is often natural, as in an Alpine herdsman, or in a red forester of the Rocky Mountains. In others, it must be the result of many graftings and much tending. The delicate plant, courtesy, like the houseleek, loves the old roofs. The sternness of life wears out into serene security, as the torrent in the lake. But the lake, though clear, is much given to slumber. Through savage gulfs and gorges, chasms and cataracts, the Rhine river toils on its rough road to the Leman lake. In like fashion, the race of the Rhenish

brigand lord has passed from lawless force to duteous demeanour. Through many generations the truculent Highland chief emerges at last into the suavity of the Southron citizen; for his habits cannot, like his alps, be entailed with 'clauses irritant.'

"But wisdom also cannot be entailed. Hereditary rank purports to secure hereditary respect. But the same disease attacks the peers as the absolute princes—the lust of idleness. The bond for good behaviour is often broken. The grand career opened in free countries to the youthful favourites of Fortune too often fails to furnish the adequate motive for exertion. History relates in many a tale that the sense and right of public duty cannot secure this exertion. The land is full of *rois fainéants*. The love of ease eats up the love of virtue. Vice is selfish, hard-hearted, and intolerant of labour. There is a perpetual wearing out of families by the unwillingness of Nature to propagate the useless plants. There is a degrading process in society as certain as that of the earth's material surface, but not so slow. The peers are renewed from the people as from a fresh fount. Wherefore not always plunge the cup into the living fount itself? The absolute Czars can do this. If a man has acquired wisdom and truthfulness in his life-course, why insist on inserting his heirs into his patent of peerage? He has made himself a peer—but he cannot stand sponsor for his issue—or he will endow one of his offspring with his whole substance, and do wrong to the rest—or he has not enough even for one heir of his estate. Yet must the world be deprived of this wisdom, gathered by the toil of a long life, in its proper sphere? It is often the first peer only that is worth the cost of the peerage fees. Is there a more melancholy sight than the poor prodigal dragging a noble name through the filth of the earth? The land is full of

names that are like those stars that lose their lustre after a season of strength. The lustre may come again, but the memory of a great name needs no patent of nobility.

"The matured wisdom of the nation is left to accident—to the 'accident of an accident,' as the blunt chancellor has said. If it be truly the object of the nation to gather up the harvest of wise experience, this golden House must suffer repair and reform like the other. Its members should not be a caste, but linked also with the people, and draw their power from it too. Make this senate a real 'assembly of the notables'—of the 'wise men and elders,' deputed by common consent. We need not appeal, like the old Romans, to the censors for the nomination of a senate, nor depend, like them, upon the order of knights, as the *seminarium senatus*. We need not choose them, like the Spartans, in the dark, by dint only of the popular clamour; nor by the complex machinery by which the Venetians chose a duke; nor as the Bernese, by repeated filterings of names. It is strange if the wise men of the earth cannot be seen in a land like this as plainly as the mountains or the monuments. Such a senate might have a real power, instead of a voice that gets nothing for its echo but flat contradiction, or supreme disregard. If, like the other House, this echo had its breath from the people, it might say 'No,' when the other thundered 'Yes' with all its six hundred mouths. For the appeal would lie, like that of the woman of Macedonia, 'from Philip drunk to Philip sober'—from the people to the people. Wisdom is now strangled or choked in the process. You cannot have the real conflict of truth without the real combatants. No life can exist healthily in a state of perpetual protest. But power can only be given when it can be taken away.

"Open wider the doors of this golden House. Let it

have on its table the Golden Book—‘*il Libro d’Oro*’ of the nation. Let the old and the new aristocracy have the like career; and let us enlarge the import of that word. Let us look at worth in mind, as well as in money or land. Let us have the elect of the land, whether they be the children of kings or of mendicants. If a man can prove himself to be a real man, let him be shown to the highest seats without delay. If the lord of long descent can get fairly to sit beside him—good; let the ancestral image be stamped afresh. If he cannot get there, what business has he there now? Let him go back to his estate,—let the blood tingle, if possible, in his cheeks, as he passes his frowning ancestors in the long corridor, helmed and clad in angry steel. It is, however, finer stuff that is now required. But there is a higher aim than to tilt well at a tournament, or to win the fight of Agincourt. It is to be a ruler of the earth, triply mailed in wisdom, truth, and justice.

“Apart from political power, there is a singular fondness in human nature for titular distinction and decoration. The savage bores his ears and his nostrils for the golden rings, or tattoos his wrists with curious devices of nobility. He is as vain as woman, without her beauty. Stars, crosses, garters, medals, and ribands are now the ornaments of man—or his name is handled by a title of rank. The old Romans gave official nobility. They allowed a man to bear the surname of Africanus, Capitolinus, or Coriolanus, and thus linked a noble name to a noble deed—a possession and an example for ever. This privilege inspired the family as much as a peerage held in heirship. They also gave life-peerages under the titles of *Magnus* and *Maximus*. Afterwards the imperial officers were called counts and dukes, were girded with the golden belt, and bore the names of the countries they governed.

"It was a life-peerage, but with real sole power. In the feudal reign the eldest son took land and territorial title. Heirship was the idea of the feud—to have a man ready for the wars when his suzerain called him. But all that has passed away. We are all ready for the war, both outward and inward. The form remains after the substance is no longer wanted in that fashion; we keep the shell when the egg is gone. A lord takes the name of a hamlet of the New Forest, or of a dale of Yorkshire or Westmoreland, or of a marine retreat. It is pleasing to link the sweet memories of bygone days, lovely lands or places, with the prizes of the life-course. It is poetical and romantic. But is the peerage then become, like that of Fontarabia, an affair of romance? Is a title like a cross or star of diamonds, with the added right of succession? There are indeed the names of real romance. There is the French peerage of a hundred fights. There are English names that were written ages ago on the real roll of Fame. There are now creations that tell a stirring tale. But there are others that tell only a tale of humiliation. If there was in this Protestant land a place of pilgrimage, a Holy Well, it would be called the 'Fountain of Honours.' There the pilgrims would swarm as at Loretto. It is a weak spot this with us, this rank-worship. We are a nation of aristocrats, from the premier peer to the first apprentice of the front shop. Perhaps it is but human nature. Again, in a land of rich citizens, more distinction is sought for than wealth only can give. The men of the gown and the sword may take the oath of Poverty like the old monks as they enter the house. But in other cases Wealth pushes open the door. A man is made a peer because he is rich, and has power, and can send three members into the other House by his own will, even if the men were monkeys. The other titles mostly share

the same fate. The 'orders of chivalry,' the cream cheeses of the peerage, are all in the basket of the Minister. Surely, if the peers must seek such distinction among peers, they should still seek it in the spirit of the old ages. If a man cannot now win his knighthood in the coat of mail, there is still the war by land and by sea; and there are landlords who still are fathers to their followers, and others who are tyrants. Of all things under the sun this poisoning of the Well of Honour is the most unforgivable. I would drown in that well the Minister himself that stabs morality in the front, and brings into the stalled seats the miserable sinners that should sink into the dim gallery. Bribe with gold, with land, with place and pension—barter all the crown jewels—sell all the crown forests with fraud—put the hoariest sinner in the civil list, or make him a proconsul; but dim not with villainous dust the light of that gracious countenance which should shed Honour as it should shed smiles—fresh from the heart—well, and freely to the worthiest. Oh! gentlemen of the jury! There have been installations and inaugurations for men that should have been stripped to the very skin for their sins. The pandering Minister should have his own skin flayed off altogether. I would have his nose bored for a ring as big as Ixion's wheel, and Mammon should be made to flog him with golden thongs. If these things are to remain among us, let us use them honestly. Men look for rewards, it seems, even in this world—though they be without substance. 'The love of excellence is different from the love of distinction. It consists in the desire for good deeds, and it longs for the words on earth that are by many to be heard only in heaven: 'Well done! thou good and faithful servant!' The Cross of Merit may say this word. It is a cheap mode of reward. It seems to be sufficient—for it, men will mount the breach,

take up the live shells, creep up by night to the cannon's mouth, dash overboard to save a comrade or a flag. This is better at any rate than to give the garter to a man only because he is rich. I would rather hang myself with that garter than wear it for that. There is a harder warfare than that 'in the field or afloat.' It is the daily unending life-battle. What business with the cross has he who hath never borne it? What order of merit is meant for him whose whole life has been led for him by others? If you will teach by example, like history, train by example too—let us take heed of the lessons. Every stamp of Honour, ill clutched, is stolen from the Treasury of Merit. Let us have a Legion of Honour in which every soldier may be proud of his fellow. The lord that is born to 'consume the fruits' may assist in the gathering. The humblest harvester that plies his sickle better than the rest holds his hand like the rest. Give him wages, give him honour, give him stars. There is an aristocracy of human nature beyond that of land or gold. *Sic itur ad astra.*"

When the Serjeant had finished his discourse, the Captain took his cigar from his mouth, walked straight up, and clenched the Serjeant's hand. It was enough. The soldier's heart was touched to the quick, and, as they walked out to bed, only one more hand-grasp told the silent friends how much they loved the "fountain of honour."

CHAPTER VI.

THE THRONE.

THE next day was dry, but dull, as old Tony, the keeper, appeared before the Serjeant at breakfast with old Mungo—not for orders, but to give counsel and advice. For Tony had a strong spice of independence in his character, as well as his master, and professed to understand his own business as well as the Serjeant knew his—a claim which the learned Serjeant fully admitted to all juries and judges whomsoever. Old Tony was often put to cross-examinations and rough remonstrances in his conduct of the Moorish campaign. But he always stood his ground both against foe and friend, spoke shortly as an oracle, but more to the point, and always gave his opinion to the Serjeant with as much vigour as respect. He knew his advice would be followed at last, and the Serjeant knew it was almost sure to be right. Old black Mungo always gave his opinion for taking the field like a fool. If the skies had been black as a “peat-pot,” he would have sat on his hinder parts, and told the Serjeant, with a face as brilliant as sunshine in the water, that it was as fine a day for the business as could have been prayed for. It was well known, when old Tony wanted the Serjeant to make a start, he brought old Mungo’s face to back his good report. There was then a clear majority in favour of war. On this occasion, the decision was soon settled. Richard, the lion-hearted, had gone hours ago, and the two

elder friends were now soon mounted on the small war-steeds.

As the ground was wet, the sportsmen did not assemble at the accustomed spring, henceforth called "The Spring of Honour." They met at a small building with one room and one good fire, which had formerly been used as a dwelling for the miners during their stay at their work. A good spring of water still issued from the adjoining level mouth, which was almost closed by decay. Towards evening, they took a straight course homeward by the bottom of the valley, to which the birds had been driven down by the morning sport.

On arriving at the Lodge, they found Edward Langdale, the vicar, the college friend of the Serjeant and the Captain, fully equipped for dinner, and reading "King Lear" to Claire Lovaine with immense emphasis and mutual delight. The Vicar had not been so prosperous as his two ancient comrades, which had given him a little more of the pride called "sensitive" than nature had given him. But she had given him a noble heart, as big as that of the best of his forefathers, and she had allowed none to lay a hard hand on that. Nature and Fortune may be in partnership together. But there are some affairs which the old lady will not let out of her private keeping.

After dinner, the Serjeant was unusually silent, and looked rather sharply towards the Vicar now and then, as the Captain and Richard were detailing the day's adventures. The fact was, the Vicar liked to preach as well as the Serjeant, and they both were aware of that fact. However, both their sermons were often interrupted in a way which in a church would decidedly be called "brawling." It was on this account the two hosts eyed each other rather askant, like the dogs that may keep off each other for a time, but

must get to throat-work at last. The Serjeant saw this final issue, and determined to preach on. "When Greek meets Greek," the tug of war should need no preface. The Serjeant called for a bottle of port, of the year of grace 1834, as a kind of love-offering to the Vicar, and then, placing his legs on a chair, he launched forth on a subject which was sure to make the Vicar as furious as Foxglove Force:—

"We are now come to the foot of the Throne. Let us look with respect, not usurping its cushions, like irreverent Robert Count of Paris; nor roughing its velvet with steel or stick, like the Puritans; nor creeping under it, like an assassin; nor prostrate before it, like an Eastern courtier. I bear neither the Sword of State nor the Cap of Maintenance beside it. But let us look at it in a spirit of kindly regard, for the sake of her who sits on it. It is not now the bloated 'first gentleman in Europe'—it is the first lady in Great Britain. Before this type of truth let us still strew the platforms with flowered carpets, even throw down in the street, like Raleigh, the cloak of Genoa velvet.

"It might be regarded for its age. There is no article as old as this in the old curiosity shops—even in Nuremberg. You put on spectacles to look at Doomsday Book, the cathedrals, and the romantic ruins of the abbeys. This chair was before all these—before the quarry was opened for York Minster or Westminster Hall,—before the Palmers and Crusaders,—before the Speaker had any question to put to the Commons,—before the conquest of the Norman duke. It is the same as Alfred sat in—as Arthur saw in dream. The same!—yet how different! The British beech seat is turned into gold. It is all glittering with gold, pearls, and precious stones. It is inlaid with enamels, picturing many strange sights—the Thames river, with its

arches, its fleets,—with city spires and busy streets,—the Highland lochs and deer-hills,—the Irish meadows and myrtles,—the long-necked African giraffes browsing on the palm-branches,—the Himalayan girdle of the earth,—the marbled tombs and palaces of Indian sultans,—the holy city of Hindoos,—the stately march of elephants through the passes of the Ghauts,—the flight of steam-steeds through the tigers' jungle,—the tallipot-tree, folding its huge fan-like leaf,—the clustered cocoa-nuts,—Buddha's last footprint on Adam's peak, when he went to the skies, and his sovereign Dalada tooth,—the cinnamon groves,—the coffee shrub, the tamarind, and the majestic banyan-tree,—the Gibraltar rock,—the ancient temples of the lovely Greek isles,—the Niagara Fall,—the red-skinned hunters of the Huron,—the bison and the buffalo,—the boundless, thick forest,—the flag of England fixed in the Arctic ice,—the humming-birds hopping across the deep winding forest firths of the western tropic islands,—the cotton-fields and the sugar-canes,—the golden Australasian ring, inclosing what human eye hath never seen! How many sceptres stand out from its sides—from the golden rod of Aurungzebe to the remorseless club of the Zealand chieftain! How many human histories have met in this one chapter! What memorials of time, of fortune, of fallen power, are written in every inch of this aged chair!—what canopy of gorgeous work!—what carpets of figured skill!—what priceless purple!—what free offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh!—what obeisance, of Nature herself, with her flowers and her fruits! Truly, such a throne should also be held on the golden backs of strong lions, bound by the wisdom of the circling serpents, and canopied by the doves!

“In the Saxon time this old throne was set upon the flat ground amid the sitting elders. The king could barely see

his own land therefrom. In the Norman time, he saw across the Channel, but dimly and doubtfully. In the time of the first queen it was raised so high as to look across the Atlantic Ocean. Then another lift, and it saw the Ganges and the Ghauts; another, and it saw antipodes—there is nothing else to see. The throne has grown higher, but the monarch has grown less. His head was nearer the skies in the days of the Tudors; it sank in the seat as the back grew up behind, and the steps up to it were made smaller and fewer. What a throne this might have been if the great Cæsars had sat in it! That of the Spanish Charles would have been poor beside it—the earth must have bent before it with all her vassals. But this throne could not have grown so high—this crown could not have been set in so many lustrous gems if the despotic Cæsars had filled it. It would have collapsed to the ground again long before it had got to this grandeur. It is the free people that make such a throne, and that can alone maintain it—it is *their* throne.

“ Yet, there it stands, the type of princely power! What a spectral sight we have made of it! This vast sceptre that touches either pole, and bends its fine texture round the breast of the earth, it is held and handled by other men. These men are foremost to bend before it, yet their hands never leave the long rod for one instant. If it be carried to the inmost mountain cell, there is the same busy hand. It is the seat of princely courtesy; but if the royal hand is stretched out to the imperial brother, it is guided into his grasp by the Minister, as if paralysis had struck it. If it opens out its princely palm for largesse, the bounty is put into the Minister’s hat before it is thrown among the crowd. It has sometimes never got out of the hat. If it touched for the king’s evil, as in the day of Samuel Johnson, the

Minister would have half the magic. If the royal will would make a treaty, of peace or war, a duke, a new parliament, a new bishop, a new justice of police, the royal fingers are guided to write, like the dying testator's. The seals that keep the royal conscience, and the staff that is given to the constable, pass through the same hands. The same man stands at the fountain of honour, like those that serve the Cheltenham springs. Wherever you go you see this man with the crown button. No virtue can issue from the royal person without the license of the keeper. Happy may he be that can touch the hem of the royal garment when Argus is at dinner! Every sovereign act is sanctioned by 'taking the royal pleasure;' but the sovereign cannot take the pleasure of kicking the keeper down stairs—nay, cannot even appoint the ladies of the bedchamber. Yes; this great Cæsar of the earth is powerless—a prisoner on parol—with chariots, gold plate, and German bands—with healthful changes of abode—cramped even in the holiest and dearest affections of home and heart; and prompted, like the actors, by the man with his head above-board, and his body in the pit below. We imprison the monarch as if he were Bajazet, in the iron cage of ceremony, and we expect him to be mild as Moses. Nay, more, we quarrel over the custody at the very prison-gates. The gaoler may be changed, but the prison is the same. He may depart on parol, for we have drawn out the teeth from the respectable British lion, and he can hardly harm an infant. It is the life of the queen-bee, whose occupation wholly consists in caring for the future race, and whose authority is smothered in the punctilious and painful endearments of her affectionate subjects.

"Again, I say, is this real—or is it a show? What a marvel is this, to attribute almost divinity to the idol and

burn no real incense before it. Can this endure? The elder Charles that died on the scaffold—the ‘incurable dissembler’—saw this phantom from a distance, and struggled against being turned into a ghost to the best of his judgment. It was no wonder that the Stuarts looked dismally at such a sight in the Scottish mist—that the foreign monarchs stand aghast at this apparition—that the Hanoverian electors were slow to comprehend the mystery. Yet it had come to that. The second of that race ‘discovered’ that the ‘ministers are the kings in this country.’ Yes, truly, that was the fact, King George! So he went, at least, to his amours like other monarchs, with or without the Minister; and slept, fed, fared, and loved as well as he could, and made a little German realm of his own within this great realm of England. Surely a king of England may smoke in his own house, and send out for a pound of snuff without the leave of the Minister. Once he openly rebelled against an imperious minister. ‘I will go back to Hanover!’ ‘Go,’ said the keeper, with much coolness—‘go, sir; the country will not ask you to come back again.’ But he did not go. Like the rake Charles, he would not set out on his travels again. They both preferred the ‘sty of uncleanness.’

“The more impoverished in power the monarch becomes, the more abstracted from the presence of the people. This is a hard lot. The Veiled Prophet might immure himself with his hideous aspect. But here fair Virtue is put under a glass cover, lest the sun himself should see too much. The absolute monarchs walk about in the streets as if they were mercers with a fair stroke of business, or gentlemen at large, and the subjects lift their hats knowingly to their master. You might say of many an old emperor that he looked like the father of the whole family. Octavius,

Nicholas, and Francis would all do this; for they knew what a gulf lay in the Familiar land. They knew these children might at any time be whipped into the nursery, and that the wisest amongst them had no more concern with the helm of state than the man in the moon. Old Attila, the 'Scourge of God,' received the Roman embassy in a wooden chair, while his camp was clothed in gold. But when the rod has lost its divining power, the children mock at it as at a drunken constable in the streets. Therefore, you must keep this pageant out of sight, for fear of open laughter—lest much familiarity should beget contempt. When royalty is shown in public, it is done hastily, as if it were still under age, or in a hopeless state of sickness. It travels at express speed on the railways. Hence the elaborate machinery of court usages for keeping out the impertinent crowd. In America, it will rush in and slap the President on the back in his own house. Here, the mob is as large, but it must be in grand costume. The weaker the sceptre, the stronger must be the chamberlain's stick to beat back the rabble. All the grand etiquette of Spain has come down from the kings of Castile, who had no power over their subjects, and therefore intrenched themselves on the bare hill of ceremony. It is a strange business enough, be it done ever so cleverly. A review of the notable regiments! It seems almost real, after all. Look at that grave old minister, how affectionate, yet how respectful in his demeanour to that old throne! See again, that old enemy, of the Opposition—there is not a streak of treason in that smile of his! Look at the ladies! if they agree to admit superiority of woman over woman, it must be real. Above all, look at that aged figure, bent with service, with the snowy locks, yet with eyes of thought, and the look of a lion, the leader of mighty armies through

two worlds, the conqueror of another Hercules, the sagacious counsellor—he also is bending his white head before that throne as well as a Western mandarin can do it—and it will be written in history that he lived in this reign. This old hero goes home, believing the sight to be real as a battle, and not a vision. Truly, Royalty itself might almost fancy, like the barber's drunken second brother of Bagdad, that it was a real thing, and not a dream; for we carry delusion even to the grave. The great bell of St. Paul's tolls out its huge lie, the journals are edged with black, and the pulpits are covered with hypocritical cloth, when the kings are going in health and spirits from Downing Street to dinner.

“There was a time when the great king stood between two armies, and after haranguing one with speech sharp and short as his sword, fell on the other at the head of his chosen band. When that time passed, and the sceptre had swallowed the sword, the kings found something to say to the patient, faithful, hearty people. Now, the Monarch must speak the very words of the Minister—and on the solemn occasion of meeting the nation in council, these words are read beforehand to assembled dinner-guests, over wine and fruits, at the table of a minister. It was once given to the journals beforehand. But this was thought too barefaced. Yet every one knows exactly what words will issue from that throne. I think if I were sovereign, I would give the Chancellor a brave box on the ear, as the hypocrite knelt to give this speech—throw it bodily into the grand vizier's face—and give a little thunder of my own. What a splendid fiction in the land of fictions! The eight cream horses, the beefeaters, the guards,—the grave men of state, bewigged, begowned, carrying the royal symbols,—the robed peers, the blooming peeresses,—the

judges of the land,—the ‘faithful Commons,’—the jewelled crown, the bedizened throne,—the foreign ambassadors,—the burst of bells, the boom of guns, the bray of trumpets,—all brought together to listen to the Minister’s written speech spoken by a sovereign with the crown on! Is it a real crown after all? Are the diamonds genuine, or of glass? Is Koh-i-Noor visibly present? Is it Drury-lane, or is it the real thing? Is it one of Shakspeare’s kings—Hamlet’s ‘king of shreds and patches,’ or one of Hume and Smollett’s? If it be real, the Minister is the most renowned of authors, and should himself be crowned with the wreath of Tasso or overwhelmed with bouquets of roses and dutiful sunflowers.

“ But, that very day, the author is unmasked in two places, as the auctioneer says—once in the very hall where, a few hours ago, Gracious Majesty gave the speech. It is not a crown of laurel he will get, but a bushel of abuse. Even in the year of grace 1717 a member was sent to the Tower for saying that his Majesty’s speech seemed rather for the meridian of Germany. If that man had died in the Tower, his statue should have been put up in Westminster Palace. It may now be said with utter safety, in both places, that the speech is a most miserable work of art, a masterpiece of duplicity and deceit, or a scandal and a national reproach. Can insult to that Throne be carried further? To cheer with brazen throats that speech as it comes from the cushion, as the perfected expression of real royal wisdom—to snarl at it like curs as it is read again in the evening by the clerk—to refuse to the sovereign what is allowed to the felon of the scaffold, the right of genuine speech—to put into the royal mouth the words of others, and to assault the princely speech as if it were no better than an unclean ballad! Yet all this is only insult in theory. Land of noble fictions and

beautiful dreams! Thou art loyalty itself! Listen to the loyal Justice Blackstone: 'The law ascribes to the king, in his political capacity, absolute perfection; and he is not only incapable of doing wrong, but even of thinking wrong!' Is not this the law? Down on your knees, stubborn students of Plato or Payne, and be loyal! *Loyal au mort!*

"What is loyalty? 'What is a pound sterling?' asked a certain honest house-steward. Will any future minister, a hundred years hence, begin his oration by 'What is loyalty?' Let us try beforehand to find out what it is, and if any is left among us. There are a few of the pounds sterling. Is there any of the other sterling stuff?

"When one man freely gives his life for another, he is thought to give the utmost proof of his affection. He may have a more precious thing than life—honour! But it is not every one that has that—and if it be given away, it is instantly lost in the transfer. Loyalty has exacted life not only in hecatombs, as in the days of Cæsar or Timour the Tartar, but in fragments, as when the unmanly Eastern despot, in the presence of foreign envoys, ordered one serf to stab himself, and another to throw himself from the rock. Truly, there must be something noble in human nature, notwithstanding the shriekings of the sophists, and the groaning of misanthropes, or man-haters. Man has offered his life freely on all kinds of pretexts—for religions of all sorts, for mania, for enterprise, for whims and oddities, and even for the worthless tyrants. It is more difficult to live than to die.

"There is the loyalty of physical force. The Czar drives his children to the battle with thongs. The French chivalry slaughtered their own rabble at Cressy for running away, and thereby lost the battle. The yearly hundred Athenian maidens went loyally into the mouth of the Minotaur. There

was the loyalty of Seneca, when the tyrant told him to choose the manner of his decease, and he chose the bath and the opening of the artery.

"But there is a spiritual loyalty—from Thermopylæ to the Crimean cliff—without end, as without measure. The sacrificial loyalty of man to man is such, that he will not only kill himself, but the idol itself—as when Virginius slew his child, and the Roman freedman killed his master, to save from worse. The kingly loyalty has not been rare. It was natural enough. When the sovereign stamped for his legions to burst from the earth, and himself shook it with the thunder of his war-chariot or steed-tramp, a thousand breasts were bared to save the hero from the swords of thickening foes. For the man personified the principle. Men fell for glory, honour, duty, as these dwelt in their type and substance. Afterwards, when the type was lost, what was left but to reverence the abstract virtues? Loyalty sought still for what *should* have been there, but finding nothing, became obedience to the law. Personal loyalty slipped into patriotism and the cardinal virtues. The Long Parliament was vehement for loyalty when it raised the King's banner against himself—more vehement still were the men that severed the royal thread of life. The modern foreign despots have hard work to keep their heads on their shoulders. I think if I were the King of the Two Sicilies, I would rather leap at once into Vesuvius. One of the old feudal duties was to ransom the royal person. Alas! the royal person is no longer a divinity. The Bourbons kept schools, and if they could have danced as well as Augustus, King of Saxony and Poland, they might have taught that intellectual art to others. '*Mais votre majesté sait comment à danser,*' said the Frenchman to him, as he thought of exile in the midst of his orgies.

There is no thought of ransom. The bees are miserable when they lose their queens, and make a terrible hubbub. But they make another queen, the very same day, out of a common working grub. This grub, by being fed with the royal jelly for a few days, actually grows to the dimensions and properties of a true queen. It is true they have fierce wars of succession, like the human bees. Perhaps they will have a Plato too.

“In the days of true allegiance, personal loyalty is one of the virtues—when the true type is lost, a superstition. It is so in priestcraft—in all crafts. *Craft* means strength. It is afterwards forged into cunning. There is always the shouting loyalty—that rendered to Cromwell as to Charles—the loyalty which cheers equally on the road to Tyburn, to the Tower, to Westminster, or to Windsor. Consider the marriage and death processions of poor Marie Antoinette! What! when men can be disloyal to God, can you expect them to be ever loyal to kings? [“Hear, hear,” from the Vicar.] *Toujours loyal!* Loyal to what? to a deaf nut?—to a spent wine bottle? [Groan from Vicar.] Look at Charing Cross—the British Forum—on a grand day, when the royal procession is about to enter the *via sacra* to the Minster. Look at the balconies thick with lovely living flowers—the unwindowed chambers crowded with glass-gazing figures—the roofs peopled thick as with clustered bees—the pavement, and the porches, the very lamp-posts ringing out loyalty from countless throats—the very figure of the grave equestrian King Charles moved to dignified but joyous gesture. Is *this* true, or another of the land-fictions? Is it true? Speak! It is a fine day for a holiday! Look at that man smoking his pipe in the alley there in his shirt-sleeves, not a hundred yards from the wonderful show? Why is he not gone to see it? Why? Because he does

not see anybody else going to see it. He is in the cell, not in the street. Let him see one human creature run on two legs, or on three, and he will run like an ostrich. Fever is infectious, some say—others say, it is not. Fear is. A brave officer once said that just before the brunt of battle every one would run away if there were none to witness the flight. Even Turenne, when he told his trembling legs that they would tremble much more if they knew into what perilous places he was about to take them, even he would have run too, if he could have been made invisible by the ring of the magician. I am afraid loyalty is infectious too. It requires vaccination as for the small-pox. The shouting is but spent wind. What is it for? Mankind love to sing in chorus. It may be a Bacchanal song, or a hymn of the Hallelujah. We have done our best to make this aged throne but an arm-chair of state—nay, even to make revered majesty a jest. Our neighbours made a bitter jest of it in their holiday—when they crowned its king with the red cap. We have never enacted folly like that. Let us be thankful, if not hopeful.

“Again I ask, will this endure? Can a spectacle, be it ever so grand, last for ever? Or is it like the sight of those old Etruscan kings slumbering for long ages in their golden royal robes, dissolving for ever at the first breath of day? In a melancholy sense, the saying of Solon, when he declined the crown of Athens, might be repeated: ‘Tyranny (or monarchy) is a fair spot, but it hath no outlet!’ Shall Democracy, the dragon, open its wide mouth for extinction? Is the sovereign splendour dwindled from that of the sun to that of the moon, with an Irish mock moon, all borrowed; but this twice borrowed? Is the old oak utterly hollow? Can it be cased with metal stronger than gold to withstand wind and weather? It once died with dignity by the aid of

the axe at Whitehall. Heaven forbid such another decease, even though it be a fiddling Nero that hides within it, or a renegade Charles, sitting on its branches, with the Scottish Covenant in his pocket! It is not the rebellion of the barricades that is to be feared. It is the silent revolution—like that of the diurnal planet that may one day lose centripetal power and float into the furnace of the sun. This throne has weathered the great tempests; but it may sink helpless in the shining summer noon. Honour be to her that now sits on it! May honour rest on those that are to follow! But if another ‘first gentleman in Europe,’ with his brow of triple brass, with his heart of triple falsehood, were to mount it, would it bear his weight, or be merged with him in the fathomless deep for ever? I think the last, unless he could be thrown adroitly out as Jonas. Even the easy Spaniards can be shocked by royal scandals. The world must be getting better! You have overlaid this throne with gold; but you have stripped it of its binding iron. Could Jupiter have swayed his realm without his thunderbolts? Could he have made it respectable by the ‘moral forces?’ It is the hardest of all human problems. You may hedge it with pomp, but to make it the seat of living power! If I were king, even for a day, I would try to make more friends for it. I would try to get other matter put into that *Court Circular* than that I went out, like poor Louis XVI. even to the day before the Revolution, to hunt hares or to shoot partridges. Except for that *Court Circular* and the Acts of Parliament, it might be often forgotten there was a monarchy in England. I would tell that Court circle to spread out, and invite more of the Legion of Honour to the inner ring. I would have a new ring like Saturn. I would try to get the wisest men about me, if I searched my dominions of the East and the West with a bude-light

lantern : those who in the coming generations will give the chiefest lustre to the reign—the true crown treasure. These men, like those of the Old East, will not come until they see a star—not the star of the Garter, or of the Thistle—the star of true renown, the cynosure of the nations.

“ It should, indeed, be still a royal prerogative to surround the throne with real living men. That royal right is yet unsundered. That band would be faithful as the Grenadiers. But they are not grown to royal order. It is God that sows this seed when and where He lists. The despotic kings of all ages and reigns have delighted to give homage to genius. They could have ruled without that. But the crown must have the most priceless of all the precious pearls, if the king's divers went deep as the profoundest pearl-bed. This is not the throne given by the princes. It is the throne of the people. It lacks all the lustre it can get. It has a different function from that of the old feudal fictions. It is an age of reality, which mocks at spectres, ghosts, hobgoblins, and fairies. It puts all metals into the melting-pot. It disdains, like the old Gothic builders, ornament without use. But it will drink from the oldest and strangest goblet if it be filled with genuine stuff. The old mailed earls and knights knew how to defend this throne in their day. But they are all gone ; and the mail-armour hangs in the old hall like the ivy on the abbey, to save from death the old idea. Even Roland, that breached the Pyrenean rock, if he were mailed as the rhinoceros, could not by his prowess save a leg of this chair from destruction. The modern lords cannot, without instant headache, wear those old casques. If sword, shield, and gunnery cannot avail, what can ? Try speech and pen. It is a sad thought for the chivalrous that their idols must be painted

with ink. But this paint lasts for ever. It is not like Hamlet's that may be inch-thick, and peel off like an orange-skin; nor like *Rafaello's*, which may last five hundred years. The good general of this kind might be as great in his day as if he had added another Indian empire to the British crown; nay, he might save the crown itself. If you had made Robert Burns poet-laureate, instead of an exciseman, he might have sung a song for that old throne which might have been heard for hundreds of years echoing in the great national heart. But these men will not creep to that inner ring between the legs of the Lord Chamberlain, nor force it like the insolent upstarts of Mammon. When they go there, they must be welcomed as the ambassadors from the foreign powers. They may be dismissed with honour or with insult. They also may ask for passports, and send back the heralds of war. That aged throne of France, once covered with princely power, in which so many Louis kings had sat, some with such glory, some with such shamelessness, fell down before this trump of war without a blow. What can withstand the 'sword of the spirit?' It is time to have a body-guard of these swordsmen to stand about this old throne if it be meant to live. Should not the converse of genial men during princely repasts be as delicious as that of German brass bands? The very whisper of such men reaches farther into stretching time than the whole concerted chorus; nay, than the bellowed roar of twice ten thousand ordnance. Many a great prince has thought that at such times the voices of the great dead were more gracious than the music of minstrels and the chatter of courtiers.

"Above all, there should be real work—real skilled work; in these days there is no harder problem than to keep the kings respectable. Work only can do it, as with the rest of us. It is an honourable office to give tone to the man-

ners and morals of a nation—to give the ensample of virtuous conduct, and to restore in spirit the old schools of chivalry, in which the young manhood may be nurtured to real greatness, and the maidenhood to ways of winning innocence. But it is dull work to the dull workers—to keep a school. So thought Dionysius the tyrant, when he flogged the boys instead of slaying the citizens. Power may be much abused, but it can give exertion. When the Prince becomes the dormant partner, while yet in the bloom of years, he lives in a Castle of Indolence. It might still be a Palace of Power, where life might be tolerable, useful, honourable, glorious. It is a high office, even to ‘take the chair’ at the board of such a nation. It need be no mere show or spectacle. Even in the avowed spectacle or play it is purposed ‘to hold the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.’ Can this not be done on the real stage, so rich in all aids and resources, so eminent and prominent to the sight of all men? Could it not, at least, hold up the glass of fashion, and prevent the people from becoming ridiculous? If not discover the laws of science, at least invent forms of taste? Not long ago the male sex strutted about the drawing-rooms with tails like the birds. They well deserved to have back the real tails which the Scottish metaphysician asserts they have worn off by sitting. At this hour the other sex are in the public streets without covering for the head, or with a cover like a box-lid that will not shut, as though the fair creatures must always walk with their backs to sun and storm. Would that they always might so walk in this world! Can human folly go further than this? Let it be *on* or *off*, as in other concerns—as with the little heart-affairs. Can there be no crown office for decent and reasonable costumes without

depending on the foreign powers? There is an old statute which enjoins the women of England from being too quick to adopt the dress of foreign lands. How weak in invention, or in influence! Again, to give the tone of fashion to the inner person, what a noble, boundless task! To link intellect with charity, and teach her to be cautious as well as open-handed, to throw more love-seeds into the hard daily enterprises, the rough life-encounters! It was once the royal fashion to kill and oppress the human race—a fashion well followed. When the world must now be subdued by the silent arts, cannot Fashion still have her votaries? Consider how many gaping fools there are who can only be led to do a good deed by the contagion of fashion. The motive may not be good—but let us have the deed. For it may bring good, and at last something better—which may show that human nature is not incurably corrupt. If it were a fashion to be gentle and erect in conduct, as it is to drink the Cheltenham springs, the most confirmed scoffer might at last admit the charm of charity—the luxury of love. Open a well of any kind, and put up a royal pump, and cripples of all kinds will crawl to it, drive to it, sit at it, and drink of the waters. Yet these would be a poor defence in the day of peril. For we must ever come to the idea of real work. Work and wages will go together in men's minds in the most royal institutions. We cannot help that. The rest that follows labour should be sweeter than the rest which follows rest. The feast without an hour's fast who can endure in thought without shrinking? There was once a king of England who vowed he loved his dead son, the Black Prince, better than any living son in Christendom. A right royal saying! There was another crown prince, the 'first gentleman in Europe,' who professed a wish to go to the wars, but who was

thought to be too precious an article to be shot off like the common herd. Yet even if such a hero as this had fallen in fight for his country, it might have been worth a hundred years to the dynasty. Even the arch-fiend went on his great dangerous embassy himself. Was this man only like the queen-bee, whose sole office is to lay the eggs? Oh! shame! gentlemen of the jury! shame! I say. This will never do for any length of time. Alexander of Macedon has left a saying behind him which has survived his conquests: 'Nothing is nobler than work.' He was a king. He did his work too soon. It is not reserved for every prince to do likewise. God forbid it should! But if he cannot war like the lion he need not bray like the ass. If he be not the conqueror, he may at least keep himself from uncleanness. The world can be conquered by other means than by sword and shot, and this work, as Hamlet says of that of the grave-maker, lasts till doomsday."

The Serjeant ceased to speak, and to smoke—for about the middle of the speech he had filled his pipe, and thrust the port over wholly to the Vicar. The other two sipped thinner liquor, born not far from the Garonne. The Vicar had at first shown some uneasiness, and was disposed to interruption. By degrees, he became very quiet, and then thoughtful, and at last almost melancholy. After the cheer and the groan he had uttered, he filled up the last glass of port in a kind of despair, and after drinking it off as hastily as if it had been physic, he also betook himself to his pipe, which produced much comfort and self-control. When the discourse was finished, the Captain gave one of his gentle French shrugs, and began to hum the song "*C'est l'amour! l'amour! l'amour!*" The Vicar gave out one long puff from his pipe—crossed his legs—shook his head—thrust one hand deep into his side pocket—and said

slowly: "It is truly an age of irreverence! a 'generation of unbelief! The world will soon go out like this pipe. It has lived too long—and yet it is not fit to die—so long that, like the old dotards, it has lost the memory of the past, and has no eye-sight for the future. I believe the present crusading counts would usurp not merely the thrones of kings, but the seats of priests, and, if they could, would throne themselves in the very chair of the invisible God! Obedience is gone out, like the lost Pleiad. The human creature must now obey itself. It is a noble master—and the like man—and there will be the like work."

So saying, the Vicar relapsed into silence; and the Serjeant, without reply, led the way to the drawing-room of the gay singing girl of the Garonne.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PRINTING-HOUSE.

THE next day was Saturday—a superb day of September. The three sportsmen took separate beats up Meredale, and the Vicar promised to meet them at the Spring. Tony attended on the Captain, whose one arm had enough with the gun on it, without the labour of working the dogs. Richard took the highest and wildest beat, on the top of the hill, where the birds were wilder, but with the advantage of brow and syke. The Serjeant managed his sport as beautifully as his witnesses in the box, or the jury in the other box. His favourite dogs, old Mungo and young Pat, were working as well as age and youth can work together, and were directed solely by the silent waving hand of their master. The old pointer was not so active as when he first flew over the heath-flowers, but he squared his ground as regularly as a seed-sower—searching carefully all the likely places—holding his head contemptuously as he cantered over the green rushes, where he knew the game did not rest at this hour of the day—and finding many a nestling bird that impetuous Pat had missed. Often as the younger dog found game at some distance, old Mungo would stand also—yet often turning his head slowly round to the Serjeant, as if to ask him whether “there was anything in it?” Both the creatures gave credit to the other, which was seldom misplaced, except when Pat brought his master up almost breathless to fire at a lark in disgust. On these occasions old Mungo would always lie down. Once, the Serjeant had a

fine double shot at different birds found by the dogs separately, which mightily pleased all parties—except the birds. Thus, the hours of morning passed swiftly on, with the Sun streaming his light over the heather sea, and making the hills glow with autumnal splendour, the lake lying breathless in the hollow, the silent dogs tacking again and again across the crimson sea, and the alpine stillness broken by the heavy plash of the friendly distant guns.

At last, all met at the Well of Honour, and basked and banqueted in the rich September sun. After the repast the Vicar began to read a short account of the Serjeant's speech in the last case of the Northern Circuit. The Serjeant stopped this at once, by saying he would make the company another speech on the spot, and the subject should be the newspaper:—

“The world had for thousands of years been taught to express thought by written sounds—by words made from letters. These few letters, like the gamut notes, could give out a new tune every day for ever. They could not only express thought, but even assist in making it, as the Arab numerals can work out their problem. The spoken discourse might roll on strongly as the great tidal wave; but, like the wave, it dies at last feebly on the sands. It is heard by few, remembered by still fewer, and it fades away, like an echo, in the mountains, leaving no token of power. The most brazen human throat can throw its burthen but a few yards—say, two hundred yards. The listening human herd may be thick as eggs on the floor—but what is it to the living and the coming generations of men? It was, therefore, the written human speech that gave power and permanence to human thought. It is this that makes the whole human history but one individual life: without this, every man would almost have to re-conquer nature for himself.

"To write on the rock is to write on a strong parchment. But it requires a pilgrimage to see it. There is but one copy, and Time wears even that. To write on skins or on papyrus is to give, as it were, but one tardy edition, and the rich only can procure it. The Egyptians, and after them the Greeks and the Romans, could carve words on signets—the lover could send to his mistress the printed message of his heart—and the kings printed their conquests on their coins. The Chinese transferred to stereotype not only the unchanging wisdom of old sages, but also the passing events. But the process is one that tends to suffocate thought, and to hinder human progress; for there is continual wandering in the wisest minds, and Truth writes her last words, not on clean tablets, but on the scrawl that Error has made and often mended. The artificial flowers are as gorgeous as those of the gardens, and more enduring—but they are not as fragrant. Besides, it is not every flower that is worthy of such imitation. It seems to us at this time, that the world was for many ages very stupid not to have found out the true art of printing. It was, in fact, only by telling Stupidity, like the children, to *spell the words*, that the idea bounced out. The moveable letters thenceforth became prolific as the *Medusa* of the sea, that feeds the big whales. Thenceforth the orator spoke almost visibly to the whole earth-audience; and the author also wrote, like the Pope his œcumenic decrees, *urbi et orbi*, and ordered them to be posted up in all the market-places; yet he was so impervious to human sight, that, unlike the holy Roman father, he did not allow the brigands to plunder his pockets while he presumed to address the earth.

"When this great modern giant thus at last emerged from his cavern, he seemed to bring with him in either hand Truth and Justice as his adopted daughters, to lead

him out blind or blindfolded. Above all, he brought with him, as his first gift, in countless copies, the Book of Life, and showered them among the people like playbills. But it was soon apparent that the two maidens were Truth and Falsehood, both lovely to the sight, and both equally pleasing to the great genius. It also appeared that this great giant was not one of the old unpaid benefactors, like the Greek demigods, but that he looked for wages in a regular way; that he was like a parish pump, that all alike might handle, from the parson to the burglar; that, like Alexander the Great, he could shut one ear as he listened, but not, like that king, that he might save the other ear for the other suitor—rather that he had sold the one, and was in treaty for the other; that, like Cyclops, he had but one eye—at least at a time,—and could wink with the other as wickedly as a two-gun battery. But it was a giant that Hercules himself could not have strangled; and he stood in terrible strength between the two armies led by the maidens Truth and Error, and wielded it at the will of each in many a fatal field. The contest was the same as before, but the armies grew daily in numbers and equipments, and not a trophy of war was thenceforth lost. Many a noble piece of work does this Vulcan fashion, beautiful as the shield of Achilles, and as monstrous as the scythe of Death. He has forged cannon for the priests, and against them—for the kings, and against them—for the people, and against them. The evil spirit Party has made with him perpetual league, offensive and defensive; and by day and by night he is dragged out, like blind Samson, to stir the pillars of the Philistine temples.

“If the press is not the exclusive property of Truth, it creates an atmosphere in which Error finds it difficult to live. It lights up the dark places of the earth with per-

petual gaslight, so that not the obscurest corner can long be invisible. We live in streaming sunlight, into which, as into that of Dante's empyrean, we might dip our eyes for power to look better on man and nature. The old Classic heroes stalked the earth for the dragons and the lions. This Antæus lifts his iron arm against great and small. He would free the land even from the rats. Like the Nasmyth hammer, he can with the same ease kill a fly or crush a rhinoceros. He dives into all secrets, be they ever so deep. The foreign despots have their secret police. This is a sort of secret police, present everywhere, in plain clothes. Its life is visible only in its acts. It has, like the old Venetians, the lion's mouth, into which may be dropped all the gatherings of truth, malice, and wickedness; and on these its ministers must sit in judgment, and pronounce decrees. If the decree be just or unjust, it is only made valid by the consent of mankind. What can it matter that the judges are invisible, if the judgment is just? Truth may drop from the skies like the white, noiseless snows. If it arise from the gulphs below, it will have neither winter's whiteness, nor its wholesome, enduring severity. This institution has now its acknowledged box in both the Houses. It is not in the Cabinet, but it looks through the keyhole, or is hid in the chimney. Let the doors be triple bolted, and the avenues lined with armed guards, it will worm its way through stone and steel. Like the Spanish smugglers, it can scale the Pyrenean wall, and it can soften the heart of Cerberus. It can unravel the secrets of state, if they were written in double cipher. It looks into the Minister's official box, and intercepts the despatches to foreign courts. It sits invisible as Ariel in the closest conclave of houses temporal or spiritual. For a man cannot help reporting himself. If the Inquisition were sitting in

the city cellars, it would be made visible to the day as Charing Cross. If Minos held his assize in the caves of Avernus, some Æneas would be found to record his judgments. The Freemasons only escape because they have no secret to tell. As this great giant plies his restless strength by day and by night with his breath of steam, and sends his messengers in swiftest speed along the smooth iron roads, he seems truly to conquer the earth after a fashion never before imagined. All mankind seem to live under one roof, to sit at one board, and to speak out the family secrets with no fear of the eavesdropper. What amazing achievement, to make void the old proverb, that one half the world knows not what the other half is doing—to know what the world really thinks and says, and what it really is! What private calamity arises from mere ignorance of each other's thoughts! What dissensions might be dissolved by mutual confession! It is also thus with nations; with them it is also true that it is not good for man to dwell alone. It is not allowed—man will and must speak with his brother, be he black as ebony, or haughty as Lucifer. That poor, proud Chinese emperor must soon tread the floor like other kings, and give his celestial hand into the gripe of the Manchester merchant. The grandest Llama, if he be thick-veiled as the prophet of Khorassan, must uncover before the coming of the Western giant.

“It is speed that gives strength to the current of thought. The old devices—the watch-towers, the burning beacons, the fiery cross—are as extinct as the fairies. All the elves are gone, except the spirit that can

‘Put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.’

The great human gatherings by the tower of Babel, in the

streets of Athens, in the swarming Capitol or Campus Martius, in the crusading Council of Clermont, where mind might touch mind with the electric power of speech, are abolished. One whisper from this giant fills the earth as easily as Demosthenes filled the Agora. It will soon be heard at Antipodes as speedily as in the next street. This power concentrates opinion. Consider what this realm would be without it—if its speech were stayed but for one day. When poor King Charles came down with his guards to the House of Commons, and threatened revolution, the foolish outrage moved the British lion lazily to wrath; for it had to travel like the tortoise, and the great news drizzled into men's minds like a Scotch mist. Now, the news would have shaken the realm at one touch, as by an earthquake, and before Charles could have got back to Whitehall, the real revolution might have been announced. The nation truly becomes one—with one large heart, and with a pulse like a hammer. In a crowded assembly, the spoken word reaches all minds at the same instant of time, and sways them to decision at once. If they were addressed but by the canvassers, the tide might ebb and flow without result. Indecision comes from want of consenting unity in the faculties of the individual. There is the same cause of reserve in the multitude, aggravated by the evident want of outward harmonious action. But make the mass but one man, speak to it in the same common language, and there will be the sure and single response. Speech passes into thought, and thence into act, promptly, because the process of consent is performed on the spot. It is thus that the same speech, recorded by the press, may move the whole nation as one man to action, if its people are 100 or 100,000 to the square mile.

“The youth of the old world swarmed to hear the Attic

sophists. The stolid philosopher was followed through the streets by an army of disciples. There was the 'great multitude of people' that followed the Saviour. In the Middle Ages, there were the thousands of students that listened altogether, in the college or in the markets, or by the river, to the professors of Paris or Padua. Now, men are invisibly present to each other, as if they were already spiritual beings; and the man who sits in an alpine solitude among the silent herds and hills, may hurl his words to the cities and over the seas.

"From the efforts of the free press, it results that the national affairs of a free people are transacted in open day. It is an open-air diet, as in plundered Poland. The despotic kings hide their counsels in the palace-chambers, and send out their edicts from an invisible throne. They parade their power before the people in the midst of armed men, and their reviews are meant as much for the subjects as for the enemy. A free country is not meant for spectacle. They that rule themselves are conscious of their strength, and simplicity becomes splendour. The allegiance of willing hearts is beyond that of the bayonets. Conscious strength is silent. The national acts would hardly be known but for the press. The *Court Circular* prattles of the princes that have gone out to hunt, or that have dined with the aid of the German band. But the thunderers do more than this. They sit in perpetual oversight of men and the things they do, and drag to light the deeds that delight in darkness. The Athenian sage boasted that his life was so free from reproach that he might live in a house without a roof. The press can read even the thoughts of a minister, though he were silent as William of Orange. Mankind may not be better; there may be the same old love of lucre—the same lust for power—the same hunger for patronage. But there

is the constant monitor that tells the minister, as it told the Asiatic king, that he is not immortal, and that his power is but a *brief* trust. If there be trafficking in forbidden wares, the veil is drawn aside at last in the open market. The unjust thing must be justified as best it may. All are concerned in detecting the thief, and the accomplice.

“Yet the office of this police is but half done in procuring the exact reports. There is the higher charge of arraignment and judgment. The light of day is pleasant—it should also be useful. The ‘fourth estate’ is not any part of ancestral wisdom. The three others are so scientifically balanced, according to the old constitutional doctrine, that a nervous citizen might live in nightly alarm that the balance may be broken, and that the star or sun of England, so long and so often doomed to set for ever before daylight, might really disappear. This fourth power is beyond the system of the Blackstone balance. If the air could be supposed to be thick with comets, wandering among the perennial planets, rushing round the sun-goal with terrific speed, and driving into infinite space with deliberate method, lighting but not disturbing the sphere, periodical by the day, the week, the year, and the thousand thousand years—these might typify the press, from the morning leaflet to Homer or Shakspeare. The three abiding bodies roll round each other with concentric skill. The fourth is eccentric, and changes centre as easily as a chariot changes its road-track. It has no constitutional birth—it was contrived afterwards by way of supplement or superfetation. If you enter the House of Commons, and take your seat as unbidden as Banquo’s ghost, and as unwelcome, you are fined and imprisoned for contempt. But this printing-hall is as open as an Italian church. All enter by one door, from the prince to the pauper. Here at last we get to an

arena where no favour is shown—the republic of letters, where a man may make himself first consul for life. The state powers must govern according to law—this power has but to speak the truth with earnestness. The others must weigh their words to the last grain of sense—this blurts out its meaning as in perpetual water-flow. The others give the letter of the law—this its spirit; the others have no other aim than to rule well the land subject to their sway, but this claims dominion over the realm of the earth, and the universal human reason. It may have country and kindred, but it must not forget that it wields the spirit-sword that is to conquer earth and error. Patriotism is the soil on which the seedlings must be reared, but the grown trees overshadow the earth, and reach high up to the heavens.

“The statesman has the word ‘expediency’ ever in his desk—the argument of the day—the compromise of the two contending storms or streams—the courtesy towards the foreign friends; but the printing genius looks calmly into the coming times, holds up its own banner in all seasons, and is content if it advance but one inch at a time through the world’s rough wilderness. The statesman may look for safety only—but this looks over the heads of the consulting elders, and brings themselves to its bar. This bar is more dangerous than that of either of the Houses. How many have here been found guilty that have held up their heads as high as the martyrs!

“But for such a post it is required to ‘rise to the height of this great argument.’ This pen weighs more in the scales than the Gaulish sword of Brennus, and it is sharper to the touch. But it should be of sterling gold. If there be those who blow the silver trump of truth with the blast of Boreas, there are enough who play only on the tinkling

cymbals, or beat the hollow drum. In this calling also there is wanted what seems to be the rarest of human virtues—honesty. Here also are the friends of faction puffing flames of falsehood. The satirist and the statesman alike agree in saying that each man has his price. If gold cannot win, there is a brighter bribery than that. There is the honest poison that does its work at once—and there is the venom that is given daily, but is not the less deadly. There are those in these days who can live on it, like the old king of Pontus, as on food. The ‘bravest of the brave’ may be flattered into stolid allegiance. The minister’s smile is more fatal than his scorn. The god of war himself was once caught in Vulcan’s finely woven net—made by Vulcan, imagined by Venus. How subtle are those threads which can enravel strength. The amiable mouse that released the lion cannot gnaw the adamant, yet the great invisible wizard can be made subject to witchcraft too. It is thought, woman carries her secret at the end of her tongue; for her spirit is open as a sunflower. Man makes a terrible mystery about everything, and loves to sit enshrined in vapour like the ancient priestess. Conceive the ‘able editor,’ the incorruptible, and the minister, sitting together in this mystic cloud. The cloud breaks for one instant and reveals the two gods in apparent council. Which is the confessor? Which the penitent sinner? Perhaps, like the priests, they confess to each other. That foolish old French duke, the dupe of the ‘diamond necklace,’ with old dead sires that could smile only like steel, satisfied his ancestral soul with unutterable delight that a queen had nodded to him from her chapel-pew. What a secret is man himself! Woman may be weak and vain—what is man? Look at that noble figure that seems to have leaped from the canvas of the old painter, and to have the will of Hercules. Look

again, and you will see the unsteady corpulence in his face—alas! he is weak as water and shall not prevail. Look at that other thin, womanly figure, that might have passed secreting among the maidens better than Achilles; this man is a very god of war, and has a will as resolute as the sleeping sea. Mix these two together in their perfections, and the name will still be Frailty. Burn the smallest grain of incense before it and the perfect man will sniff at it as if he were a god. Burn more, and more, and more, till you get the good flame, and you are his priest for ever after the order of the Orientals. In the East they prostrate the body when the soul is full of rebellion. In the West the spirit passes to its bondage when the form is erect as Lucifer, and men exchange consciences as easily as snuff-boxes. The philosopher who complained to Hadrian that he could not dispute with a man who commanded forty legions, might have been entirely mesmerized by the scent of imperial praise.

“This fourth estate should have as true a representative as the other, for it is a governing power. The perpetual daily dropping wears out the most obdurate spirit. A man is caught at all times—in the sour and in the sweet—in the cheerful and in the discontent. The daily stock of ready-made opinions is laid out for him as regularly as his letters or his linen. The friendly messenger will enter at once into the matter, or it will wait for hours, dumb as the desk. He may unroll the thunder whenever he likes—it is as safe as the canister of preserved meat. If he shake his head one day, he may nod it the next. He may smile, shrug, sneer, and sigh. Surely some shaft must hit the golden bull’s-eye—surely this is real power, and should be wielded by real men. The chair in which this editor sits may be more solid than that of the minister. Has he not also his staff of the

cabinet, and of the field, his home secretaries, foreign ambassadors, and special envoys to foreign states? Has he not in his hand the threads of policy and diplomacy that circle the globe? This desk might be a real pulpit for preaching gospel-truth. Nay, he is required even to prophesy to the people—to study the issues of human life before they are fully born. The pure intellect is not alone sufficient for this work—truth is also visible to the moral sense. It should be a double eye-glass, and both crystals should be clean. The editor is visored in truth; for it is the pure, unmixed essence of truth that must be rendered back. It is heard, but it is not seen; it is weighed for its own worth, and not for that of the writer; the one may perish to-day, while the other may live for ever.

“It is a trade, or profession carried on for hire! Yes, certainly! Is it not so, in some sense, from the street-sweeper to the archbishop? May not all labourers be worthy of their hire? Cannot the lawyer keep an honest tongue in his head? Must the parson always be taxed with simony? There are counterfeits in all trades, from the alum-milk up to—where? where not? The electors thought they had got a genuine article when they sent up our friend, the Hon. John, to the House. What is he? What is that wretched old peer with his feet in the grave, and his eye as full of unwholesome lust as his father’s was full of noble desire? It is with the utmost difficulty that men get what they contract for. In all trades the most valuable part of the stock or capital is honesty—by all means be honest. Proclaim this to all from the housetops, like the muezzin that calls to prayer.

“The hack-author, like the hack-horse, is often blind in one eye from abuse. Faction, too, often puts out the other, and the poor man is robbing when he thinks he has only

handled his own hat. There are enough that deliberately rob, and murder too—enough that can lie like Lucifer—enough that can torture like Dominic; but it was worse a hundred years ago, and it will be better a *hundred years hence*. My firm belief is, that men will be made more honest—even that the bishops will improve. Oh! gentlemen of the jury! *you* know when you see an honest man in the box, and an upright judge on the bench. Be ye honest too!

“The town mouse is daintier than the country mouse. It is still a sad business, this matter of the ‘provincial press.’ With some exceptions, there is no ability, and no moral power. The ‘able editor’ puts his foot, like the Alpine traveller, into the steps hewn for him by the guides. The stupid people are often honest—this is one of Nature’s compensations—but here is almost the bribery direct. Order a hundred copies of the next number, and you will get a character made to order, or an old one revived—a prize-fight substituted for a speech—a parish squabble magnified into historic grandeur. The quack doctors, clean and unclean, have regular contracts. The advertising touters come into the offices as boldly as the tax-gatherers. The stewards of the country houses send the family events of arrival and entertainment as for a court circular. The silly speech of the Hon. John is set up in large type, with ‘cheers’ and ‘loud cheers’ manufactured by the printer’s devil, when that of the poor witty opponent lies entranced in the reporter’s book, and cannot be got out by any human contrivance.

“It requires a great effort to be honest, but it must be made. It is very costly to keep any respectable kind of conscience, besides the trouble of continually looking after it; for the perfect conscience, drawn by the two steeds Truth and Justice—dame and daughter—is the only one that

needs no driving. It moves easily as the globe itself between its two invisible forces. But the other, one-horse conscience is a stubborn brute, that is thrashed, kicked, and cursed with as many oaths as a Spanish mule, and will not go right at last. Cost what it may, we must have this article. It is not every one, says Horace, that can go to Corinth. It is not every one that can keep a pack of hounds, or a mistress, or even a wife, or a domestic chaplain. But, thank Heaven! there is yet no exchequer tax on consciences. They are exempt, like the cats—partly because they might be ‘laid down,’ like a carriage; partly, because the exchequer, even with the best microscope, cannot see the present stock.

“Yes, ye heralds of the day! though your speech be ever so short, it shall be true, according to the measure of your intellect. Wait till the pupil-teachers, the lower ‘ten thousand,’ bring their hosts into the field—wait till the generations grow up to real maturity, less than a hundred years hence, and ye will be found to speak the truth and to act justly; for honesty shall be the best policy even in this. Ye may make a good living and be honest as the day. Speak the truth, or give up the business. Heaven may forgive you for being dull. Beware of the wilful blindness, and malicious hatred! for that is indictable in the courts below. Men have had their ears cut off and their noses slit for printing the truth. Shall there be no pillory for falsehood? The world will never be better till we discover more of the ores of truth. I would march to those ‘diggings’ myself. Nay, it lies everywhere, common as the clay—beside us and below us—if we will but stoop to pick it up.”

The Vicar declared that the discourse might have done honour to the best pulpit in the land. Tony, the Captain, and Mungo, were all asleep. The Captain’s honest, smiling face told he had gone to dream-land with the truth shining

in it from the Serjeant's sun—and not long ago. Tony's quick grey eye as it opened, instantly discovered that two dogs were missing—Pat, and his parent, Fan. After fruitless search and whistle, Tony slipped down the side of the hill, towards the tarn, about half a mile, and looked over the steep, short scar. After looking awhile, he beckoned quietly, and all the sportsmen came down to the cliff. There Tony showed them the two liver-coloured dogs, almost hidden in the heather, in a very steep part of the scar, face to face, within a yard or two from each other—the dog, on the lower side, with his fore-feet clasping the shrub, and a hind leg hanging in the air; the dam, on the upper side, flat on the belly, with difficulty hindering herself from a fall, both intently gazing on the spot between them, heedless of time and landscape, of the voices of waters or of men, without a muscle moving in either of the mute, obedient creatures, as if they had been fixed there by the beast-stuffer! They must have been there at least twenty minutes. A beautiful sight, without doubt, even to those who could not tell a grouse from a gull! With some difficulty one of the men scrambled down, and took up a dead bird that lay between the dogs, that had been wounded, and had gone there to die. Then, but not till then, the dogs relaxed their gaze and their grasp, and slipped slowly down, exhausted, into a hollow just below the scar. Old Mungo seemed to understand the scene at once. Old Tony screwed up his face into a singular grimace of silent delight as he was wont. "Truth," said the Serjeant, "is earnestly regarded, even when it is dead." "It reminds me of your printing men," said the Vicar, "who are afraid to touch Truth even after its death, as in the case of *Ass v. Dead Lion*;" and taking one of the guns, and one old dog, he went on a private cruise by himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHURCH.

THE next day was the day of rest; the Vicar was the chaplain, and all the inmates of the Lodge were assembled for divine service and communion, in a room which was always called "The Chapel." There was no sermon. The Serjeant therefore proposed to preach a sermon for the day at the Foxglove Force. The Captain and his fair child, the young squire, the Serjeant, and the Vicar, took their way after luncheon, to the Force. It was a sequestered, beautiful spot. A dyke of basalt crossed the stream here, and occasioned the fall. After a leap of forty feet, the stream rested in a large oval clear bath, where the rocks were covered with shrubs and profuse flowers. The crevices and ledges were clothed with the rowan-tree, full of red berries, juniper, and bird cherry-trees. The enchanter's nightshade (*Circæa alpina*), and the golden-rod flourished among the stones, and the level parts were covered with a dark carpet of potentill (*P. fruticosa*), with its innumerable golden flowers, and the bells of the cross-leaved heath (*Erica tetralix*). The cranberries and blackberries were clustering in the rocks, and the saxifrage starred the small springs with its white flowers. At a short distance from the fall, on the edge of a hanging rock, there was a roofed summer-house. The ground was so much broken that the cattle were provided with bells, and the sound of these bells, from the sharp to the deep tone, was almost as varied and cheering as in Alpine pas-

tures. Here, all were seated pleasantly in the shade, and the Serjeant opened his discourse on the Church—with Mungo between his legs, who speedily went to sleep, as naturally as if he had really been in a good Protestant pew.

“Let us step from the hot streets into the church. Ye sojourners in the land of the southern sun! ye only can know the magic of these words. Here at last is rest without the weariness—silence without solitude—refreshing coolness as on the Alpine brow—lonely majestic aisles as in the Jungfrau valley—fragrance like that of the leas—strains as soothing as those of the humming-bees—and the outer world can be seen only through the glowing garments of apostles and saints. Sit on the cool marble, and observe the symbols of Christian history, the mysteries of the Christian life, and the Madonna face enshrined—

‘To teach with look of purity
Love’s winning ways.’

“This is the church visible. Is this the type of the real Church militant? Hush! Silence in the church! Hush! If you whisper against the rector in his own church, you may be brought up for brawling. Come to the garden of the Villa Borghese, and we will talk of it as we look on the site of two earth-empires, and I will show you two wider reigns than these, which may exist together.

“When the old sophists had ceased to make men wise as Socrates, dutiful as Cato, hopeful as Plato, and the world had cast off the old skin of belief, and had contrived no other in its place, there rose the star of Bethlehem. The Romans looked for Marcellus—the Hebrews for a conquering king—but the shepherds of the hills only sang the true king-hymn when he came. The expected conqueror was but a martyr—and he delivered his disciples for ten generations to fire,

sword, torture, and temptation. Terror spread his wings over this Church till the old Roman eagle tore him from his place—and Christianity sat on the throne of the West and the East. Now, surely the promised reign of universal love hath come! Read the story of that first Christian emperor, and shut the book. The Christians are no better than the heathens—nay, they are heathens still. Julian ‘the apostate’ thought so too, as he flew on his fleet horse from Britain to the throne of the Bosphorus, through the thick German forests. When these forests also sent forth their conquerors, and the first Rome fell before them, and chaos came again, another bold hand restored the Empire and the Church. The barbarian world took up Christianity with their swords. Will the swords bring the reign of peace this time? Read the story of that emperor, and of his successors, and shut the book again. The first Christian priest becomes himself a king, with all the courtly appendages of pride and power. The world was cast in the feudal mould; the Pope became a suzerain of spiritual manors, and his priestly militia, separated from the people by celibacy, but licensed to lust like the Naples soldiers, stationed like the constables in every township, herded in monastic garrisons, were enlisted, not for forty days’ service, but for life. They served him but too well. The success was too great, and the conquerors were too secure. There was peace—but like the elder Romans, *solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*. Another king arose, of another stamp, and erected a rival republic. Then began the great Christian civil wars, with their martyrdoms and massacres. At last the two camps divided Europe between them, and the sword was sheathed at last. But there was no real peace. The war of words was wilder than ever. There was strife between the old camps—and also in each camp against

itself. In the one, union covers the surface, with the great fire-gulfs visibly below the crust. In the other, the fist is shaken instead of the sword. Disunion severs the living, and would also sever the dead lying in their still graves with durable walls of division. In all the Christian lands, it may still be said, in a future sense, 'Thou shalt have the heathen for thy inheritance.' The scoffers ask, scornfully, 'When will this Church become Christian?' and send, in their day of remorse, like Alexander, not for priests, but for the sophists to cheer them. Everywhere are associations established for performing the express work of the Church. Nay, there is 'the Christian Association, with branches in Germany, France, and America,' for converting the Church itself to Christianity—and the Evangelical Alliance for preaching charity to the churches. Should the Church of Christ not itself be a society for carrying the gospel into effect? an adequate asylum for the matrons Faith, Hope, and Charity, and all their issue?

"Read this record of Christian philosophy—that thin book—'no ticker tan de tumb,' as the old Knight of Malta called it, yet holding more than all the three hundred tomes of Epicurus—the condensed code of Christian law and practice—full of wisdom, power, charity, and 'the service of perfect freedom!' If the practice does not correspond with this code, where lies the blame? It cannot be in the code, for the wisdom is not from man.

"It appears, then, that the most sacred missions cannot be fully accomplished without the adequate human means. Society runs in moulds—as the spirit itself is cased in the corporal essence. The pure abstract ethereal thought cannot exist by itself. Spiritual life may linger in these forms, as the useless paralytic lingers in his bed, waiting for resurrection. If the life is active, the form is but the

thin leaf-skin—if the life be inert, the form is the thick shielding husk—but if this life be clasped in winter, when the world around expands in summer glory, it is certain that the fault is in the form, and that the human institution is not duly fitted for the diviner element.

“What is the present state of this English Church? It is ceasing to be national. Dissent has preyed upon it so long, and with such tenacity, that in many parts there is little left but the bare bones. Who shall once more breathe life into these bones and bid them live? Who shall say ‘Arise! take up thy bed and walk?’ It is not the sick only that love the bed. After the Revolution had established toleration, the Church worthies consoled themselves with the spoils of conquest, and became drowsy as the gorged Alpine vultures. The remnant of the old Puritans also became peaceable as Poundtext. They respectfully declined the overtures of the Dutch deliverer for reconciliation; for their leaders had arrived in the bay of Content. Now and then they might be eloquent and zealous; but Comfort, with her arm-chair, her hot supper, and her gentle persuasion, prevailed over those who would have bent neither to Cromwell nor to Charles. The State was not very bright in the following days. The Hanoverian kings looked on the Church as of the nature of a house chaplain, that ought to take his glass and his joke with the rest, and have the sense to see a great many strange things going on without saying much about them, except to his college chum. But it was discovered, after all, as in so many like cases, that the world could not get on without a religion, and that man was by nature prone to some kind of piety. Even in their sleep they could not help crying out for the comforting voice of God. Wesley and Whitfield were the prophets who went out, like the Baptist, into

the wilderness. But the kingdom was not yet come. They sounded the *reveillé* trumpet into the hearts of the humble, who are always first to bare their breasts to the storm—they took off the cream of human feeling—but the effect on the whole Church militant as a regular array, was to disband, and not to hold together. The old Church, thus rudely accosted, stared awhile at its brother, the good old State, and sank on its breast full of security, seeking, like the sluggard, for a little more slumber, and leaving the hard warfare to the irregular troops. But the thoughts would not slumber, and there was misgiving within. The rich mean man, caught in his knavery, may slap his hand on the pocket that holds his purse. But compunction will come even to the rich. The day of lucre-love is not yet spent—like summer's golden days it may be most gorgeous at the setting. But the evangelical spring bubbled up in the desert, and began to water the land—not in the open, shifting, irrigating sward-channels, but in the stiff state-pipe aqueducts. The many-headed people still cried out for bread, and they got stones. If a new church was to be built in some busy place, the incumbent, the patron, the bishop, and the vestry sat upon the scheme so long, that when it was at last reared, the congregation had all gone to the new Methodist chapel that had risen like Aladdin's palace, but which was not quite so beautiful. Wherever the population was numerous, the Church at once lost almost all, except those who thought it more respectable to go to a church, in like manner as they would have preferred to ride in a neat coach rather than in the carrier's van. The revival within wanted both depth and breadth. The revivors were themselves so strangled in the gripe of power that they could not breathe the free air into others. It was a frozen fanaticism, that would neither flow nor

strike fire. Then arose another band of revivors within the camp itself, who proposed to purge it by once more unfurling the old priestly banners, and covering them with the hieroglyphic traditions. Once more, there was the war of stole and surplice—of cup and plate—of credence-table and cross—of rood-screen and altar-work—bending the knees and breaking the bread—the old ‘tippet scuffle,’ as John Milton called it;—but also bringing with it the graver matters of the law—the priestly succession—the charm of sacraments—the picture-worship—the Madonna adoration—the power of prelates—and the impotence of the people. These men were clothed in ponderous armour—somewhat ancient, though well cleaned—but they forgot the sword that pierces to the spirit. What availed all these heaps of learning, when the human rebel persisted it was only rubbish! what availed all the rapturous histories of saints, when he insisted they were but fables—the sanctity of relics, symbols, and vessels, when he would handle all almost as irreverently as his own hat! It was so—be it right or wrong—and the priests, for default of penitents, have had to confess to each other. The people absolutely refuse this sort of belief, as one they cast off long ago. They have not gone much forward since that time, but they will not step back an inch. These were leaders without an army, and at the first brush they were dispersed—some in their flight to leap the fearful chasms that lead to absolute unbelief—to moral death—others to trot pleasantly on the road to Rome—and the people still cry out for bread.

“Meanwhile, Dissent has grown to be a full-grown lion—stronger than the other because it is free from the State bonds—and there is the same immeasurable wilderness still before both. The country has yet to be converted to Christianity. The Church alone, in its present state, is

powerless for such a work. The Protestant Dissenters in later times number nearly one-third of the people who attend public worship—throughout England and Wales about one-half: the heathen are about two millions, that is, those who might attend public worship and do not attend. Amongst the heathen are the philosophic sneerers who would sap the fortress with slow delay—the fiery beleaguering unbelievers who would mount at once—the wary marksmen that shoot while they stoop—the generals that detect every weakness in the walls. Among the defending force, are those who are wearied with the slothful siege when they should be themselves charging the enemy in the open plain, and ploughing the black ranks with the furnace-heated balls—and those who fight only against their will, and care no more for the citadel than for the Chinese wall—who can say to it: ‘I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink.’ Harken to the bishops on the Day of Humiliation (March 21st 1855). The Salisbury bishop tells the House of Lords, he deplores the divisions of the Church, and chiefly (mark this!) that the clergy were more blameful than the laity. The London prelate, speaking in St. Paul’s Cathedral, remarks: ‘The studied exclusion of religion from the ordinary transactions of society—the absence of all reference to the sovereignty of God, and to the sanctions of his gospel in the public acts of government—the perversion and prostitution of genius and learning in the service of immorality and irreligion—and the miserable religious divisions that separate sincere Christians from each other, even in the Church itself.’ What! is it come to this? Is there need of another reformation of religion in the land? Is this the end of the three hundred years marriage of Church and State? Bishops, priests, and deacons! where have ye been?

Thirty-nine Articles, Books of Homilies, Prayers, and Articles! Houses of Parliament—full bench of bishops, with wig and apron, sitting in the Lords' House, beautiful to behold!—still more beautiful as they lay their hands on the children! Doctors of canon law and divinity! Courts Prerogative and Consistory! Respectable Houses of Convocation! Colleges of clergy, reverend scholars, and Protestant monks! Is it come to this, indeed, after all? Has your machinery hopelessly broken down? Do the wheels, great and small, refuse any longer to move round? What then? What next? A new power—a new machine, I say, that will make the very walls vibrate with its strength, and shake the site of the town itself. 'Born again' is the word. A wicked fellow once fell asleep as the stout rector was preaching. 'Why do you sleep, you idle fellow,' says the rector. 'Why don't you keep me awake with your speech?' says the vagabond. Certainly! what is the purport of all this machinery but to keep men awake, and to rouse them to Christian life? The fire from heaven should waken men from their slumber, if it burnt the very pews with its wrath, and roused them as a midnight conflagration. Eutychus slept while Paul preached; but he would now have a better excuse for slumber. It is not Christianity that is in fault—it is the Christian Church. This Church should be the bride of Christ, and not the suspected spouse of the State. Listen to the sermon of John the Baptist: 'And now also the axe is laid to the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.'

"Consider the real state of this matter. Is it credible that in this Protestant society the people are without power? From the archbishop down to the young deacon-curate there is a regular descent of clerical rule, but all

expect to rule over the people. The laity are supposed to be steeped in hopeless ignorance. Let us begin with the parish life. The parish should give the truest ideal of the Christian Church. All the hierarchy and the higher spiritual powers are established for bringing the Christian faith and practice to each man's door—to present this miniature everywhere more profusely even than the Russian czar sends his own image for admiration. What is the Church without the congregations?

“The parish is the base on which the whole fabric rests, which might embrace within its compass, education, charities, discipline, the kneading together of rich and poor—in short, the charms of the whole beautiful Christian life; all these are within the scope of the Christian Church, yet it is dissolute as chaos, and no atom will join another. It is the old feudal tale again. The parson is the lord of the spiritual manor, but he has too often lost his courts, his allegiance, and his power—all but his fees, his tithes, and his glebe. This power depended on opinion. All is changed but the men themselves. The church is empty, but the faith is pure! There are still many bright spots in rural England where the glebe is green—the church clothed in antique sobriety, in the loveliness of age, the church-yard full of ancient elms and young roses—where the living think with reverence of the happy dead—the rich linked to the poor by the clerical chain of God-like charity. It is the man that makes and mars. The large-hearted patriarch that folds to his bosom his children as his family in Christ—be his faith as fervid and inflexible as that of Dominick or Ximenes—be he steeped deep in the lore of the old fathers as an Oxford monk—may still be the reverend father of his faithful flock. There is no more beautiful sight than this on the face of the earth. But it

depends on the man and not on the system. Yet look on this other picture which England has so often witnessed, A Daniel come to judgment from the college of augurs!—a beardless boy fresh from the patristic cells, who knows as much of the real English life and manners as his mother's pet puppy. This poor lad, fresh from the college pump, fresh from the hands of the bishop, full of strange, restless, and unsteady zeal, starts forth into his first parish, covered with an enormous hat, and robed in long outer garments, with as much self-exaggeration as if he had been born with a cardinal's hat on his head. Wherefore wonder if the rustics cannot help thinking that he might do for frightening the crows? He seduces the silly old rector from his propriety, and they begin by Gregorian chaunts, new and unwonted change of liturgy, strange bowing and bending to the East, and discourses like those which King James said had this likeness to the word of God that they 'pass all understanding.' Yet this boy, ignorant of the world, of himself, and of all wholesome learning, is set up as the 'discreet minister,' the spiritual guide and counsellor of men laden with years and experience. The religion of daily life is made to consist in cabalistic signs or symbols, enforced by strained appeals to the usages of old dead days that will come no more on earth than the buried ancestors will come again to their pews—as a system, meant rather to perplex the understanding than to purge the heart. Christianity, with all its lovely simplicity, becomes a craft. The rustic smiles or sleeps. The stern solid stirring man of business wishes from the very bottom of his big heart that they could stop that shrieking penny trumpet for ever. The forbearing scholar stops his own ears in wandering among the dreams of his own phantasy. Even the aged spinsters shake their grey curls as magnificently as Jove himself.

The churchwardens are bewildered. The young ladies are charmed with the altar embroidery and the patristic oratory. But what says the sedate old sire that has waited for the spiritual manna to drop into this splendid wilderness? What thinks the man who has halted during a long life between the two opinions that have divided his heart? What says the wicked old unbeliever to the new troops that line the citadel of faith? Oh! ye German Strauss-sophists! that write the life of Jesus like that of Socrates and Mahomet, how poor is your philosophy beside that of the boys of the brimmed hat, and flowing toga! There was once a boy that confounded the wisdom of the Scribes and Pharisees and purged the temple from the thieves. There was once a boy that slew Goliath the giant by the slender sling. What are these beside the beardless doctors of Israel, than can launch anathema against the infidel and fumble the thunderbolts of Innocent and Gregory!

“Yet there is no remedy. The manorial lord is supreme in the house of God, though out of it he be despised as a bankrupt. He may perform the Gregorian chaunt—though his voice be shrieking as the Highland pipes. He may go through as many antics on his small stage as an Arab tumbler, may turn every phrase of that noble liturgy into grief and bitterness, and may preach against his parishioners as if they were rebels or ruffians. What is the end of all this? What other can there be but the bowing out and the preaching out of the congregation—some to stay at home, some to become Dissenters, some to become worse! They have no voice in these affairs. It is a long, long time ago since their power departed. There is the shadow of that power in the Churchwardens, as there was in the imperial Roman tribunes; and, like the Roman rulers, the clergy have managed to keep up the shadow, and to transfer

the substance to themselves. The yearly reports of these Churchwardens to the Bishop might persuade the episcopal mind that the English Church was the most successful institution on the face of the globe. These are the mandarins that give their false tales to the deceived rulers. But if some meddling mandarin asserts the popular right, what is the limit of his power? To arrange the church ornaments—to pull down the Ten Commandments for a fresh reprint—to remove the crosses or the candlesticks—and to drag the parish through all the diocesan dirt into the Privy Council Chamber! His reports on the state of the parish, be they never so eloquent, if they ever reach the episcopal ear, will be heard with the complacent smile of Jove listening to the vows of lovers. What, indeed, can the spiritual suzerain lord accomplish? He may thunder like Jove, but it is with blank fire-balls. If this parish be miserable as Pandemonium, the bishop can only persuade, like the chiefs of the fallen fiends. Persuade! Just look at that fiery old fellow, with a face like a black-letter folio, in patristic hat and garments, crect as the church-steeple, with eyes that would eat up a tithe pig, and who glares on his parishioners like a tiger—or at that other fat-faced, full-bodied, simple old fool, who was thrust into the Church in the good old days because he was not bright enough for anything else, and who has now got it into his silly old head that the holy office should set stupidity on a parochial throne—as if the parish, like the old Egyptians, would worship an old ape—will the successor of Paul and Apollos persuade such as these? No—not Paul himself—not an angel from Heaven! You may as well ask them to give up ten per cent. of tithe. These men know, or are taught, exactly what they may do, and what they may not do with personal security. Their sermons may be full of spiritual obedience, but they laugh

at episcopal power with as much insolent defiance as if they were disguised Jesuits. They know their Scylla and Charybdis—immorality and false doctrine. If the reverend man can but walk reverently with Morality, the goodly matron, or with the mask that resembles her, his whole inward life may be a lie. False doctrine—what is it? Ask the Articles—the book of Common Prayer—the Canons—the Acts of Parliament—the divinity doctors—the proctors and chancellors—the Diocesan and Prerogative Courts—the Court of Arches and the Privy Council! How poor in intellect is that man who cannot disguise thought in subtle words as easily as throw a hook into the deep sea. Poorer still in his profession is the divinity doctor who cannot turn over as much ecclesiastical rubbish in a day as might cover a sea, and bury the forbidden thought for ever. For every *yea* he can bring a *nay*—for every *nay* a *yea*—and they may keep up the see-saw till the earth herself shall lose her balance. There are men that will rush into this dim deep ocean as eagerly as the martyrs into the fire, and who would delight to drag the bishop in too. But the bishop will not leap in with all his family. It is too much like leaping into a grave. If he be wary or worldly, he buttons his pocket, and calls over his children and looks at the family plate. If he be ever so generous, he thinks how many churches might be built, how many curates might be fed with the lawyer's fees. The country has given him the means of episcopal maintenance. Is he to spend his substance in the luxury of litigation, his life in the splitting of spiritual straws? It were better for him to pick oakum like the prisoners at once. The law provides no fund for litigation, as for repairs. A bishop is not bound to ruin himself in following a shadow. It is true, the parish may raise as much money for law as

would build up all its charities for a century, and subscriptions might drop from the faithful from all the orthodox corners of the land. It is refreshing to see the generous alacrity with which mankind of all sects will rush into the lion-mouth of the law, if a little finger be but laid on the cushion where conscience rests. But if the parish fire cannot be kept bright by fuel, it may smoulder in smoke. The vicar has his own way in the church; out of it, he can but walk on the way between his dwelling and the church. He is the lord of the realm; but it is without subjects. He lives alone. The indignant neighbours stand aloof, and say as God once said to the Hebrew tribe, 'Ephraim is given up to idols; let him alone!' Henceforth there is a gulf between them, which is closed only when the grave is closed too. Henceforth this man can never more do one good thing in that fated domain, if he lived till the millenium. But there can be no divorce. They are wedded for life—'till death us do part.' Though there may not be a man or boy in the parish who would not throw up his hat high in the air for joy at the departure, he will gather the tithe rents, and preach to the pews for long, long years. For so long will the old childhood memories be marred, the ancestral graves unvisited, except for another hasty burial, and the familiar old church chime fall wrathful on the ear as the snarl of the curs. What other parish will receive this martyr with open arms? or what minister will undertake to whip these rebels to obedience? Will he resign? Will he resign the Athanasian creed? Will he drive in a cart to the workhouse, or, like the deposed Dionysius, keep a school? He will keep the law, and his living. In any other Christian community there would be divorce when reconciliation is hopeless. But here they must drag on to the end. The parish is becoming a spiritual wreck. The church is with-

out rates and repairs—the school without scholars—the poor without a friend—the sick without the helping prayer. The vicarage, like its master, is in good condition, the flowers bloom in the garden, and he wanders among them like a bee that has no other toil but to drain the silver cups. Oh! gentlemen of the jury! I declare solemnly I would rather be a tithe sheep, and bleat to the skies, than stand in such a pulpit and preach to the pews; to give men stones for bread—for wine to give them vinegar. Yet this man cannot be touched but by the bailiffs. ‘There is no days-man’ between him and people. It is not the church of the people. It is *his*—as much as the vicarage-house. The bishop himself, if he roar like a lion, or speak softly as a maiden, cannot turn this man out of his church. It is the old feudal chain, with the links broken—severed. On one hand and on the other, the parson is still a complete idea and organization in himself. It may be a living light or a living fossil.

“Even if there be no just ground for absolute divorce, this couple may be badly yoked and very unhappy. It is true, many virtues may spring from the forced forbearance. Necessity has more children than Invention. But this parish minister, like the parish pump, is meant more for the public use than for himself. If this pump gets out of order, not all the present power of State or of Church can put it right. Time and Nature, the great artisans, must attend to the job, at the cost of the complainants. The New York burghers once bungled about a pump, in marches and counter-marches, in column and in platoon. They wanted to get off the spot altogether; but the general always managed to bring them up to the pump—the everlasting pump—till they were told to rush on ‘pump or no pump.’ Thus, also, the parson too often is the pump. He meets you at every turn. If he is not the good genius of the parish, he is the great obstructor.

It is not he that stirs, he is fixed as the pump; but you find him ever in the way. The wrong man in the wrong place, without the right of amendment! What a homily one might preach from the church-pulpit on this point! Oh! gentlemen of the jury! this is a world where we are ever putting one another right, and going wrong ourselves! To think that this church, born of God and wedded to Christ, should be doomed by man to be such a slut; how it is forgotten that it is God that gives the jewels, and man that must fashion their casket. The Church is not ruled visibly by angels or prophets. It depends, like other institutions, for its efficacy on human endeavour. There is a Christian church that claims and asserts the direct God-guidance. There are some among ourselves that profess to breathe the spirit that shook the chamber of Pentecost. If it were so, should not the issue be different? Would history not paint a church, interior and exterior, beautifully as the poets—eloquently as the orators? Would the wrong man be in the wrong place, without the power to get him out? Here is a man thrust into the rectory that should have been an Oxford monk, allowed to feed daily on the doctrine of the Fathers, like a silkworm, till his cocoon is made perfect, but battling hopelessly with furious men that care no more for the Fathers than for an old hat. Here is another, shut up in the canons' close, sifting all the cathedral leases and reckonings, the terror of estate bailiffs and trembling vergers, tossing down old crusted port as easily as the chapter folios, whose strong will and heroic voice might have quelled a parish meeting as easily as Cæsar; or burst through the Indian jungle as boldly as Paul, and tamed the heathen if they were fierce as tigers. Even in the smallest offices there is the manifest want of fitness. The bashful student-curate despairs within the crying, crowded streets,

and pines for a wilderness, if it were bleak as Araby the Rocky. The bold, brazen-faced, brazen-throated deacon, from Brazenose, is perched in some alpine hamlet, where he rubs his brains against the rocks, like the sheep, till the wool drops. It seems as if it were by mere accident that the right man is found for the post. There is no visible machinery for such a purpose. This state church is as unpliant as the iron-rails; it cannot wander into the nooks and the village-greens; once off the rails, and it flounders hopelessly like a discomfited giant, till it lies entranced in the dust. Is this the living Church militant, or some dead corpse dragged like that of the Greek Patroclus behind the chariot of the state? Is this the grand army, with elect staff, strong battalions, and sleepless sentries, with fit individual concord of place and power, from the general to the drummer; or like an armed Eastern rabble, in which are men brave as lions, but who, ungirt by the firm band of discipline, must fight each for himself, as if it were a street fray? Is this the band of heroes that is to conquer the earth? Can it subdue its own small realm? Conquest, like charity, begins at home. Old republican Rome knew this. Pontifical Rome, with equal world-wide ambition, knows it too. It is shameful, that what we call truth should be preached with greater zeal and exacter method than what we call error. This wise old church of Rome can prepare the human machine for its work as easily as Sheffield or Birmingham can make theirs. In each case, the machine is made for its work—not, as in other cases, the work for the machine. Given the work, where is the man? That is the problem. Nature finds him first—the strong raw material which labour prepares for the finest or the roughest fabric. There is no work under the sun which these Romans cannot do. These Roman priests, scattered over the earth, are like the

moveable types, that will give either the swift sun-picture, or the durable stereotyped plate. They will teach the American savage how to till the earth, and the European monarch how to enslave his realm. They will edit a pagan poet, or a dead Christian Father, as demurely as a German doctor, and preach in the lofty cathedrals as lustily as lions. They can be candid as the day, and close as the cowslips—‘all things to all men.’ Nature is followed—not forced—and the machinery is apt. It does not attempt to train the oak, like the fruit-tree, on the garden-wall, nor plant the cabbage where the chestnut should spread its luxuriant arms. It does not persist in trying to make an orator where nature gives the silent shrug—nor to shut up in cells the minds that might move the earth. In our unshapen system, if the flowers are to be watered, or the flames extinguished, there is but one huge immoveable pipe that drowns all that is at its mouth, and cannot touch the rest without another huge plunge, which may burst it in twain. First, see what is really in a man besides his digestive machinery; then, bring it to the best profit. If there be nothing, send him civilly away altogether. Enlist only men of the proper standard. There is a test of stature for the recruits in feet and inches. Below that, you need not offer at all. This is a service superior to that of sword and gunnery. Measure these recruits somewhat better. Once admitted, the dunce may be made a dean—nay, even in these days, a bishop. But what can the general make of this dunce? What else but give him rations like the rest. Look at these wily Jesuits—with what care they admit a brother, and peruse his soul with lens and labour, strengthen the natural instinct, and send him forth to his appointed work. These Jesuits make themselves slaves that they may be world-masters. Blind

obedience is not equal to freedom's zeal. If the breath of liberty, of self-respect, could but be blown into such a band as this, it might conquer the earth more swiftly than the fiery Arabs. Discipline is stronger than valour. But there may be both. Beneath the tramp of such troops the earth itself may tremble—and hell itself!

“The Wesleyan fathers claim no divine right of succession, but they have adopted its discipline, and they use it for securing some fitness of men for their work. The Dissenters who build their churches on the popular will arrive at the same end by different means. But the church of ‘the middle way’ is obstructed at every turn by blocks as big as millstones. Wheel these off first.

“Let us step within the cathedral close and look at the prebends. They have been sadly plucked since their Reform Act was made. But a few feathers are still left. The close is not in ruins like Palmyra. If it were so, men might have moralized over the departed splendours of the canons, as great in their sphere as the dead Cæsars in theirs. But the prebendal roofs are yet extant, the cellars are still beneath, though the piled port is mostly gone. The rosy old gentlemen, who occupied the vacant stalls, have not left a drop behind them. Some of the houses are occupied by singing-masters, schoolmasters, retired tradesmen, and un-retired spinsters, who still talk over their punch about the grand days of the close. What could such as these have done with prebendal port? There they stand, the old brick houses, thick and thin, like the shelved books, half-circling with their red arms the old cathedral—the very types of their old tenants. Given the height, depth, and width of a dwelling, and you might guess the yearly income to a pound. You might tell at a glance the houses of the dean, the great canon, and the minor or small canon, whose

dwelling is squeezed in between two big prebends so remorselessly as to lead to the belief that they will in time hug him into a thin leaf. Poor man! his stall is small enough—but it is big enough for the forage. At any rate, the glorious house of God towers over all, and the canons, great and small, revered it as much as the Moslem respects the holy stone of Mecca. Many a fat rector lives in a better house in the parish than his master. It is not so in the close. Thin rows of grass-blades are now springing in the pavement. The old days are gone. The crows look dejected, as they think of the snug evening dinner—the joyous, glossy, gentlemanly guests exchanging delightful quotations from Virgil and Horace, enlarging on the constancy of the ancient Christian martyrs, discussing the old Arian and Pelagian heresies, the fall of man, and the rise of the lucky,—sipping the Oporto Falernian as daintily as the bees drink from the heather-bells—the quiet rubber, and the decorous departure. The good old Protestant monks! Who says that King Henry the Bully destroyed monkery in England? He only enabled them to marry. Married monks! Yes. Look at those strong sons fresh from the cricket-field; look at those lovely young maidens, destined, all of them, some day to gladden the fireside of many a country parson. Well! is this not better than— Hush! Go on. Ask the dean for a few lines from Juvenal. At any rate, you will get a smile and a pinch of snuff.

“What a gorgeous piece of mechanism is this! Surely the old intent of all this was good—not that these good-looking old fathers should merely pass the chapter accounts, present sons to chapter livings, daughters to full-fledged rectors, fare sumptuously, keep the forty-second canon of hospitality, read the epistle at the evening service, and relieve each other like sentries from the too arduous work.

No! There *was* a purpose better than these. It seems, the cathedral was intended to be the parish church of the whole diocese, the model church, specially committed to the care of the reverend canons. How it came to pass that the cathedral lands seemed to become prebendal glebe—how they exhausted the mines, and preyed on the entrails of the mother church—how they stripped her of her pride and ornament by felling her forests—how the stalls became rich, as the church became poor—how they sheared the school-master and the singing-men—let all this pass for the present. Let us ask only, how is this purpose performed? This glorious cathedral, with groined roof, clustered Caen columns, spacious aisles, gorgeous choir, massive towers, minarets pointing to the blue heavens, stone-flowered porch, flying buttresses, and sonorous bells, is but a huge singing-school! The choir is screened from public gaze as scrupulously as if it were a shrine of Isis. The grand procession of princely priests, with cross and banner, and canopied Host, sweeping through the staring streets, and the reverent cathedral throng, is now reduced to a file of singing-boys in white surplices, that sing the old songs that once echoed through the church from ten thousand throats. Surely the portly prebends might have taken a turn at this singing business, if only as a whet before the banquet,—

‘ For the abbot must eat
That sings for his meat.’

Old Fuller says, the old singing canons were able to dine twice a day, like the Newgate chaplain, by the invention of anthem-singing. This singing-school is the only thing that is left. The model church, with its manifold services and mysteries, was once the academy of the whole craft. It was as progressive as a chartist. In the old chapels, there is still shown the conduit from which the holy water used

in the sacramental vessels flowed into some earth-pit. Afterwards, the water was found to be too sacred to be put into the conduit, and the poor priest was condemned to drink the residuary liquid as religiously as the vicar is now enjoined to swallow the remaining wine of the communion. The day of craft expired—but the machinery was left—above all, the singing-school. The simplicity of Protestant worship spared but this, and the lands that yielded the lordly revenues. The painted saints—the silver figures—the Virgin chapel—all vanished; but the domains stood firm as the earth herself. The lords remained, and they still pray to God for grace to enable them to choose a prelate whose name is written for them in the ministerial missive. But the singing is done well? Granted. The chants are divine. The old ladies still

‘to church repair,
To hear the music, not the doctrine, there.’

But the human voice is made for other uses than singing. Amongst others, it is given to persuade men to piety and virtuous life. This cathedral was once a preaching-school. Sermons may be sung still—but this is not the most admirable kind of oratory. Chrysostom, the saint of ‘the golden mouth’ did not sing his sermons. It is better to go to the ‘Golden Lion’ at once. This noblest of old English halls was not meant only for procession or promenade. It was meant for the human lungs to fill, and the swarming multitude to listen. You cannot hear in a cathedral! Is the human voice grown weak as woman’s? Stand in the aisle of the vast Milan cathedral among the herding people, as the strong swarthy southern priest speaks from the transept corner, and you will hear every word if you were deaf as the pillar you lean upon. Ask the mob, out-door orator over how many street-stones he can hurl his thunder!

A good voice, doubtless, is a gift of God, as well as genius. But the weak Wilberforce voice could make itself heard over the great York Castle yard. If a prebend or a bishop cannot be heard, give him shorter commons and more exercise. The hustings bishop, if he be lean as Cassius, can word it more clearly than Boanerges. When Paul spoke at Athens, you might have heard him from the Pentelican mount. Let us train up for this work a few of the brazen-throated. Do we not make auctioneers, town criers and even 'last dying speech' sellers, for the power of the lungs? The church-rostrum should be, at least, as well supplied in the sound, as well as in the sense.

"This preaching-school seems to be as extinct as that of the troubadours. It is derided by those who cannot excel in it. Yet it is this that might restore the Church to pristine purity—not indeed if a sermon is read like a lecture, or mumbles about the divine metaphysics, instead of striking boldly to the hearts of men. What is the most cunning instrument of music invented by man compared to that given by God? 'When Robert Hall ended his discourse,' says Robert Southey, 'it was like the ceasing of the most beautiful music.' Yes! it was music itself—and the human heart went home vibrating with it, till it heard it again. Is oratory good for the passing wants of politicians, and despicable for the enduring aspirations of immortal spirits? Heaven forbid! The Apostles did not think so—nor the Christian Fathers—nor Christ himself. The lowest of the people are charmed with the flowing words, as woman with the flowing garments.

" 'He speaks like a book.' Yes—but not from the book! Word-speech is altogether different from book-speech. The hustings orator with his speech in his hat loses a hundred votes. How many votes does the Church lose, because there

are so few to throw the living fire fresh from its fountain? The sterling gift of oral persuasion is worth a whole cargo of the dead Fathers. This is the secret of success among the Dissenters. Be it ever so hard, men prefer to drink from the running stream, rather than from the stagnant pond. It is not a flock of professors and doctors that is to be enchanted; it is the real living, moving, malleable mass—men who feel more than they think. Yet this business is done as clumsily as if it were a farming lecture on the use of mixed manures. It is the Protestant penance, to sit out these dreary discourses—worse than climbing up the *Santa Scala*, the holy steps, on bare knees, or walking on peas to Loretto. I protest I would rather make a pilgrimage to Jericho than listen for these three-quarters of an hour—even from a bishop. You cannot measure out bad speech like diseased potatoes, more in quantity to atone for quality. I would rather have the Book of Homilies at once. I would pass an Act of Parliament, either to prohibit preaching altogether, or to provide sermons for the practitioner, like an appendix of railway forms.

“These prebends, if they cannot sing, might try to preach. They are especially enjoined by the forty-second canon to residence, ‘preaching the word of God, and keeping good hospitality.’ These are to go together. Preaching is a wholesome bodily exercise, like singing. Speech is becoming the national hobby. The shop-boy spouts at his club or institute as glibly as over the counter. What a wretched spectacle it must seem to such as these to see a man clothed in wig, lawn, and ermine fumbling for words as for a lost shilling! The training-school for pulpit speech! Why not? No art is more contemptible than the studied abuse of speech—none more glorious than its proper use. As in other things, nature does much, and

art may add more. It cannot make a dumb tongue speak. But even a parrot's tongue may be cut. A human tongue should be better than that. The young clergy are not even trained to read. It is a great art to read well—perhaps greater than to speak well. But there is no special culture for either. It is not enough to translate the Greek gospels, or to solve doctrinal enigmas. We want the living men for the living people. Yet, from the archbishops to the deacons, there are not a hundred ministers that can preach a sermon sufficient for the longing of ardent hearts. These are preached out of the Church. It is said, prayer is before preaching—say rather, preaching precedes prayer. When the conscience is struck by the sonorous hammer, the whole body bows before it. It bends the stubborn knees to the earth for mercy from Heaven. More men will come to pray, if you can catch them by preaching. If you cannot do this, lock up the church-doors at once, on Sundays as well as on the other days. Let us wait patiently till Moses strikes the rock!

"The cathedral might have been the clergy-college. This was Cranmer's idea. It was the notion of a greater than Cranmer—of Oliver Cromwell. The model school was plainly meant to be provided. But it has been robbed by the prebends as cleverly as the Spanish brigands could have done it. The scholastic intellect was not acute enough for the canonical mind. The poor solitary pedagogue had the daily care of scholars—the prebends laid hands and heads together, and had abundant leisure for plunder. It was but a pleasant diversion, like the old anthem-singing. In these days it is as fine a thing to win a law-suit as it once was to win the Olympic chariot-race. But how much finer to snub Themis herself—to prevail against the goddess in secret combat—in short, to smother the schoolmaster in the old

sheepskins! Besides, if you can make a man, have you not the right to manage him? Ask the Rochester canons!

"What a singular law of nature—if you want to ruin a man, make him rich. Oh! gentlemen of the jury! could you squeeze all these canons through the eye of a needle? I think not. But they may be very good men. They may be neither useful nor ornamental—but very good men. Cromwell calls his Ironsides 'lovely.' He did not think the canons of Ely, with poor Mr. Hitch in the desk, at all lovely. Why? Because there can be no shadow of loveliness when there is show in lieu of substance—great wages and no work. These Protestant friars were meant to be the knighthood of the Christian faith—like the Templars or Hospitallers, only in a manner differing with the times. The knights became idle and luxurious; but the infidel enemy was no longer dangerous. Is the modern unbeliever unworthy of powder and shot? Alas! He is worse than the Saracen. The fact is, the worthy fathers like Falstaff, are too fat for fighting. They have too much good nature. Fight indeed! who has provoked them? what is there to fight for? They are provided for royally. It is well for the hungry curates, vicars rich with small tithes and small children, to fight to the last gasp and die on the sward. But it is indelicate, indecorous, to call up the reverend prebends to stand and shoulder arms. They would lose breath, nay, perhaps worse, the battle. The royal guards know something about fighting, but the respectable yeomen of the guard, the beefeaters, were not forwarded to the Russian war. Yet if you look into the faces of some of these reverend men, and witness the strong will, the stout head, and the signs of sound digestion, what might they not have done, if they had been struggling curates! If such a man had sat on a wooden stool, and written his thoughts on a

deal table, with all the animals of Noah's Ark spread out before him by half a dozen shrieking children, with the mother putting the beautiful potatoes into the pot with her own beautiful fingers, and the little dog extinguishing the fire of his written discourse as dogs are won't to do—such a man might have outdone Augustine. But put this unaccountable creature into a cathedral stall, and he will find no more a heavenly manna. From that time he is a lost man, though his wife rides in her coach, and peels oranges instead of potatoes. Oh! how such a man might sigh for the days of the desert! This rich old monk can refresh himself almost when and where he likes—in the Alps—Rome—Greece, Jerusalem, Egypt, India. He can gather living fruit himself from all trees. When he comes back he can mellow and mould his reflections among the big chapter books, in the quiet stroll through the cloisters—in the dim twilight of the old Gothic church—in the canonical snug symposium. Yet all you can get out of this man henceforth, is a good dinner and perhaps a good joke—to sign a lease—a sermon now and then on contentment—or if he wants to be a bishop, a tract for the times. The reason is plain—you have paid this man for his work before he has done it, and he never will do it in this world. Pay an Italian *vetturino* in full before he starts, and you will see what a notable journey he will make from Florence to Rome! When a lawyer gets a retaining fee, he knows a bigger is coming. But the dean and prebends get all at once. You might as well tell them in plain words to go into the fields, kick up their heels, roll in the grass, and become fat and flatulent for the rest of their days. Oh! gentlemen of the jury! would you not do likewise? If you want work out of a man, pay him at the end, or by the piece; many a man will expect but a promissory note after

all, or an unmarketable bill of exchange. I remember once riding up Vesuvius on an ass. The mendicants toiled after us, for four thousand feet in height. In climbing the steep cone, one of them offered a stick to the panting tourist, expecting a copper or two. I took the stick, and the open hand was instantly held out for the wages. I put the stick quietly back into his hand, and toiled on alone—it was very hard—perhaps wrong. There was no contract—he only wanted settlement on the spot, but I could get on to the top without the stick. In how small a thread he had hung his hope of hire! It is a lesson for the close and the church!

“What have these *lazzaroni* done? What work can they show for the last three hundred years?

“Oh! gentlemen of the jury! look at the books produced before you! Has any deceased canon written the story of the Church of Christ on any grander scale than a county history? Has any learned dean written such a book as that heretic Nathaniel Lardner on the credibility of the Gospel History, who wrote it on thirty pounds a year? or as Hooker the judicious, the minor canon of Sarum, on the Church Polity, robed in his coarse rectorial gown? Have they worked like the poor German doctors and professors, with no more luxury than their Rhenish and Canaster, mild as the new-made hay? or like the French friars content with small soup, and a couch of hard hair? Look at the books, I say again! Is there enough for two hundred and eighty-four thousand a year for so many years? I think not. It would be great gain if most of these books were drowned a thousand fathoms deep in the Atlantic brine, or tossed into a blast-furnace. Is this like an armoury for the Church militant? Are these the heroes of the vanguard? No! gentlemen of the jury! they have been too jovial for that. The fat cannot fight—they can only laugh—

they cannot even run away. It would be sometimes well if they could, and if they would. It will be a question, whether they can in future be made useful in manning a fortress, or looking for mermaids like the marines in the sunny hours of peace. If not, down with them, I say, altogether! and give the big churches to the bishops!

“But the bishop! Let us come near this throne reverently, as we came to the other. At present it is all he has in this cathedral. If he had more, or all, what then? Let us see! He has a throne—and a mitre is his crown, pointed, either after the aspiring Gothic notion, or significant of the Crown of Thorns. Truly it might be a thorn-crown. But many an old gentleman has slept as soundly with it on his head, as if it had been but a silken nightcap. A bishop may sit on thorns, or lie on roses according to the tenor of his will. He may prosecute Tractarian rectors, or he may ‘hate scenes’ and live decently. He may sit half the year in the House of Lords, or he may live on his estate like a country grandee, amid farm-bailiffs, agents, stewards, attorneys, tenants, mine-lessees, gamekeepers, and gardeners — with the ‘*placens uxor*,’ the episcopal issue, the bland archdeacon, the chaplain, and the pleasant neighbours. Every year the episcopal ale becomes thinner. It threatens to be like the vinegar of Saint Cross. A bishop does not now kill his own grouse or game—but he may eat them—nay, sell them if he likes. He does not buckle his sword to his side, like the gallant Anthony Beck, of Durham, and march against the Scots, nor lead a troop to the Holy Land—nor would he at any time willingly become an ambassador after the fashion of King Henry the many-wived. This king once proposed to send a bishop on a warlike errand to his brother of France. ‘But, sire,’ said the prudent bishop, ‘if I took such a message as that, the French king would cut off my

head!’ ‘Cut off your head!’ said King Bluff; ‘if he did I would make twenty thousand of his subjects throw their heads in the dust!’ ‘Ah!’ said the bishop, ‘I fear, sir, that of all those twenty thousand heads I should not find one that would fit my body as well as the one I have on now!’ All these pleasant pursuits are gone. Yet there is work enough left, if he can do it, and he will. The land is still full of heretics and infidels, and the camp is full of traitors. He cannot make an *auto-da-fé*, as in the good old times, and light the streets with flaming human fuel—nor even crop the ears of the Rev. John Poundtext, the respectable, and now rather corpulent, Dissenting divine,—nor put even a parish clerk into the pillory for heresy. He cannot even slit the nose of his own chaplain—or put his butler to the rack, except to the wine rack. But he wields the ‘Sword of the Spirit.’ He has the plenary personal power of ordaining Christian ministers—a truly terrible power. He has also patronage, and may appoint a son or nephew to the best benefice, or a star of the earth. A profane minister once said, that a bishop should not forget his maker, and he may give a good crumb to the minister’s wife’s second cousin. I have said he has a throne and a kind of crown. He has also a realm; though many of his subjects, like the Chinese, are in open, unending rebellion. Nay, his own staff, in spite of all vows of obedience, may be as big rebels as Poundtext, or Macbriar themselves. He may discharge a curate with ten children with as little ceremony as his valet. But the stout old vicar, if he be immersed in heresy as deep as Arius, may wriggle from his grasp as easily as an eel. This vicar can almost shut the church-doors in his face. The prelate may call for the written sermon, but he cannot recall the unwritten words. This realm is spiritually perfect in itself. It is in itself a complete Christian

church—and the greater realm of the archbishop is a loose league of sovereign churches. Each bishop has his court, his chancellor, and his synod, and can adjudicate in person on many spiritual misdemeanours. He can pronounce bed and board divorces, and entertain suits for the restitution of conjugal rights. He can excommunicate! Think of that! Not with bell and candle, as in the old days. Before the year 1813, he could have launched the greater excommunication, which would have closed the church to the culprit, and if he had survived that, could have hindered him from coming into a court of law to recover a debt or retrieve his fair fame, from pleading for clients, from making a will; and if he could not survive all this, could have closed the church-yard against his corpse. In these degenerate days, a bishop can only send the rascal to the county gaol for six calendar months, as if he had picked the bishop's pocket or stolen the chapel plate. This ruler is but a *roi fainéant*, like many of the old lay kings. He sleeps on thunder-clouds—but they drop neither lightning nor rain. His real rule lies in Christian persuasion. He may admonish clerks, build churches, endow charities, and carry on as much correspondence as a secretary of state; but it must be done in the spirit of brotherly love. The instant he strikes, the rod breaks in his hand, as if it were of glass. He has lost the discipline of the school. He may lay his hands on the heads of the gathered children—but he cannot force even them to the church. He may reprove the incestuous sinner, but the world is as wide for sin as for glory. He may pronounce the blessing from the cathedral throne, but the canons may almost prevent him from mounting to the central tower.

“What is this also but a phantom-power? I want to make it real. But the reality is too much for one con-

science. Like the temporal institutions, this also must be based on the popular right. The divine right of kings has fallen—so must that of the bishop. He was once the incumbent of his whole diocese, with plenary patronage, and full perception of all rents, tithes, and profits. But in those old days, he was chosen by the people themselves—and his council was the chapter. He was not even required to be a priest at all. He was almost a secular governor, invested with the authority of administration. Even in the beginning of the eighth century, the bishop was chosen by the people and the clergy, throughout England and Wales, according to the words of the canon. Afterwards the kings turned the sees into fiefs—again, the popes changed them into spiritual fiefs—but, among them, the congregation fairly died out, as if it had been buried in the vaults like the dead ancestors. Let us again invoke the ‘wisdom of our ancestors,’ and the rights against which time cannot run. Let us try to restore this Church. It will be a better deed than rubbing the dirt from the Caen stone or the Purbeck marbles, and setting up the forgotten rood-screen. The rebuilding of this temple should be as glorious as that of the restored Hebrews, and, like that, its site and area may be the same as in the old days.

“ This Church is not in ruins, like the old romantic abbeys. But it is in perilous unrepair—so perilous, that it may fall down some day by a good wind-stroke with hardly any warning. It neither presents a bold front to the mutineers—nor throws open its wide doors to admit the penitent sons. It professes to be national, and is becoming sectarian. It is paid for work which it cannot perform. If it become the Church of a minority, not all the claims of divine right, of spiritual succession, of historical identity, of chartered

corporation, or of its being the citadel of the true faith will save it from falling. It seems to exist, in a temporal sense, by a slight life-thread. Numbers will win the day here more surely than at the hustings. For this, an especial soul-affair, majorities should have reason—at least, they have power. It would not shock reason to act with some justice. If a body corporate or an institution has failed to do the work for which it was established and endowed—if it should dwindle down from a realm as wide as the land itself into a miserable shadow of royalty, like the Delhi king, it will no more stand on its golden feet than the image that Nebuchadnezzar the king set up. It will neither be inquired whether it is the Church of the Apostolic Past, or the Church of the Future. For these questions will already have been put and answered in the national heart. There it will have been already weighed and found wanting. Its present power depends on its still being the Church of the majority. The dissenting sects may or may not, in the aggregate, outnumber it. But they are as alien to each other as to the Church, perhaps more so; from the Wesleyans to the Southcottians there are nearly one hundred sects without connection with each other. There is at present no thought of alliance between them; there is also a perpetual tendency to further disunion. But this very abuse of toleration may conduce to union. There is plainly rising up among the minds of pious men the desire for evangelical union. There are abundant signs of the times which point to organization. The Prussian churches are making painful efforts to reach this goal. The Scottish churches will also be conscience-struck. In our country also, it is felt that the body of Christ is too much divided, that the whole realm of faith is endangered by isolated efforts, and by independent sove-

reignties—that union would bring charity as well as concentrated strength—and that the individual conscience will not disdain the charm of authority. If this catholic idea should gain full possession of the religious minds of the nation, it will be as powerful for concord as the idea of independence has been fruitful of dissension. It would sweep off in its surging stream the priestly bigots of all the sects—and make them powerless to withstand the torrent. For there lies at the root of the tree of Toleration, the germ Equality. The reformed churches at first strove for supremacy, and the strife ended in conquest to one church, and in forbearance to the others. The victory of toleration was won, but from that moment the struggle was prepared on a wider field. To religious liberty was added the conquest of civil liberty. All men were declared to be entitled to the full citizenship of the state without regard to religious difference. But civil equality is not fully realized without religious equality. It is vain to suppose that the human family will be content with the slur of social disrepute. They will feel that Christ the sovereign should have as impartial an allegiance as the civil sovereign. The world is wearied with the old dogmatic disputes. It is recognized that the essential differences among the reformed churches do not consist so much in matters of doctrine and discipline, as in the social consequence of station and rank. The unity of the Christian Church can never more be hoped for in the supremacy of one sect over another. But it may be born from concord—or in the cradle of Augustine, from unity in things essential, freedom in things uncertain, and charity in all things. The Free Church of Scotland rose up in a night like the palace of Aladdin. The new reformation of religion may rise likewise. The power that slumbers in the breast of conscience is as strong as in the

first reform, and it is enlightened by many days of bitter experience. The controversy of sword and word for three hundred years should have taught many lessons. The vast volcanic European earthquake, with its spouted fountains of fire and of mud, should be spent. The lava, the ashes, and the water should alike be cold. It broke the bands of the great church dome, and the iron still lies in the ground. Happily, Christianity can exist in almost any form, and under any difficulties. Otherwise, it must have been dead as Druidism. Have men learned at last that the combats of the centuries have often resembled that of the two knights, who in their mutual defeat discovered that the figure had two sides and two colours?—or that of Tancred against his betrothed?—or that of the Greeks at Troy for the dead corpse?—or of the raging bulls against the rags?—or of the last of the knights against the windmills?—or of Ajax against the sheep? If they have not yet learned this, then the happy hour is not yet come. Let them have another round or two, and finish the bottle!

"But if there should arise in England a truly catholic Church, it might not only unite the sects, but bring to its banner the deserting soldiers of the national Church. Is there no peril to that Church in this awakening? Let it awake also! There are in it already two sound seeds of promise. It is not only tolerant to the sects, but to its own members. Whether it be right or wrong, there is already found room within this Church for those who differ in doctrine widely from each other. Again, the power of the people is fully recognized in the supremacy of the Sovereign. The acts of the temporal sovereign are subject to the constitutional control of the Parliament of the people. These two ideas are not only in real present existence—but they may be made fruitful of future reform.

Here then we come at last to the great Church and State problem. Oh! gentlemen of the jury! listen with all your ears! For this is truly a grave matter.

"It is true, when men unite for just and solid government, and form a state, the proper purpose of the institution is not only to care for men's bodies and possessions, but to promote human happiness and progress. Such a purpose is justifiable as a means for securing good government. But almost the smallest act of man looks to the future, and his present condition is insignificant when he presents his full front to the future. Temporal and spiritual acts, like soul and body, are thus so blended and bound together, that society cannot separate them, if it would. But it ought not to desire it. It ought to be presumed that men enter into the social state for the grand purpose of co-operation in respect of the world beyond as well as of the perishable earth, on which they but step for a moment, like the vaulting mountebanks, for a bound above. But for this purpose the State is sovereign. Even in despotic states it is assumed that the single power speaks the will of the nation. It is the theory of all states, that the majority rules all. The State, therefore, is infallible before man, and may forbid or encourage all or any religious creeds. All exist by its sufferance. But the State has, or ought to have, a conscience as well as an individual, and cannot ignore so great a fact as Christianity. Shall a Christian community profess ignorance of Christianity in its public speech and proceedings—acknowledge it but by stealth, as influencing its conduct, and refuse the verbal homage? If it were a small sect of moralists, like some of the ancient times, with a few chosen disciples, but with no grasp of the popular will, Christianity might be classed by the State amongst the dreams of philosophy. But it has penetrated into the whole modern

mass;—it is the very atmosphere in which the modern states live—breathed freely even by the few that reject its evidence. All states that establish a church make mention of the Christian belief in their public acts, however clumsily. In those states, as in America, which are without the state creed, there ought, in consistent strictness, to be the systematic exclusion of all reference to Christian sanctions. For such a state has no right to offend the meanest of its citizens before it has bound that citizen to obedience by regular process of law. Religion is only filtered through the rock, and lost in the earth, when it should gush out like a full fountain. All the ancient Pagan nations perfected their theory of government by establishing a state religion. Can a community be Christian, and allow the State to be Pagan?

“ Church and State are not one. If mankind were perfect in concord, it might be, as Cromwell and Arnold have dreamed. But the Church is a state in itself—subject, in many things, to the other state, but not in all. Man has two lives in his keeping—the citizen life and the spiritual—one especially for the State, the other for Sion. The one is visible—the other is invisible; but both are tangibly expressed. The State is the forced association of persons for certain purposes; the Church is the voluntary union of consciences, amenable to another power. ‘My kingdom is not of this world.’ Experience proves that without force no single church will comprise, even nominally, all believers. The identity of Church and State cannot be maintained without persecution. The persecutors are dying out—yet slowly, like the European wolves. If the churches cease to persecute, the State should not take up the abandoned sword. Every citizen has a right to claim the full rights of citizenship, together with the free right of religious

belief and practice—save only that this practice conforms to the universal laws of morality recognized by the State. In like manner, as men will not be made to agree by persecution, the same concord will not come from moral persuasion. Men will always differ on subjects of speculation and consciousness. When the State enacts obedience to its decrees, there may be the consent of act, and not of thought, for the latter is not necessary for forced compliance. But in religious societies the consent of the mind is the essential thing. Thus, there will ever be communities in the same state with different religious creeds.

“These communities, existing only for spiritual purposes, are entitled to the control of their own affairs—to full self-government, so far as it does not come into collision with any purposes of the State. It is in the discretion of the State to say at what time and for what cause it will interfere in that behalf. It is competent for a state, using this imperial power, either to establish a certain creed, with or without conditions, or to leave all religious societies to their own efforts. But the State itself will not forget that it is established for moral improvement and for human happiness. It is not bound to search minutely for religious truth with its own official eyes, nor to propagate it by direct agency. It accepts the truth as it is visible to the greater part of its citizens. Its conscience is discharged by ruling according to the consent of the national conscience. It has no adequate machinery for discovering the logical or the historic truth, except through the consciousness of the citizens. It adopts, but does not enforce. It finds the Church as it exists. It steps out of its sphere, if it applies its own conscience to the study of abstract religious truth, and government would cease to be founded on justice and freedom.

“The State that selects for itself one form of religion in

preference to another will not choose that of the minority, as in that forceful fraud of the Irish Church. It is essential, not only that the majority should approve of the state creed, but that that large measure of consent should never be wanting at any future period. For the State, that makes, can unmake, and make again. Here at least is the universal suffrage, for it is a soul affair. It is also expedient, if not essential, that that majority should be as large as is possible ; for the State, in discharging its own conscience, should offend as few of the individual consciences as possible. The only limit to this rule should consist in the maintenance of *essential* Christian doctrine. A church beleaguered on all sides by dissent, may cease to be national, and tends to rest altogether on force. If this dissent were excessive, and if it struck at the root of the Christian faith, instead of toying with the tips of its branches, it might be improper to establish such a church at all, for its power is not from the sword, like the old fiefs, and it must achieve its own conquest before it can ever shake hands with the State. When the dissent is small, it may persist in calling even toleration a moral ban of exclusion—persecution. But in all civil governments there is this kind of persecution. Where there is a majority, there is also a minority. But if the fight be fair, there ought to be no more complaint than that in the real battle-field. Dissent may exist—it may protest, but it must yield obedience to the law. To diminish dissent is the true problem, to bring the foe to friendship. It is the safest course for the conquering party—it is the justest too. But belief is an operation of the mind. The State may be sovereign in one aspect, but not in another. It may exact obedience in outward necessary acts, but it should pay its own homage to the superior invisible power. All are alike prostrate before that, and the autocratic rule of God

in the heart is beyond the parliaments of this world. All men may give obedience to the State in temporal concerns, but in the spiritual realm, many good citizens may think themselves forbidden to take any part in its administration. Thus, it is seen, that the State and the Church are not continuous—alike, but not the same. The old states of Egypt, Greece, and Rome believed in the unity and identity of Church and State; for they smothered dissent in a pantheism which admitted almost all gods and gave every man the liberty to believe in those he preferred. Roman emperors, like Trajan, persecuted the Christians for their intolerance of other gods. When the figure of Christ was placed in the great Roman Pantheon amongst the Pagan gods, it was not foreseen that it would turn all the rest to the street. Till then, no Pagan desired disunion. There was dissent without disunion. The old Puritans believed in this identity, which they found in the old chosen people of God, and Cromwell laid his sword upon the knot. But the Stuarts took up the sword and cut the knot asunder. The idea of identity is only unsound because it is untrue, and would bring political persecution or the forfeiture of civil rights. If men were indifferent to religion, or were unawakened to individual consciousness, the outward conformity might confer the full civil right. But if the individual conscience will not bend before the state image, however perfect it may appear to many, and if the State require religious submission before it gives the full citizenship, it attacks political freedom. It has the power to be unjust, for it is infallible in the sight of the world. But to be unjust, is to be impolitic, and in the end very perilous. In a land where the laws are founded on freedom, it is doubly unjust and dangerous to exclude any good citizens from the offices or affairs of State on account of their reli-

gious belief. The utter want of religious faith may be deplored, but it is beyond the province of the legislator. From the instant that any man appeals to the higher tribunal, or withdraws his cause to his own forum of the conscience, there is an end of present pleading, as clearly as when Paul, as a Roman citizen, appealed to Rome, and the Roman governor loosed him instantly from his hold. All men are suitors of the courts above, and their appeal lets free the spirit, as the writ of *Habeas corpus* frees the body. This appeal may lie long unheard, but let man beware of meddling with the jurisdiction of that final sovereign court. More and more does the world admit the right of citizens to the full civil franchise. More and more does it also insist on the individual consciousness of man. Both ideas are born of freedom, and both must live together.

"Again, if the State were to govern the Church as one of its departments, it might oppress it by forcing upon it the opinions of those who are opposed to it—who might even wish to effect its ruin. In internal divisions, the state-thrust may often be decisive. The State is not the Church, because it cannot have the complete identity of existence and of interest.

"Thus there are two distinct powers with the same general intent, but with distinct organic contrivance. The State and the Church are alike, but not the same. But it must ever be remembered that the State is supreme: its rule may be but for a brief day, and over a small realm, but it is absolute. There can be no alliance of Church and State; for there can be no alliance between sovereign and subjects. It is allegiance throughout in the visible life. There is the allegiance of tributary kings. Even these may 'render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's.' There can be no alliance between such

dissimilar powers ; for in spiritual affairs the Church rejects it, and in temporal affairs the State refuses. The Church, in its best condition, is not the great state stream — it is the canal parallel to the state river, fed by it and aiding each other. If a church has large possessions, it becomes an important civil power ; if it has no possessions—if it be nourished by daily alms, by the State, or by private bounty—it still aims at empire over the minds of men by ordinary and extraordinary jurisdiction. It is a power, and as the State can bear no rival in immediate power, the life of the Church on earth must be amenable to the supreme state-law. The State may content itself with negative control, but it never forfeits its right of absolute rule. The question is, can this subservience subsist with sufficient regard to the liberty of the Church ? Let us see what a church is.

“The Church, like the State, is a society for promoting temporal and eternal happiness by co-operation, and the more it succeeds in covering the same ground, in comprising the same citizens as the State, the more perfect is its success. There can be no tyranny over the members of a church, when its allegiance is rendered to the same members in a different capacity. Identity may be impossible, but it should be coveted and acquired as much as is possible. Every society is composed of all its members, and they have all the same constituent power. The congregation has the deposit of power both in declaring doctrine, and in prescribing discipline. It may delegate power, but it cannot abdicate like a king. In religious, as in civil affairs, the people are the perennial springs of power.

“This idea was wholly lost in the papal times. The patriarchal or paternal system prevailed in spiritual as in civil affairs. Men were treated as children. They might,

indeed, often deserve this treatment, but it is for them to judge of that when they come to maturity. In civil affairs, the English people have judged for themselves with ample license. But the mouth of the Church has been so long closed by the hard fist of the State, that there has been no opportunity for self-reform. The royal supremacy over the Church passed, like the other prerogatives, into the custody of the House of Commons, and has held the Church obedient as the usher of the black rod. But if you make a man a slave, you must not expect from him the graces of freedom. There is no blot so disreputable to the nation as this wilful long misunderstanding of the relations of Church and State. Christianity has depended on the inner life, and has covered the ruins with verdure; but the Church has been chained to the State, as the dead prisoners in the Naples gaols to the living. There has been dissension, disruption, and still dissension. Yet the State has witnessed all without a pang. It might have said, long ago, to this dead Church—‘Rise! and be born again! this time thou shalt conquer the earth!’ But it would not even give the nod of assent, not even now, when it has almost ceased to be a national church. Wherefore such apathy? Because the Church doctors have always quarrelled, and the world is fatigued with divinity! Again, because the State has been too indolent to lay afresh the foundations of Christ’s church, and has left it to the mercy of accidents. It has said peevishly, as to wrangling children, that the noise is too great, that escape is easier than the trouble of correction; and the Church has wrangled on like a spoiled child, without reason, without respect, and without result. The State ought to have whipped these children into submission. Lastly, the people themselves have had to learn the rudiments of reform. But the whole theory of church government has

now passed from the heads of the patristic divines, and will soon be shouted out from the big public voice.

"Assuredly, the future Church will not rest on the occult power of charms—on the*divine right of the priesthood. Of all fatal delusions in the Christian Church, none has been more profane or more prolific of mischief than that notion of apostolic succession—which has made a clergy-church. The Christian ministry is from divine appointment—but the seat of this divinity is in the whole Christian conscience. It became a close craft, like the guilds of the Middle Ages, which elected their own members. Succession stood in the place of hereditary descent, and it is only astonishing that, like the Magians, the priesthood did not descend to the natural heirs. The primitive imposition of hands by the representatives of the congregation was as much lost as if it had been held by the letters patent of the great sovereign power.

"Is it possible to conceive that if it had been designed to institute a distinct caste of Christian priests, through whom only the congregation could approach God, through whom only He would pour out his directing and saving grace, that such a power should not be written in the revelation of God, as plainly as the Sermon on the Mount? Is it possible that a man may claim an office greater than that of the angels, and be without a visible mark of a real man? If so vast a vicegerent power were really given, should it not be made manifest in the angelic life, in the corresponding Christian graces, and in the testifying intellectual perception? Have they the gift of tongues, of prophesying and preaching, of healing, of working miracles, of self-knowledge, of the discerning of spirits, as the old apostles? Should such a power require to be traced like a worthless pedigree, depending on many presumptions and

accidents, and which one broken limb brings to dust and ashes? Should such a title not verify itself by visible sign? Oh! gentlemen of the jury! that such a miserable man as many whom you have seen, who stole into the church by the side-door of Simony, infamous in life and manners, ignorant, presumptuous, and a backbiter, a bad husband, a bad father, a bad shepherd—that such a man as this can tell you he can remit sins! that he is a mediator that would thrust himself between God and his ransomed creatures! Is there any difference between a learned layman and a learned archdeacon? a dull layman and a dull bishop? Is there any visible mark on the forehead? Is there any original or acquired distinction in understanding, birth, nurture, education? The first son is a squire, or an engineer; the second is a parson. Could you tell the difference more exactly after the episcopal hand-work? Is the man visibly better? Does he walk more as an angel with God than many of the unordained? Alas! often more as a fool, with his cap and bells. Is this a miracle, or an imposture? If it be a real wonder, let us take heed of this man—let us fall down at his feet, and kiss the dust from his shoes, though his beard be not yet come; if it be but a mockery, let us consider George Buchanan's lesson. When this learned tutor was once flogging King James, the old Countess of Mar came in with: 'What! you scoundrel! to whip the Lord's anointed!' 'Madam!' said George, 'I have whipped his Majesty's b——, and if you like you may kiss it!' Of course! gentlemen of the jury!

"This great feast of the Eucharist! What a business has been made of this! Look at Rome!—look at Luther's church!—look at Oxford! That the healing grace of God shall come only through one fixed iron tube, and that perchance full of filthiness, and not like the winds of heaven

on the heads of all that will bare and bend them!—that it should depend on a few cabalistic words of a conjurer over the simple elements! Is not baptism before the other rite, in time, as well as in the idea of secret influence? The priests have given this to the laymen. It is the law in all Christian churches, that baptism by a layman is as valid as that by a bishop, or a pope. All men are priests, says Luther. Yes; here is the proof, even in the Roman Church. A layman's baptism is so good that it cannot be repeated. This privilege would probably never have been ceded by the clergy, if they had not been shocked by the notion of any one dying unbaptized. Better ill done than not done at all! they thought. If it be done at all, it is done well, I say. At any rate, there is an end to charms and amulets.

“There is a splendour in the visible Church of Christ that may shadow to the human heart the gorgeous courts of heaven—the noble Gothic temple, with the clustered pillars, the marbled floor, the silvered altar, the streaming incense, the robed prelates, the ministering priests, the prostrate people, the sweet, soft melodious strains, the glowing faces of the Apostles and the Madonna, and the descent of the dead Christ from the Cross into the hearts of ten thousand willing believers! There is also another picture of the Church on earth. The missionary of the wilderness meets his small band of converts in the sight of the lions and the leopards—opens with one hand the written Book of Life, points with the other to the burning blue skies, and begins: ‘When two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them;’ and the angels answer ‘Yea!’ and Christ himself fulfils his word with his presence. This also is a Christian church—even if the minister has no more been blessed by a bishop than by the chiefest of the apostles.

“ It is a vast surrender—that of the individual conscience into the keeping of a fellow-creature—it is greater than the trust of the lord keeper of the royal conscience—greater than that of the dancing-women of the sultan, who asks languidly, ‘ Who would dance that can get others to dance for them ? ’ It may be a pleasing delusion to the man who is steeped in sin. But can the just man believe it to be true ? It is a large stake to put into the hands of one man—that of the immortal soul. What is the estate for life of ten thousand pounds a year to this trust ? The trustee can at the worst sell your land, and squander the money. But ‘ what shall a man give in exchange for his soul ? ’ If another asks for the custody of this article, should he not show some plain letter of attorney from the competent power ? The demand should not rest on hearsay or tradition. For if a man gives up the keeping of his soul to another, he may give up all that can make that soul of any sterling worth. If it be another’s, let that other look to it ; it is no more an affair of mine. Eat, drink, and sleep, for *to-day* the soul is as good as dead ! But to-morrow dawns from another land. Will the bond of the borrower stand good in the open court above ? Oh ! gentlemen of the jury ! ye will never sit as jurors in that court. But in this court below, what would be your verdict ? That the defendant was a willing dupe, and that the authority was not proved.

“ Consciousness is the seat of divinity. When God breathes his spirit into the dust, he makes it sensitive to disease and death, as the body is also warned by incipient symptoms. He gives freedom, and also the means for its just use. ‘ Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.’ If a man is not free, where is the condemnation ? Even the Pagans could figure the choice of Hercules the hero. If a

man shall not strive for himself, for what purpose was he born? Is the coheir of Christ but a puppet, to be moved by the priests like the images of Isis? Shall any man finger this sensitive flower till it will no more move at all? The free spiritual rule is as personal to the individual as the free temporal. In both, this freedom finds its end in obedience, and its reward in contentment. Let us 'stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free.'

"I would, therefore, begin this new reformation of religion by summoning a constituent assembly chosen from all the congregations of Christian men, and lay before it a constitution for the government of the Church visible. I would shut up these two respectable Houses of Convocation for ever—walking out the reverend, venerable, and right reverend gentlemen with more respect than Oliver dismissed his parliament. These Convocations, if their tongues were loosed for the whole year, will never get beyond that other parliament of Oliver which spent six months in 'defining an incumbrance.' The doctors will disagree even when the spark is just going out. So with the divines. It is their craft to spin subtleties. They have been brought up in that line. Can they forget their calling? Has a man not been made a dean because he knows the Fathers better than his parishioners? Have not all the heresies that have distressed the Church sprung from the brains of the clergy? Let us have clergy sense if you will, but let us also have common sense, which history seems to consider as something different. What a melancholy spectacle—these two respectable Houses of Convocation! with their committees of *gravamina et reformanda*—the mild proposals to allow the judicious laymen to sit in their councils, to listen to the learning of the masters of science—as in the provincial synods. Oh! gentlemen of the jury! I should

hope no man would be mean enough to live on the words of another, unless he saw some kind of inspiration in his tongue; nor to sit in any assembly under the sun, like these men, without the power to *do* as well as to *say*. Such conduct can only bring contempt with it. Shut up these houses, I say, before the reverend gentlemen get at each other's throats, or throw the heavy inkstands in each other's faces! March them to the door, before they die of ridicule. It is a miserable, useless business! Shut the doors, and turn the key! The next time these doors are opened, it should be for a true representative of the whole English Church. Let us glance at what may take place there in due time—let us look at the constitution.

“Thus:—The parish council has certain powers of administrative and local legislation for itself, defined by law. This council is chosen by the congregation. The provincial council, composed of deputies from the parishes, has a wider scope, which is equally defined. The general council of the nation, composed of deputies from the dioceses or the diocesan councils, and presided over by a state officer, who represents the head of the State, and also the head of the Church, is the great ecclesiastical parliament, with full powers of general legislation. There is also a board of state for ecclesiastical affairs, with power of *veto* and confirmation, in the name of the sovereign, and responsible, like the other boards, to the great council of the nation. If the spiritual man runs riot, there is simply the temporal man to guide him back—the appeal ‘from Philip drunk to Philip sober.’ The sovereign is the head of both these states. They are both founded from end to end on the popular will. The double functions of the citizen are distinct as the spirit and the body—whose harmony cannot be parted. When they meet at last at the apex, in one essence, there is no more

than in all the elements below—co-operation without collision—concord without confluence—the binding by the invisible knot!

“The parish is the miniature province. Its council, chosen by the congregation, presided over by the minister, is intrusted with its government, and takes cognizance of all its concerns, subject to the general law of the Church. The land is divided into convenient bishoprics. As the bishops will be more numerous, and will no longer be required in the House of Lords, they will have ample time to attend to their flocks without archdeacons or rural deans. There are no archbishops. The episcopal council, or parliament, is composed of deputies from the parishes, and presided over by the bishop. It has a larger scope, corresponding with the larger field, on which it can look with larger eye. It is, in fact, what the county is to the civil parish. Above all these, is the imperial national assembly, or spiritual parliament of the realm, composed of deputies from the provinces, chosen by the whole body of the people, called together in yearly session, and presided over by its own officer. Its Acts are the Statutes of the Church.

“The general church Parliament is, in its own sphere, omnipotent as the civil Parliament. It may yearn for the guiding spirit of God, as at Antioch, Nice, or Trent; but that spirit may not always be there. As individuals may err, so may assemblies claiming even the abiding promise of Christ. Tradition is used only for establishing the integrity of the great charter of the gospel. It is a rule of municipal law, that a written document cannot be varied or enlarged by parol evidence. If that code speaks of some things with uncertain tongue, is it for human invention to prompt a better utterance? Did not Paul himself doubt whether he had at all times the plenary inspiration? Can a council

speaking with more authority now than Paul spoke? The administration of church affairs will always be capable of amendment. In doctrine, it must uphold the great charter. It is bound at times to correct the judgments of its judicial tribunals—to *declare* the law afresh. If these were infallible, there would be no need of articles of faith; the charter contains all. But if there must be this supervision, there should be no attempt to make that clear which is left to be seen 'through a glass darkly;' for the essential creed cannot be doubtful. The subtle human intellect may weave its mists over the clearest vision. It is enough to blow these aside, without grappling with the mist-delusions—the spectres that men often repeat of themselves, like that of the Brocken mountain. If it be indispensable to define the faith in articles, they should be short and simple as truth itself; for this is the authority to which many human minds are expected to bow with submission. This authority cannot aspire to complete dominion over private judgment; for no council can force the individual conscience; but the more it amplifies its enactments, the more likely is it to provoke open rebellion. 'Let every man be persuaded in his own mind.' But this persuasion may be consistent with general obedience; this spiritual government, like the temporal, may depend much on the outward allegiance. A law may be wholly obeyed, without being wholly approved. Liberty is the keystone of the Christian arch, as of the worldly.

"The law requires unanimity from a jury—this is eccentric enough; but to ask it from any congregation of Christian men on every point of Christian belief, is amazing. You cannot get two such men to agree—nay, you cannot get one to agree with himself. The Church itself has two tongues—nay, two thousand. The unbeliever's creed seems

simple enough—‘I believe in nothing.’ Yet talk with him, and he is like the rest of his race. Catch another, and set them to work. Bless you, they will tear at each other’s throats with as much fury as if they were Christians. One has a notion about vortices, and atomic cerebral particles, the other about *elixir vitæ*, or the electric forces—the one sees a God everywhere, the other nowhere. If there was a synod of such men, they would, in time, burn each other too. When a man is contradicted, there is an instinct for knocking down the arguer—often, perhaps, because he cannot knock down the argument. Men cannot be got to agree even on the things that are known to themselves! Oh! gentlemen of the jury, how many stories you have heard in that box, from men deceiving themselves without perjury, about things as visible as their own noses, happening under those very noses! How can we compass the Infinite and the Invisible with any chain of evidence? Ask the sea wavelets what they murmur among the pebbles! How many of those words that come from the invisible shore are lost, like the birds, in the long passage? How vainly do we strain the eye across the profound Infinite! Let us be content with the pebbles that have been stranded, like the children.

“There is a code already made for the Church by its Author and His own apostles. This code is not superseded in the present Church;—it is briefer and better than that of Justinian. The land and goods lawyers may annul an old code and make a new one; but this code is not repealed by Acts of Parliament made at Westminster or elsewhere; it stands good till the great Lawgiver himself recalls it. It is curious to observe among mankind the disposition to render void the law by tradition. This may be traced in almost all religious laws—nay, in all municipal laws. If

the tradition or the decision, as at the common tribunals, is accepted as of equal value with the code itself, by way of interpretation or amplification, the cunning of many generations might at last repeal the whole code. It is the Legislative Body that corrects this result. In religion, it may not always make, but it can restore. But if the legislative power should but imitate the legal power, and bind itself by irrevocable precedent, this restoration cannot be effected. Such is the state of the Roman Church, which holds that the Spirit of God has never deserted her, and has always inspired her with truth. If this were true, the word might always be, 'Forward!' But if it be untrue, a general must step back with all his troops. It is this power to retreat that saves from utter destruction. Without that, the army wanders in the dawnless black night, without food or shelter, fearing, trembling, trusting only in those that know no more of the land than themselves. With that power, the army may march, as in the open day that reveals all. The legislature of such a Church may abide by the tradition in the decision which accords with that code, but it may reject as well as adopt.

"In connection with this organization, may be arranged a system of visitorial power, for seeing that the whole executive is in a sound working state, for reports, and suggestion of reforms, and for 'guarding the guardians'—*Custodes custodientur*.

"The general executive, or ministry of the Church, may be vested in a council chosen by the spiritual parliament. The bishop is aided in like manner, in all his important functions, including the great work of ordination, by a council similarly chosen.

"The law of the Church, adopted and altered by the general parliament, is administered by the judicial tribunals.

There is the local provincial court, presided over by men of competent learning and experience, with power of divorce and other discipline, subject to one appeal. This great court of appeal is the central spiritual court, held by the most learned and faithful doctors of the Church, who are appointed by the great executive council, or by the sovereign. All these courts should have two prime prerogatives—the power to dismiss a cause as irrelevant or impertinent, in like manner as the civil judge sometimes refuses to hear the trial of an absurdity or a scandal; and the power to impose silence, as in the wary Church of Rome. Let it say to the foolish, babbling litigant, as to the slanderer, ‘Hold your tongue—*res judicata est.*’ ‘Leave the court!’ For the office of a minister is to teach. *Διδασκαλη*, the precept, is not dogmatic doctrine.

“Where, indeed, otherwise, would be the end of litigation? for the spiritual clients are far more fiery than the lay clients. This code of law should be concise—resting, of course, on the great charter—also gathered carefully from the old books, and improved in allowable instances by the modern extant understanding. It would be well for the world if these old shells could thus be ground to ashes, be made to fertilize the earth, and be seen no more!

“The executive power, as in civil affairs, is divided amongst the members of the Church. The sovereignty of the Church is completely restored to them. Henceforth, the Minister is not the mediator—the absolute prince—only the chief worker among many fellow-workers.

“All power comes from the people. Shall they choose their own ‘spiritual pastors and masters’? There is no more difficult matter under the sun than this of patronage, for it reveals the weakest parts of human nature. Look at the State—how it has been, and is managed there! ‘Take

care of Dowb'—even when the brave rank-and-file were melting like the snow on the cruel Crimean cliffs! A Russian czar may get the best men for his work; for he *will* have them, and he is above the influence of party and of rank. But where all are rulers, every one helps himself and his friends; it is not the best that is sought—it is one that will not be bad; and every minister thinks he has a hundred cousins of that kind fit to take the command of armies or of fleets at once. The 'second-best' may be the best, as in the case of Themistocles.

"This lay parish patronage is another broken link in the same old feudal chain; it is a kind of constitutional king that is wanted for the parish. As the office is not hereditary as in Russia, is it not fair to let the people choose the new dynasty? This is the law of the state monarchies, according to Voltaire. Unfortunately, if you multiply the voters for offices of profit, you but multiply temptations. Therein no man will be found to be perfect. You would think that highly respectable farmer, that could buy his own farm twice over, and has been a churchwarden almost every other year, just the man to choose a good parson. Bless you! he is very little better than the rest. His wife has a nephew of the half-blood, or his neighbour a son of the whole blood, or his landlord a son of the wrong blood altogether. It is only a choice between the three—and what are they? Let them look at each other and laugh. The reverend orator who came on trial may go home. If he so preached that the church owls sat in a row to hear his eloquence, he might as well have had that of a pump. Oh! ye lepers of sorrowful human nature! If the Jordan can make you clean, start by the next mail! Oh! gentlemen of the jury! you have *found* a great many things in your time. Have you ever found honesty except among the lawyers, whose work is done for the fee?

“What then is to be done? To wait till human nature is perfect, or to make the most of the strange machinery? Universal suffrage for choosing a spiritual king? Canvassing for parliament is bad enough; but to canvass for a spiritual member with temporal emolument! What dirt would be stirred up here! This is an age of invention. Can no genius aid us here? There will be the parish council, the trustees chosen by the people, with power, but with responsibility exacted in the open face of day. You may choose the choosers, without the complex machinery of Venetian oligarchs, or of Bernese republics. When men become perfect, you may have the vote direct. At any rate, you may give the parish an absolute veto. Before this marriage takes place, is it not fair for one of the parties themselves to say ‘No,’ even at the church door? Even the Moslem Imaum-rectors are chosen by the parish. Enact that all patronage shall cease in and from the 1st day of January, 1940. There would be no injustice in this. The State can take what it likes, if it gives compensation. An actuary will find the value in this case equal to 000. There will be time for all the wiseacres in the country to scratch their heads about the business before that time.

“When you have enlisted the rank-and-file, who shall fix the officers? Shall they rise by purchase as in the grenadiers, or by seniority as amongst the gunners, or by merit from the ranks? I have heard of an army where all the common soldiers were fit to be generals. This army ought to be of that kind. Are they not all generals? At any rate, if you can, down with Dowb! unless he can show just cause for his promotion.

“Thus, there may be throughout the whole Christian Church, from end to end, the force of individual power. It is a law of human nature, that zeal and earnestness depend

on individual power and responsibility. Obedience to the majority springs from the consciousness of power. It is so in secular affairs. Autocracy in church government is good, as in the affairs of state, when the people are not fit for any other form, as Luther thought. But the same training serves for both. The greatest power in any community is put forth when it is wielded not only *for* but *by* the many. We have fought for political freedom, and we have won it. The religious liberty is yet to be won; but the battle is ours before it is fought. Down with the Brahmin caste for ever! Make all men free of the noble guild of God! The gospel of Christ is not written in hieroglyphics; he that runs may read. It is the part of the officers to see that none straggle from the ranks, or fly before the foe; but it is also the part of the people to see that the officers themselves are worthy of their trust, and as true as themselves.

“There is no fear from the tyranny of the State in such a church, for the rulers are the same in both. The temporal sovereign is the nominal king, but the true king of all is Christ living in the hearts of his people. The temporal and the spiritual lives become one. It would be competent for such a church to restore the lost discipline, to hold the rod over the reprobate, and to withhold the spiritual manna from the rebellious. For it would be self-correction, like that of the monks that whipped themselves, and they might lay on as heavily as they liked.

“Observe! it is not the church of a sect: it has room for all true and faithful brethren. It might take the staffs of all the sects at once, and reform the regiments. It only asks for concurrence in the great Christian acts, as when the Host is raised in Roman churches, and all private prayer is centred there. There will ever be in human minds the difference of temper and of construction. Some will seek

to stand firmly on the faith of reason, and others will soar on the wings of imagination to the realm of the ideal. Some will look on the earth-life with downcast eyes of sorrow, and others will have the cheek of perpetual cheerfulness. Some will convert Christian speculation into progressive philosophy, and others will lean faithfully on the arms of the strong combatants. Some will be enthralled by the glory of visible worship, the significance of symbols and of signs, and others will find in the depth of inward contemplation, the wonders that 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.' Some will hear audibly the voice of God 'as of many waters,' and others will say softly in the stillness of night, with Samuel, 'Speak! Lord! for thy servant heareth!' Hath God fashioned the differing minds in vain? Hath any human intellect ever grasped the whole spiritual life, the entire Christian image? Is not variety written on every part of the outer world? Shall there not be in the inner sanctuary the full communion of saints?

"The Christian doctrine is irrevocable and unchanging; but the Christian Church should in its outward development be as progressive as the human sciences. It is right that the house of God should show the 'beauty of holiness:' the love of beauty cannot be erased from the human heart. The old Greeks called, not unwisely, the beautiful the good. Shall men adorn their own dwellings with splendour and leave the temple in poverty? Shall they not offer to Him the most precious gifts of the earth—part of the treasure He has given—as a tribute to His bounty? May not this temple be also a school of Christian art? Shall intellect and piety not both concur in making it worthier of His presence? But it must look forward as well as behind—rejecting the symbols that sprang from

paganism or profanity, and changing the dead hieroglyphics into the living letters. All is not bad that is old—all is not good that is new. But the intellect is disloyal to its Maker, that cannot constantly discover new visible signs for the inward and spiritual faith; that cannot make fresh links for ever between the visible and the invisible, the finite and the infinite worlds—yet regarding the Scriptural rule, ‘Let all things be done to edification.’

“Again, if there be any power of progress among mankind, should it not be shown in the liturgy of a church? It is here that the intellectual and the moral faculties must meet in their utmost strength. There is the ready and the laboured speech of man to man. But the public speech to God should be a noble work of devotional power;—the oldest prayers are still the best. There is no greater want of power than in the modern public prayer. Have we lost the spirit of prayer? Better to leave all to Him who ‘knows our necessities before we ask, and our ignorance in asking.’ The Anglican liturgy wants chiefly variety. It should not only meet all the occasions of Christian life, but also embrace all the feelings of the Christian faith; especially it should be purged from things that wrench the soul and darken the understanding.

“What a noble sight to see this Church raised from the dust, and set upon a hill, with her doors ever open, her altars ever burning the spirituous incense—the sectarian abashed, the unbeliever confounded. This is the key to education, and all other controversies. May not the whole earth become a church—a school—a house of charity—a refuge for the wayfarers—a temple of the living God! The universal greeting of men face to face as brothers—the universal kneeling of men before God the Father! Faith in God—also faith in man! The resistless power of associa-

tion for promoting Christianity! Have the poets feigned anything finer than this? Is this also a dream, or an idea to be made perfect in truth? Like all other human issues, it depends on ourselves. God has given even his Church to our custody, and He will help us, if we help ourselves. We may be guardians or we may be traitors. Let us be reasonable and faithful men.

“Such a church, spreading her wings over such a nation, might gather Jerusalem together, ‘as a hen gathereth her chickens.’ It would be a reproach not to belong to such a church; for she would be robed from head to foot in charity—be filled with the pure breath of faith—be comforted and conducted by the bands of hope, waiting for the coming of Christ the betrothed. Looking back upon the troubled history of the centuries with shame and sorrow—looking forward to the coming times with the confidence of power, this land might then be truly converted to Christianity; its influence would be felt throughout the whole Christian life—in its laws, in its learning and literature, and the baptismal cross be for ever branded on every brow. This analytic logic of the Western nations has too much divorced Christianity from civil life. We are put to shame by the idolatrous Hindoos, who have wrapped themselves up in the whole garment so closely that they cannot be unwound from it. Should it not be so with Truth? This Christian Church should also break asunder the last bonds of class and caste, and would give the firmest restraint to the inevitable democratic reign. It hath pleased Providence to make this small realm the citadel of political freedom. Shall it not also be the stronghold of Christian liberty? Shall it not show to the nations the example of the future daily life, as well as of the freedom of commerce, and the filling of the earth with people? Shall such a nation,

strong in accord, firm in faith, not carry the lamp of the Gospel to the dark places of the earth? Shall it not be at last fulfilled, 'I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession?' Shall this not be the Church against which the gates of hell shall not prevail?

"Assuredly, there is arising over the earth the aurora of better days—the expectation of fulfilment. Yet the way may first lie through the furnace of affliction. Everywhere, and in every form, great unfathomable causes are at work in these days—for good, and also for evil. The strife of these coming years may be harder than in the first Christian ages; for the arch-enemy will not give up his citadel without a struggle. The last may be the worst, and there should be union against the common foe. Union gives strength only when it gives love. This promised reign of universal love—shall it not come, like other reigns, by the efforts of man? also, by the favour of God? We pray daily, 'Thy kingdom come!' Let us first fully establish this kingdom in the great Christian heart! Amen!"

Amen! responded the Vicar, as he sat entranced in thought. There was silence for some time, and the Foxglove Waterfall, with its deep sob, seemed also throbbing with thought. The Vicar's interruptions had not much disturbed the flow of the Serjeant's discourse. As they rose to depart, he said with much solemnity: "This faith in man has never yet been fulfilled. It has been the perpetual rolling up, and the perpetual rolling down—often into a gulf deeper than that water-chasm. The representation of the people applied to religion! Remember the golden calf when Moses was in the mount—remember the shout for Barabbas the thief! The profanity of this age would carry this universal dogma of representation

into the very councils of Heaven!" The Serjeant said: "The perfect wisdom bears all within itself. Wisdom exists on earth in the single rays, like the light of the spheres. It is well that every human being should conspire to contribute the single spark, like the widow's mite. The light, when wholly gathered, will be small enough for the world's work." And they walked without further word to the Lodge.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAW.

A FEW days afterwards, as the sportsmen were seated by the spring, and the repast had just been finished, the Vicar, who had been stealthily engaged in stuffing a game-bag with sheep's wool, pulled the Serjeant to its seat, and thrust on his head a full-bottomed wig of plaited rushes and heather, arched with the grass of Parnassus, saying: "Now! you have pulled down the Church! What have you to say about the Law? Is that as pure as Holywell water? As you are now on the woolsack, you must defend your own craft. Come, to it!" The black dog, old Mungo, here walked deliberately up to the Serjeant, and took off his wig with his teeth, tearing it to tatters, to the immense delight of all the spectators, both dogs and men. The Serjeant said the dumb dog had more sense than the parson, and would not allow his master to be jeered at. He then took his pipe, and spoke out thus from his woolsack:—

"‘No one ought to be wiser than the Law, which is the perfection of reason.’ So says old Edward Coke, who seems to have really thought that the law of England in his time was perfect. Succeeding generations have thought very differently; for, if that ancient chief justice were now allowed to walk once more into his own court, he would find some difficulty in distinguishing the old fabric among the ivy that has grown about it. But it is there still—the everlasting old feudal structure—and even in its present or

very recent condition, several sages of the Law, with another chief justice at their head, made a solemn report to the Crown, that 'the law of real property is as near to perfection as can be expected in any human institutions.' Again the judgment of the coming generations will reverse the decision of the chief justice. Already, the mirage is in the air.

"The elder chief justice distinguishes 'the artificial perfection of reason, gotten by long study, observation, and experience,' from 'man's natural reason—for *nemo nascitur artifex*.' A lawyer is not born, it seems, like a poet. If it be true that a poet must be born with the eagle stamp upon him, why might not Coke himself have been born with the Exchequer stamp on him, if such had then been extant? He was well steeped in the legal puddle-dye—but you cannot dye a flint except on the surface. A man may call himself a lawyer—but if you make the least cut into him with a maiden's penknife, you will find his blood much the same as your own. But if you could have plunged into old Coke, the angelic legal ichor would have come at once. In brief, if God has given you brains, you may make of yourself what you like—an archbishop, a lord chancellor, or a commander-in-chief; that is, if brains had their due reward, and their just moral accompaniment. The moral sense is also natural—otherwise, it was quite possible that Coke himself might have turned out to be a poet—which is very difficult of belief. But his rival Lord Bacon was a poet, that is, he wrote prose like a poet, also like a philosopher. He might have been the British Lucretius. Yet he was also a sound lawyer, and wrote an essay on the Statute of Uses, as well as one on the Advancement of Learning. There is a grand use of the imagination in the study of the Law—even in the lap of the stiff mathematical

matron ; for quick-eyed Resource is the daughter of Imagination. Marry her but to Judgment, the heir presumptive of countless rich uncles and cousins, and the heir apparent of this pair may sit on the woolsack as soon as write a noble epic poem. But Judgment too often loves the dry bachelor life, and turns his back against all the Nine Muses and all the Three Graces—living a sad barren life with his maiden sister, Prudence. These two keep all reformers out of the house as ruthlessly as the bailiffs or the burglars.

“It is a great error, and has caused countless human sorrows. To sit in the dark cellar till you can see even the beetles—till you are dazzled with the least sun-ray ;—better be born blind at once, I say. Thus, this old Coke, a fine old Norfolk gentleman, inclined to the Conservative side of things ; for he had groped for so many long years in the legal catacombs, that he might be said to be buried before he was dead. This strange old sanctuary, with all its windings, caves, cells, and pits, had been so familiar to him as to appear better than the grandest temple that ever sat on the earth. Rather than such a shrine, let us have the open, roofless day-dome. Let us at least have light—above all, light—to look at each other in the face—plaintiff, defendant, counsellors, attorneys, judges, jury, witnesses, and neighbours. There have been many Cokes since his time in all the courts, and many outside too. The lawyers long resisted this reform, and looked on one of their own craft so minded as a greater traitor than any convicted under the statutes of Edward. But treason slides at last into revolution or reform ; and the lawyers are now almost as eager as the youthful commoners just out of college. It is true, many an old hound will not hunt at this game against its own pack, like the angry bees. But his hour

is spending, and his heir will follow the rest. Perhaps the veterans saw that this law reform could only be done by lawyers, and they extricated the great court of the nation from embarrassment, like an *amicus curiæ*. Perhaps they saw something worse coming into court, and agreed to a verdict by compromise.

“It is true, that Law is or ought to be the perfection of human reason—the expression of experience and wisdom gathered from the whole human family, and applied to the wants of communities. All law is founded first on the study of the universal human nature. This study is a science in itself. The human mind has not altered since the days of Aristotle, but its analysis is still incomplete. If it were ever so well discovered, its development varies with daily necessities. This philosophy is therefore progressive like the others. Again, all the elements of human nature are gathered in a village—in a family—in an individual. But a parochial code of laws would not in itself suffice for a large realm. Yet it might expand to cover the whole earth, like the Roman law. If the parish spread into a province, and thence into an empire, the law must be made so elastic as still to bind all the body. This elastic cord is woven by experience. Again, if a large state starts from poverty, and covers but its own area with its growing wealth and people, it must adapt its laws to its growth, like the garments of the growing man-child. It is after much reflection, that a conservative man discovers that he ought to have a new hat, or that his easy old coat is threadbare. When he admits the fact, he will slip on the familiar old garment at night, when his wife only is witness. It is thus with the old laws. It is a long time before it is seen that the laws are too small for the land. The young delight in new clothes. Thus, the American people, only a hundred

years old, can doff and don as speedily as they can eat and drink ; but they will come to like the old clothes, like the rest. We are a thousand years old, and we like old habits. This growing stream of time flows on so softly that its lapse over the deep bed is not heard : it may be seen ; but look long enough at it from the bank, and it will appear to stand, and yourself to be moving. This is a more fatal error than that of the rustic who waits till all the water is run out. It is almost to go back, not even to stand still ; but the hour comes when the traveller awakes from his trance, and finds he has a long journey before him. If a state has won the great inheritance Freedom, with the other conquests, it will find as many foes to the reform of the Law as if it had slumbered in slavery. Freedom no sooner sheathes her sword against her own explicit foes, than she brandishes the cudgel amongst her friends. It is not only that the old leaven is left ; it is not that many or most are agreed to march on, but they differ as to the road, and they stand looking at each other more stupidly than they gazed at the stream. Ah ! then, for a good stroke of some Prince Roland to hew out a new path through the strong rock ; otherwise, what a long way round this hill ! Thus, the despotic kings can summon the wise men of all climes, and send forth at once a huge edict of reform. Justinian did this, and Louis, and Napoleon. Our King Edward did his best, but it was beyond his power. Now, touch but a brick of this building, be it ever so broken, and a thousand voices cry shame. When it is fairly got out, and something else must be put in, ten thousand more protest against the exchange. It may be quite right, for Truth comes not always from a deep well, but from the troubled sea-gulf. She comes wearied, and will stay the longer ; when there has

been no battle, it may be a question of retreat—but when a fight has been won, the word is Forward.

“This temple of Themis should surely be well swept, dusted, cleansed, and re-fitted, once in three hundred years. The judge can make the law, if it has not been made before by somebody else. Solon is said to have made his laws in obscure words, that the judges might have more power. Lord Mansfield made most part of the commercial law—Lord Eldon most of the old bankrupt law. But if any old body has bothered his infirm old brains with the precise point a hundred years ago, and has muddled them more than nature had already done, in deciding it, all the other Solons follow each other as naturally as the Solan geese. Thus, in due time, by the aid of all the muddled intellect which the land is capable of producing, the stream becomes so bad and bitter that even the dogs will not drink at it. There is no absurdity under the sun to which four or five horse-haired judges will not consent, if they can but find any defunct predecessor who is reported to have once even squinted in that direction.

“It is thus that the legal chariot, after floundering in the ruts, gets at last to a spot where it can neither turn back nor proceed. There is indeed a flat green field immediately before the horses' heads, but there is a bolted gate. You may look through, but you cannot enter till the blacksmith comes. It may be very well, but it is surely unnecessary to be always driving into the straight, muddy, issueless lanes, and then sending for the smith. The judges should rather unyoke, and make a dash over these hedges into the field themselves. The old judges used to fight with the parliaments, and repealed the statutes. Precedents are good, but they should be based on some truth. There

should be a larger eye for the progress of the law-chariot—a looking farther forward, and less looking behind. It is true the law as declared must be followed by judges, but not slavishly, as if no legal intellect was left. Struggle against a bad precedent—against a whole bundle of them, rather than against common sense. Let us keep that, if possible. If we cannot, then let us call upon the Parliament to help us. It is a great pity most of these old reports cannot be sunk in the Atlantic for ever, like most of the divinity doctors. There should be an act of oblivion, and the judges should be made to drink of the river Styx, as well as of the legal Oporto. The Parliament, also, should speak clearly what it means, and not get its weak words roasted over again in the great law-oven. There can be no end to the rolling of this stone up the hill.

“In truth, there *is* no end of this work. If you had to-day from the Parliament brain a code as perfect as was Pallas from that of Jove, you would to-morrow begin again the work of interpretation and precedent. It must be so. The affairs of mankind are made so complex by themselves, and society is for ever weaving such subtle threads, that no human reason can run before human or national advance. It is enough to keep up. ‘The glorious uncertainty of the law’ is not more caused by the lawyers than by those who run into their arms. No code can specify every human want: the time comes when the old code must drop its dead leaves and become new. But at every fresh shedding the land should be fertilized. There should, after so many furnaces, be refined gold at last. Alas! gentlemen of the jury! when that golden age returns, men will go to law no longer. If one cheek is slapped, they will turn the other for another slap, be they fiery as Hotspur, or terrible as Orlando.

“ It must be confessed that the realm began with a very small stock of this capital. The German fathers found little law here, except what they brought with them in their own breasts, and which the Roman historian has graven on brass. The Roman tree was uprooted. The Britons left nothing—not even themselves, except in the mountains ; but the land was left ; and the Saxons built their law upon the land—a solid foundation. The acute Norman intellect raised the building higher, and gave it many new devices. The land was held by sword-service. The heir was the true successor, and he took all the land, if he had thirty younger brothers and sisters, and if it reached from London to York. The whole legal mind of England lent itself to this idea, and ‘ the heir ’ was the favourite of all the courts. He sat beside the judge on the bench, and when the lord-keeper set up his court of conscience against the old courts, the heir sat there too, and was petted as much as ever. ‘ Equity follows the law ’ in many adventures, as well as it thwarts it in others. But it stood by the heir firmly, as in Lord Lincoln’s case, where the devise of an equitable estate was revoked with unjust, shocking folly. Nay, it committed still more daring injustice in his favour. It allowed the heir to insist that the land should be absolutely free from the incumbrances of the last owner, even if the whole family were stripped to the skin to pay them off. All England went wild about this heir. In the Eastern realms it is the great universal ambition to have an heir ; but in the West he is born to swallow up all the rest of the family ; for laws have the effect of inducing such a state of society, that when men may deal justly, they prefer, like equity, to follow the law. Even the Oporto wine was received as a national institution by means of a foreign treaty. There was no money, or exchequer bills, or railway bonds. The second son might,

perhaps, if he was active, get hold of the fifth part of a stack of old hay, and the girls might each get a chair, or a counterpane; but the heir sat on the land as stoutly as the crowing cock; for the idea survived that he might be called to the wars, and that he would require all his father and mother had to outfit him, and keep him respectably. The same idea holds still. It is always supposed that the whole body of freeholders, copyholders, and yeomen, are about to fight the Scotch, or to join the crusades. After a long while, on the very eve of the religious reform, the landowner was allowed to devise it. But if he dies without a will, the old law still brings the heir in its old coach. Old Montaigne says he prefers to die without a will, and, in the spirit of old Coke, adopts the will of the law. It is a strange law that the younger children should be left penniless for the sake of an obsolete idea. At this very day a man may leave a whole county, and his younger sons may not set their foot on it, except on the public roads. Yet this old hag Themis could cheat the heir too. If a man had left, a year ago, a million of pounds in mortgages, in the province of York, and but one rood of bare ground, even in the hills of Jamaica, the heir might have lost hundreds of thousands of pounds. Law, like nature, deals in compensations, but they are not made to the same persons. It may too often be said, too truly, 'property is a theft.' Then there was, and still is, the tenure of Borough English, by which the youngest son is the heir. If there was no male heir, the daughters or sisters, if they were fifty spinsters, as strong as the Amazon of Hercules, only made one heir altogether, and if they shared the fate of the fifty daughters of Thespius, the inheritance might be split up into ridges as thin as their waists. When such an heir was produced on the battle-field for the feudal service, it must have been very

unlike the heir of the old conquerors. They were so lusty in those days, that the law forgot the possibility of a man begetting girls only. Even the Saxon gavelkind-tenure excludes the women if there be male heirs. The perfected feudal idea required that there should be always a perfect heir-man. The law abhorred a vacant fief, even for an instant, as much as nature was supposed to abhor a vacuum. It even scorned a man's own brother of the half-blood, and would sooner have advertised for full relatives of the tenth degree. This idea not only prevailed in military tenures, where it was more intelligible; but the owner in free socage, and the copyholder who held his land at the bare will of his lord, must find a male heir for a successor. There was no power of substitution for infancy or idiocy. There was no power in an owner to devise his estate. He might spend it, he might give it away in his lifetime, but he could not give it after his death by will. The Saxons allowed alienation by will, and the Norman law was afterwards evaded by the invention of uses. It was not till the thirty-second year of Henry VIII. that land was directly devisable—five years after a desperate attempt to abolish uses. Even then copyhold lands were not touched by the law, nor joint tenancies. Also, a will was liable to be revoked, or it required republication on the most frivolous pretexts; and, if it were ever so good, it might cheat the children by the doctrine of lapse. It was only in the present reign that many of these absurdities have been abolished. The ghost of many a crabbed old lawyer ought to shrink back in the Elysian fields with more shame from the cheated victims, than the gay queen Dido. The old policy was never to do a thing directly that you could do indirectly. The legislature might have cut the knots as fast as they were made; but the lawyers were allowed to spin the fine devices in their own

factories. Just look at the story of these same uses, which still lie at the roots of the whole English system.

“The feudal chain was so heavy that one man was glad to get any other to aid him in bearing the burthen. As the land could not be devised, and as the death of an owner might cause many domestic disasters, he procured a good, healthy friend to represent the estate, and hold it for him upon secret trust. Thenceforth, the real beneficial ownership was transferred without any formality, as easily as a boll of wheat. The old law, which had carefully provided that the estate was only to be transferred by one man presenting to another a twig or a bit of turf, by way of delivery, or, as it were, of ‘earnest,’ was defeated. It is true, the friend might abscond or deny his trust. The land was left, but whose was it? The law looked for the livery; and, finding no open act of that kind, gave it to the scoundrel that was robbing the widow and the orphans. But the lord keeper of the king’s conscience, and of all the others’ too, here began his new career, and invented the abiding distinction in this realm of England between courts of law and of equity. He did not tell the chief justice of the King’s Bench that he would commit the justice to his own gaol if he did not give justice as well as law. If this could have been done, this terrible lord keeper might have saved his successors immense labours, and his country from many atrocious grievances. If the justices had had the sense, as in the Scotch and the foreign courts—depending equally on the feudal chain—to dilute law with justice for themselves, and bring the wrongdoers to their bar, it might also have been better for their successors. They had defeated the statute for rendering estates-tail perpetual by deliberate chicanery—by fictitious fines and recoveries. But they detested the very mention of trusts. From the moment these grave old

gentlemen found the game they sought for—the legal tenant, they stopped the hunt, and went home. But the chancellor hunted into the moonlight, and swept the country with his tail, as a big comet sweeps the heavens—terrible to behold, and not yet departing into infinite space. He terrified the justices and barons of the old law, the feudal lords, and the great powers. Unhappily, he so terrified the suitors themselves, that they left hope behind them as they entered his court, like Dante's sorrowful ghosts. They went in sleek as the white polar bears, and came out like them, thin as shadows. For this was a new court of conscience; and the judges of this court, after some hesitation, made a clean breast of it. While the old common lawyers were so thick-sighted as to be unable to see a camel walk into court, if he was not clothed with the legal estate, the new court of equity would try to pass him through the eye of a needle. Conscience, like the sensitive plant, becomes callous by too much handling. An over-scrupulous shopman weighs his wares so carefully that his shop gets filled with unruly customers; and, at last, he must measure by the hand, or send most of them off unserved. Unhappily, the chancery customers had no other shop. They were also often dragged in against their will—and too often dragged out, like the lifeless corpses. Thenceforth, the law of England was administered in two houses—at first bitterly hostile to each other—afterwards tolerating each other—then shaking hands—now almost embracing each other. Here, again, the Parliament interfered, and told the justices to admit the title of the equitable owner; but they repealed the Statute of Uses by a quibble, saying that the statute could take but one stride. After that, there was absolute exhaustion. A use in the second step was still a use, or trust. The Parliament might have taken more strides, but

it thought it vain to contend with the sharper intellects of the lawyers. What availed the brains of the old country gentlemen against those of the grand science? What stride could overtake them? Even Cromwell himself had to yield to the lawyers. Accordingly, the English suitor was often like the stranger in the streets—one urchin sets him wrong and another sets him right, till he arrives at the spot he first left, perhaps with his purse abstracted. The suitor finds one door shut against him, then the other—or both thrown open at once. It will be very strange if the two packs cannot run him down at last.

“The courts themselves suffered not only in the public esteem, but in self-respect. On the one hand, the old courts of law, standing on the old, dead feudal trunk, persisted in holding it to be an erect living tree, and with this idea in their heads, they became more rigid, more petulant, and more enslaved in their own conceits. They adopted rules of construction which shock common sense—as in the law of escheat and forfeiture; they required a child to be heard to cry before they gave the widower an estate for his life; they attributed magical power to particular words and symbols; and they laughed at the plain intention of a testator or a grantor. Moreover, the two systems were often opposed to each other on the fundamental rules of justice, as in the case of assets; and the common human understanding was bewildered by the double oracle of the law, as the old Greeks with the double response of Delphi.

“On the other hand, chancery turned its microscope to almost all the concerns of human life, as rigorous as the Inquisition, and as tardy in its judgments—not burning its victims by fire and faggot, but wasting them by slow torture or decay—following the law, leaving the law, usurping the law—cleansing the black spot on the old ermine, often

making more spots itself. It fell into the path of precedents, like the other courts. For it would have been intolerable if every chancellor had measured equity by his own stick. It therefore fell into dilemmas and sloughs of despond, like the others. Some of its judges sank in the morass altogether, like the plunging fiery horses; others sat serenely on its soft breast, fattened yet floating, like the geese, declaring it to be Elysium. Conscience became like a huge boa-constrictor, that coiled round so closely, and with so many folds, that utterance was choked. It was a singular phenomenon in a civilized country—such an enormous machinery for getting justice, and getting so little—or, rather, so much! It might be good when it came—but it came ‘too late,’ like the boons of kings. The English are a patient people—otherwise an insurrection must have put down Chancery long ago, and the chancellor must have absconded like Lord Keeper Jeffries, of infamous memory, throwing the great seal into the Thames. Was it a place of painful religious pilgrimage, this shrine of Lincoln’s Inn? Its treasury was never empty. The chancellor was always besieged by injured suitors. The more difficult a thing is, the more it is thirsted for. The herd of suitors was endless, climbing on bare knees up this Santa Scala, or Calvary. But they were more clamorous than the pilgrims. Their patience was exhaustible—much more, their purse. When that failed, the door might be shut, and another door often opened—to the poor-house, the prison, or the tomb. Would to heaven that the whole machinery had been long ago swept off for ever into the river, like the great seal; or into the sea, like the swine—to be remembered only in fearful night-dreams! For fair Justice was as surely smothered as Desdemona, by the hands that should have raised her to honour.

“At last, Reform stalked into this court. It is a great pity Reform came at all—for Revolution was the word. There is a time to amend, and a time to destroy. The Reform has done much—in celerity and in costs. It has failed in many things—but it has certainly changed this cruel old mumbling chancery hag, of unsound mind, but with sound teeth, into a more respectable matron. It has given her a new lease, when it would have been better for all parties, even for herself, that she should have quietly departed this life, or this realm. It was a fitting occasion to have razed the Law and Equity buildings, in spiritual as well as in material construction, to the ground, and to have built up a real, solid, uniform temple—one good house instead of two. Chancery should have been abolished. *Delenda est Carthago*. This idea lies at the bottom of all Law reform. It will be accomplished. It would save infinite vexations if it were done at once, as it has been done in New York. It would save much future reform; for much of the present reform must once more be passed through the mill.

“All Law is, or ought to be, Equity too. If that be true, it is simply a question of administration. Two distinct systems, for the same end, differing in conception and in contrivance, cannot be good. There must be collision, contradiction, confusion. Which system is the best? If one only is to prevail, all mankind, except some of the Chancery lawyers, will at once vote for the old courts, that are open-faced as the day, and go about the country like the genial guests, and bring visitors and neighbours face to face. There is the plain notion both of expedition and justice. Surely if a court takes the trouble to come close to your door, it comes with the real intent to ‘execute justice speedily,’ and not to strangle her by affidavits. But if Law must swallow Equity, before it rides the circuit, it must clear its

intellect by appropriate physic and diet. It must not swallow as slowly as the boa-serpent absorbs the rabbit, head in and tail out. It should be a clean gulp all at once, of both bench and bar. It would be a brave occasion for a complete cleaning of the whole premises, inside and outside, in honour and expectation of such an event. The law of evidence and the rules of pleading should be simplified still more. The subterranean channels should be purged. There should be an entire reconstruction of the old courts, and particularly of the courts of appeal. Scotland, India, and the Colonies should have some final power of decision in their own causes, without crossing the Border or the seas for wisdom. Every such judgment is not given according to any accurate knowledge of the special system of Law. It is, in fact, a judicial private Act of Parliament. No revolution is easier than this. As it is, we are the amazement of the world.

“The machinery of administering the Law should be improved and strengthened. But there should be more than this. It is time to consider what the Law itself really is. The law of real property is the most complex and artificial system under the sun—barbarous in its ideas as the law of Abyssinian savages, and subtle as the webs of the Hindoo sages. It began with small capital, but the stock is now enormous. It deals in magic still, like the sorcerers. If the right word is not used in conveying land, not a rood will pass, even if it be clear as day what you want to do. A whole string of intentional limitations may break, if the words of art are not exact for the first, as well as for the followers. There is a constant collision of idea between the rules of real and those of personal property, as in the law of conditions and in the rights of marriage. The most absurd reasons are still given for rules equally as absurd. It is not more than forty years ago that the whole profession

was scandalized by arguments and judgments relating to the wager of battle. The learned judges actually had to scratch their heads for many days for technical reasons why a man should not meet his accuser in mortal combat. In every abstruse real property case, a whole heap of dead rubbish is turned over—as in the case of *Taylor v. Horde*—of which the judges are as ignorant as of the tongues of Timbuctoo; or the destination of a large estate may depend—as in the case of *Saville v. Scarborough*—on points as sharp as the needles of Mont Blanc. It is a delightful sight to see the Arabs sporting with the revolving balls; but it must be a feverish business for the suitors to see the manors, forests, arable and meadow lands, moors, and fisheries, balanced on the very tips of your fingers, or veering feebly or fitfully between two legal apparitions.

“The old system of tenure should be abolished; all lands should be held under the same laws. There are still extant amongst us usages worthy of the wildest savages, as in heriot and other copyhold grievances. The State should be the *ultimus hæres* in cases of escheat; and many manorial incidents, as the right to treasure-trove and sea-shore, should be modified or abolished. The distinction between legal and equitable estates should cease, except in cases of real trust and confidence. It should be allowed to an owner to express his intention in the words he may prefer to use, without being fettered by formulas and precise phrases. Once for all, let a man do directly what he may now only do indirectly. If it be desirable to preserve every purpose of the present law, all the largest and smallest limitations, powers, and provisoes may be accomplished without recourse to tenure or to feudal seisin. All the ‘amiable and admirable secrets of the law,’ as Coke calls them, may be blabbed out in the face of day, so that an owner may read

his own charters in his own mother-tongue. Try to discover what a man really means, and do it for him. It will be his own fault if he cannot express his thoughts in intelligible words. At least, do not make them still more incomprehensible. It may be often hard to gather the sense in gross darkness—but bring the sun rather than the old law-lantern.

“The law of inheritance has been very differently regarded by different nations. By some the rule of primogeniture has been held not only to be unjust, but impolitic, in making the elder sons idle, and the younger sons both idle and poor. Other communities have sought to merge the personal feelings in the growth and perpetuity of families, and in the greater stability of the State; but in England the law of inheritance follows neither of these ideas—or, rather, it admits both; for the devolution of real property is wholly different from that of personal property. If an owner has an equal portion of both some kind of justice may be meted out to all. But the will of the Law professes to do that which the owner has omitted to do, and should do it either in the spirit of abstract justice or in the way which would most probably have been adopted by himself. It should not depend on accident—in the mere proportion of land and money; there should be some universal rule for all kinds of property; and the younger children should no more be debarred from all the property of their parent than from his affection. The growth of enormous private estates ought not to be directly encouraged in any state—Neither the social nor the political effects are desirable. There is always a tendency in human pride to found these provincial monarchies. Let a man so devise or dispose of his property that it may go to a great heap; but when the Law must make the will, it should be done in a different spirit. There should be some golden mean between the

possession of a province and the subdivision of an estate into ridges and roods. It is impossible to separate the enjoyment of land from the political state of a nation. There should be in the State as in Nature, something stable and permanent, and something liable to decay and new birth. The natural landscape seems to teach this rule to society. There are the old forests, mountains, and perennial streams, that in winter preserve the firm form of the skeleton which Summer adorns with perishable beauty. In society, there must be perpetual change—but it should be grown upon the old outlines. There should be the oak and the shrub, as well as the yearly flowers.

“The law of perpetual entail was forbidden by the English courts. The time will probably come when the estate tail will be altogether abolished. The permanency of families depends chiefly on the estate for life, and on the successive efforts to convert the estate tail into an estate for life. The same effort would be available if the fee tail was converted into a fee simple. In some cases, the young heir may now be hindered from wasting the patrimony, but only on failure of his own issue. The present system does not prevent the decay of families; on the other hand, a large amount of ancestral property has been transmitted from generation to generation in fee simple. The severance of estates from titles which are now always limited in tail male, proceeds as much from the natural affections as from extravagance. For the present strict system of entail violates Nature. Make the coronets like the crown itself—descendible to the general heirs without distinction of sex, and with the same preference of the eldest heiress. A heap of useless learning might thus be thrown over at one thrust.

“It is not likely that the landed owners will ever consent to have their lands held for them and their heirs by trustees,

like the registered railway stock ; for land is the basis of the whole body politic, and it is meant for more purposes than to be given to a new purchaser by easy and indefeasible title. A system of registered assurances would secure the purchasers—if it were not procured by producing evils greater than those to be redressed. District registers would prevent confusion of titles, and would be accessible to all proper inquiries. The suppression of settlements is very rare. The concealment of mortgages and incumbrances is more common, and is much aggravated by the unjust law of tacking securitics—another remnant of the old favour towards the legal estate. Registry does not imply full disclosure. It is enough, in tracing titles, to know the existence of a deed. This deed may be comprised in a very brief memorial, giving little more than the means of identifying the instrument, which might be specially stamped. This simple mode of registration could not supply the lost deeds, which can generally be recovered by secondary evidence ; but it would allay all the apprehensions of ordinary purchasers. The truer remedies consist in limiting still more the period for the bringing of actions ; in giving certain defined inherent powers to the owners of certain interests ; in amending the law of notice ; in implying the proper covenants ; and in simplifying the general rules of Law.

“ In brief, the whole body of the Law needs to be crumpled up—into a code. It must come to that at last. This old feudal chain will never be wholly shaken off without that. When Law and Equity live together, after their long divorce, this feat also will be possible. Wait till that be done first. The design of a code is to render the Law more simple and certain, more consonant to universal reason, and more fitted for the national necessities. It is vain to attempt consolidation without codification and amendment. Is there any

branch of English law which is symmetrical, scientific, or sufficiently founded on human experience? It is a complete chaos—a jungle of thick trees. Lord Eldon was wont to say, that the best lawyer was not he that knew the law, but he who knew where it was to be found. It is too often like seeking the lost needle in the strewn hay. It ought to be the delight of a nation—and beautiful as a cathedral. How many ardent men have turned from it in youthful disgust! How many have been steeped in its black-letter brine till they have forgotten the taste of spring water! There is no more hopeless case under the sun than this. The disciplined mind should understand thoroughly, and be eager also with the ‘amending hand.’ If a study is so beset with blackness that it requires the proficient to be half blind, how can he hope ever again to bask in the sunlight? The Law itself suffers most. For the old lynx-eyed lawyer sneers at the science of jurisprudence. His art is cabalistic—and he despises what he does not know. No lawyers have been more narrow-minded than the English. Most of the judges now sitting on the bench have opposed the very Law reforms which are now praised by common consent. The examination of the parties, the amended modes of procedure, the local courts, and the new pleadings, have been wrung like teeth from the old patriarchs. The English insular seclusion, the insolence of freedom, and the impatience of novelty, have not been lost among the lawyers. All other sciences exchange their thoughts from all parts of the earth. The same law of feuds affects every realm in Europe. The same human nature is manifest throughout the world. Yet the judgments of the courts are singularly deficient in depth and breadth. The legal treatises have the same fault. Yet Law is a moral as well as a practical science—it is Morality in office. It should reject nothing

that is human. If a small Laplander, or a big Patagonian giant, can teach us anything, let us have it. Let us even go for it, as the stern old Romans went to get laws from Athens. Law is progressive, as man himself, following him with equal steps. It is said, if you would know a people, listen to their proverbs—also, study their laws. It would be seen that we are in this, as in some other things, an incomprehensible people. It should be the pride of a lawyer, as much as of a chemist, to advance his own science. If he really loved it with the manly spirit of love, he would strive to give it excellence. His mistress should be like those of the knights-errant, pure and peerless, beyond all others. It is an heroic work, says Bacon, to amend the law—*Leges de integro retractare et in corpus sanum et habile redigere, id opus heroicum*. It is a melancholy sight to see the sagacious human intellect, like that of Fearne, engaged in purifying the mud, when it might have brought the fresh soil.

“Those eyes, bright as they are in that face of parchment, will never see across the ocean, if they are not carried there. There are signs of larger vision. That great storehouse of practical learning, the Civil Law, is occasionally cited in the courts, and in the treatises. The English judge now travels as far as Scotland for a thought or two, by way of comment on the Roman Law. The Code Napoléon, and the writers on the laws of commerce and of nations, are considered. The elements of law are found in all books, and also in the living books, ‘men, women, and Harveys:’* but the written books may be but the coffins of departed substance. There is a time, therefore, when an advancing people should consider their laws, how far they fall short, or go beyond, the wants of society—should get on one

* See Lady M. W. Montague's Letters.

mountain to look at another. The chief work in all modern legislation has been repeal ; for Freedom can trust her children. But the time must come for construction. It will be a slow business, if it be not done in earnest. It will be like the Edinburgh monument, that required a statute to begin, another to stop, and another to pull down. The new Code of New York passed the legislature without debate. Here, the domain of law-reform has been a common field of chase. If an acute lawyer in his practice stumbled on a horrible piece of unjust folly, too strong even for his tried nerves, he hunted it down at leisure—and it were well if he got the brush at last. Another of the adventuring class starts after another monster ; but the beast is too much for him. An independent legislature sets up a popinjay to shoot at, and it is riddled with shot ; but there is no game. The ministers manage their own departments ; and the law officers have no time. It has been almost by accident that many useful amendments have been made, and also that many have failed in their purpose. No nation under the sun has made its laws in such a fashion. But the Law will soon be put under the special care of a minister. It will be for him to write the laws on the tablets afresh—to condense and classify the statutes—to revise the whole conception and administration of the Law—to provide the perpetual amending hand—and to make it a precious inheritance of the whole people—a tower of defence and safety for themselves—a record of fame for ever, when all else may be lost.”

The Vicar had given many a hearty cheer to several passages of the Serjeant’s speech, and at the end he took off his hat, and called for three British cheers, which made the hills ring. Old Tony put his thumb into his cheek, and told Mungo to sit down. The Captain, who knew no more about

the Law than about the Pleiades, declared that the Serjeant ought to sit on the real woolsack for such a speech, and began a parody on the French love-song: *C'est la loi, la loi, la loi, qui fait le monde à la ronde.* In the midst of this hubbub, the Serjeant, who had as keen an eye for the moors as for the courts, saw a brace of birds sit down on a knoll about half a mile off, and immediately went off with Mungo. The Vicar wished to enter on some parts of the Roman law of inheritance which he had studied; but the Serjeant was gone, and soon afterwards a double shot told the fate of the birds. At such times the Serjeant would have turned his back even to the jury. He was as ardent as old Wentworth, who, in discussing the grave rights of the heir and the executors on the subject of hounds, bursts forth into eulogy on the noble art of venery, and the cheering cry of the chase. The two sciences had thus met face to face in the chambers of the old lawyer, and the old morning echoes came to him as loudly as if he had been awakened by the silver horn of disenchanting Time.

CHAPTER X.

THE CENTRES AND THE GREAT CENTRE.

It was a beautiful September night, as the Serjeant led the way to the small tower which he had erected in the centre of the Lodge. The moon was just rising above the hill, and lighting up the valley, with its streams and its woods, as the friends seated themselves in their lofty citadel. The air was still quite warm, and the bells of the goats about the Force could be faintly heard above its low hoarse roar. The shadows of the hills crept across the valley with more and more distinctness. The clouds were massive as the mountains, and as restful. "We only want the night-ingale," said the Vicar. Immediately Claire Lovaine broke out into a cheerful French song, which the Serjeant declared to be delightful as a good verdict. The tower seemed at that moment to be the living centre of the sleeping creation. In this mood the Serjeant began a new discourse:—

"Each man may claim to be the centre of the universe, without the arrogance of the Khan of the Golden Horde, who wrote on his Caspian tent, 'God reigns in heaven, and I on earth;' for what is the whole earth to *any* man, with her families of men, birds, and beasts, with her hills, seas, and cities, except as expressed on the mirror of his eye, or of the mind's eye? What are all the suns and stars of the surrounding infinite abyss? These have the shifting centre, and the invisible circumference; so hath Man, one of the lords of the creation. There are some of the species

that walk with erect head and ready hand, and seem to claim the whole earth-inheritance by descent, devise, or purchase. Is it not enough to be an eye of the universe, and to gaze into the unfathomable domain far and near? The physical human vision may be almost as weak as that of the mouse looking from its alpine citadel into the deep dale-gulfs. But this human eye can see most when its outward sense is shut. It is long before it becomes so stretched into the circles of space. It begins with a very small circle, and, like the stone hurled into the pool, the circle is strongly girded at the outset, and grows weaker as it widens.

“ It is a righteous law that a man and his wife are one ; for how could so far-seeing a creature perceive a wife, if she were not part of himself? The identity is for a moment disturbed, when he gives himself, that is, his better part, his beloved co-partner, a black eye or a bruised cheek, yet must they not still look together, with such eyes as are left, into this abyss ?

“ When the stiffest hero lifts his eyes over his cravat, he may see his children. If he lived as long as Methusaleh he *might* see more millions of his issue than the whole extant human race, though he must climb a hill or a horse to see them. It is perhaps not desirable to live so long for such a purpose. The family, large or small, is the first circle coming from the stone thrown into the infinite sea. The patriarchal power, even in the West, was once as absolute over life itself as that of the Eastern despots ; but there was as much love in the fatherly heart then as now. Winter and the winds scatter the shed leaves of the parental stem. The family becomes a tribe or clan, if the bond of blood is not broken—if otherwise, a community defined by territory. This is the second circle. Then, the larger circles

follow—the communal district—the province—the realm—the empire of realms—and possibly, the empire of the empires, universal monarchy. Beyond that, the empire of man may extend to the empyrean—but, as yet, only on the wings of imagination, without any overt act of dominion. What silver-spun circles all these might be, if, before the first throw of the stone, man had won the empire over himself. The ripple might reach farther into the infinite sea. Let us be satisfied with the solid earth; and, for the water circles, let us have the standing rings of iron or golden rule.

“In all these circles, there should be the like law of government. An absolute monarch may have absolute satraps in his provinces, but not republican tribunes. A free people may hold another people in subjection, even in slavery; but in its own realm the building must be of harmonious parts. Good government, or the best possible government, may exist in many various forms; but the sceptre must be one of metal, or if of iron, the end must be but tipped with gold.

“In the despotic states, man is not only a slave to the chief slave-owner, but to many middle-men landlords. Freedom also throws a chain round the necks of her followers. It may be of gold, but it must bear the strain as well as an iron cable could do it. All men are interdependent on each other, and there must be hierarchies on earth, as well as in heaven or in hell. A despotic king hangs society on himself, and may let it drop into the abyss. In the free state, the sovereign power is firmly built up from the very ground, and one stone rests upon another, or supports another. Its base is so wide that the upper members may be knocked or thrust off without danger to the fabric. But the culminating point should not be dif-

ferent in kind from the basement. It should not be some strange striped marble laid upon the brick pyramid. It should be monumental marble throughout—or, rather, a full-developed tree, rooted in the earth, and crowned at the top with golden fruits, which are as much born of the earth as the solid stem, or the sheltering leaves. Despotism is not difficult in any land that has only known one master from its childhood. There is no harder problem than to perfect and perpetuate free government by the people themselves; for it is not one king that is needed; all must be kings. It is easy to set up Masaniello, that he may fall lower than before—even into the grave. But free government grows slowly, like the individual human faculties—and like the forest trees, from the inner heart outwards. The free man moves freely between self-restraint and self-reliance, or self-impulsion, the two poles of life. He is like the well-reined war-horse, that can walk soberly in the roar of the battle, till the time comes for leaping on its red wave. He is like the earth on which he stands—revolving round himself, that he may be the more secure in his perennial progress.

“Freedom requires a more elaborate organization than despotism, in like manner as the higher animal creations are more skilfully framed than those of a lower order. Liberty is not only the common birthright—but it is lost as well by non-user as by mis-user. It depends far more on the universal effort than any other human property. It has no single shrine, or holy well of pilgrimage for the nation; for its waters should burst out freely from the whole soil. It is a maxim of free policy, that in entering on the social state, no man ought to be deprived of more personal liberty than is requisite for the common welfare. The same idea runs through the whole of the circles. The first community, the parish, is the miniature state, and

ought to be sovereign in all its affairs, except so far as such a sovereignty is inconsistent with the good government of the whole nation. This sphere is the one in which man, the unit, first encounters social experience. It is his first school, after the rudimentary home discipline. His whole life may take its aspect from this beginning. The whole social aspect may be changed at these springs of ever-renewing life. If a citizen cannot accomplish well the smaller purposes of public life, how shall he compass the larger? Will he not at last allow all to be done for him by deputy, and, losing self-respect, lose also the sense of power? The nymph Liberty is more gracious than the hag Tyranny. But they both ride in the same chariot of power, and one is ever seeking to dethrone the other.

“Centralization is a necessity of the despotic power, at once its strength and its weakness. To make one big heart, the whole body is robbed of its blood, and the plethoric patient may perish in one night. It is impossible for any earthly power to exist without some injustice—least of all the power that depends on the one eye, and the one hand—unless the ruler were a god. Injustice, the spouse of Oppression, is the fruitful parent of Deceit, Distrust, Hatred, Conspiracy, Treason, and Unfaithfulness. In the hour of strength, there is a vast centred compulsive power which may be guided to glory or to degradation. The triumph belongs but to one, and the monarch sits moodily in the triumphal chair, as if Conquest had given into his hands his own people, rather than the common enemy of the state. In the hour of sorrow and trial, this chair may sink to the dust at once; for its rule is by fear and not by love—and who will hold up in that day on their heads a throne which has lost its thunder and its fire? Who can presume to establish the power that declared itself to be all-sufficient?

Who will care to preserve that which has existed only for itself? But the free popular power is one that is only known in its strength in the hour of adversity; for all its trials, sacrifices, and expectations are its own. It is trained to think for itself, and also to act for itself. When the enslaved people prostrate themselves in the dust before the hurricane, like the alarmed beasts of the field, the free people stand erect before it in all the strength of unity, in self-reliance, in mutual reliance, with effrontery against all but the visible hand of God. It is neither cast down by calamity, nor elated by success.

“ This vast power of endurance, of forbearance, of patience, and of performance, is only acquired by continual exercise of all the functions—like the healthful physical human vigour. It is of the essence of a free government that the people should not only be concerned in making the laws, but also in their execution. No man can be more ready to obey and to administer the law than he who has helped to make it. On the other hand, no one ought to know better what the law should be, than he who has studied it in actual practice. The business of government is carried on for the benefit of all, and every copartner should give counsel and co-operation. As free states advance in power, there is a strong tendency towards centralization, not from deliberate evil intention, but from the course of events, and the indolence of human nature. The executive power is immensely increased, and it is always aggressive with respect to the nation. Offices of all kinds are multiplied, and Bureaucracy raises its bald head bristling with pens, girded with spectacles, and bunched with red ribbon. The art of government becomes more like a craft, and its guilds tend to become exclusive as those of the Middle Ages. Political science may be much improved as a subject of speculation ;

but it should never be divorced from the actual national necessity. This science of governing men must always be practical, rather than philosophical. There is not the same amount of positive or universal truth here as in the abstract sciences; for the thing that is true in one realm may be very false in another land. Again, the thing that is untrue to-day may become true in another generation, and the truth of to-day may be reversed by the judgment of the morrow. To distinguish the casual from the enduring, to separate the unsuitable from the suitable, and to make progress even possible, are the proper ends of policy. But without actual knowledge and experience, and communion of labour, the dreams of the political doctors may be no better than those of the divinity doctors. The reign of such a caste, with its mysteries, its myrmidons, and its corrupting influence, may be as fatal as that of the despots.

“Again: there is a strong temptation for the governing people to become as much *rois fainéants* as the weakest of absolute kings. These kings were brought to nonentity, because they were content to give up the cares of government into the custody of the Minister, who became the master. It is precisely so with the people. Apart from human indolence and indifference, the organized enlightened central power, the creation of the people, the perpetual tribunal set up by them for the redress of wrong, and the rule of justice, gets a machinery which is apt for all kinds of interference. It may not only suggest the best scientific solution of a problem, but it has the easiest means of carrying an idea into effect. A large purpose requires a large comprehension; a small purpose may be thwarted by disagreement, and may require the arbitrating hand of the State. Men may be too averse to change, too slothful in their own business, too unjust to a minority, or to a

majority. The state charioteer takes up the dropped reins, and drives them all at his will to the central station of the State. France has become centralized in its government almost as much by the apathy and ignorance of its citizens as by the tyranny of its old kings. For men may be children all their lives: it depends much on themselves. When the Committee of the States General requested Henry IV. to be allowed to investigate the royal financial accounts, the wise king thought he smelt the revolution. But the sly minister, Sully, knew that event was yet far off in the future. He advised the king to gratify the committee, and to bury them in vouchers, exemptions, and assessments. At the end of two months, the bewildered statesmen humbly requested the sovereign to have the goodness to lay on as many taxes as he liked, and to manage the affairs of the nation without further trouble to the deputies. The advice was well taken, and it resulted in a system that has withstood all revolutions of fire and flood, and which enslaved the country, even when it was ruled by the republican chiefs. For the inmost parish life was given up to the direct guardianship of the State, and the repair of the church belfry required a written order from the central power. Men are thus nurtured in imbecility from the first dawn of social life. On the other hand, the American pilgrim fathers carried over the old Saxon parish life in their breasts in their ships, and set it up bodily in the wilderness, like an iron church. It is now filling the great valley of the Mississippi with its organic strength. It is that which now speaks at Washington—which is heard in the Rocky Mountains, and across the Atlantic Sea—which will one day be heard audibly, with our own, around the whole earth, as in St. Paul's whispering gallery.

“ Let us consider this old Saxon life. For this purpose,

we must once more enter into the old hollow feudal forest-tree, and, ringed with this, look out on the domain of the elder world.

"The Greek and Roman poets amused their countrymen with pictures of a remote golden age on the earth. The modern poets have revived this age of gold without the aid of Saturn, or of the demigods. The age of chivalry is as beautiful as that of Saturn. Is it as real?

"There does appear to have been an authentic period of romance in these early times of the new creation, when the feudal bud, so long closed in the German forests, burst forth into a most beautiful flower. The new comers had carried with them into all parts of western Europe two great elemental sentiments—the burning love of war and the respectful love for woman. When Christianity clothed them with her armour, the new Christian knighthood became the unrivalled paragons of courteous heroism. There is a period when the wild man enters into a new phase of social life without losing the simplicity and generous feelings of his early days. During the conquests, and for long afterwards, there was abundant scope for a fine moral development of character; for each chieftain may be said to have founded a kingdom, and to have wielded the genuine rights of sovereignty. At this time, it is easy to conceive that all the feudal incidents were but bonds of friendship and real harmony, as that afterwards they became chains of harsh oppression. It is no wonder that the poets fondly turned back to the good old times, and that the English people often sighed for the mild laws of Edward the Confessor.

"The manorial lord was a real king, often with the right of coinage, and of private war. There were the symbols of allegiance, and there was the reality of services. There was on one side homage, on the other protection, which

neither party could cast off without the consent of the other. There was the crime of petty treason against this king, like that of grand treason against the central king. He had his courts of assize, with civil and criminal jurisdiction, with chancellor, judges, jury, free suitors, and bailiffs. He could sit as a judge himself, and had full power over life and limb. His own dominion stretched over rich fields and thick forests. He was lord of the wastes and the minerals that slept beneath the manorial herb. He had tenants who held their lands by military service, by free civil tenure, by menial hand-service, and at his own pure will and pleasure. He was the lord of the chase. He was the patron of the parish church. He had his hall of state, and his bugle-blast brought his armed followers to his castle-yard, without a question of the purpose for which they were gathered. The castle of the great lord was the school of chivalry. His lady was as a queen among the maidens, who learned there the arts of refined life, and the lore of letters and of love. In the summer days, there was the shining stream of war, the joust and the tournament, the minnesingers, and the gay science of falconry. In the long winter nights, the minstrels sang of the old ancestral deeds, the readers recited the tales of romance and fairyland, the knights fought with each other the mimic combat of chess, and the hall resounded with song, dance, and wassail. At a word from him the knights vaulted into the saddle, and followed him to the foray. Whether he died on his own sward, or in the Holy Land of armed pilgrimage, he carried with him the crucifix-sword by his side, and in that hour, like the brave Spanish knight, he could set up that cross, and give it his last breath, 'in remembrance of Christ.'

"Yet this monarchy was not absolute. The manor may be said to be the foundation of the parish, which was a later

ecclesiastical division, but which mostly followed the manorial bounds. The present civil division of the realm into hundreds, tithings, or townships, is supposed to have been made by Alfred. The residents of a township were made responsible to the Crown for the good behaviour of each other. For this purpose, they elected their own constable either directly, or by means of the manorial jury. They also chose the surveyor of the highways, the churchwardens, and the parish clerk. On all general subjects they voted directly in the parish assemblies. As free suitors, and as jurors, they also possessed large power at the manorial courts. Beside the external control, there was a large restraining democratic check to the power of the lord within the domain itself. The poor-law of Elizabeth added the right of electing the overseers.

“In the hundreds, ridings, wards, and wapentakes, there was the same kind of popular election and control. The high-bailiff and the coroner were both chosen by the people. Even the justices of the peace were also elected till the time of Edward II. It is curious to observe the universal pretext by which the tyrants of all times take away the national liberties. It is stated in the statutes of Edward, that the justices and the sheriff should no longer be elected by the people, on account of the riots and dissensions which had arisen. The same reason was given long before for the suppression of popular election of the bishops. There is a witness to this untruth in the yet older times, when Rome lost her liberty, and her indignant citizen declared that tumultuous liberty is better than disgraceful tranquillity.

“The county, or old Saxon shire, was founded on the same popular right. Its administration was severed, like that of the hundreds, from manorial rights. The old Saxon

earls or dukes, the leaders of the array, were formerly chosen by the people, in like manner as, according to Cæsar, the old fathers chose a leader before a battle. When this officer was superseded by the feudal array, the sheriff, chosen also by the people, succeeded to the first place of power. He was the representative of the Crown both in civil and in military affairs. It was not till the reign of Henry VIII. that the lord-lieutenant was appointed by royal commission as a regular officer.

“ Thus, throughout the whole realm, there was laid the foundation of popular rights and liberties. All the parishes comprised the two concurrent ideas of adhesion and of gravitation. Their original liberty succumbed first to the lords, and afterwards to the kings. But the towns rose up and formed new centres of freedom. Then came the Crusades, with the enforced sales of fiefs and franchises—the civil wars, with extinction of race and castled residence. Above all, there was the silent revolution which is ever changing all realms—the decline of chivalry, and the substitution of hired armies by the Crown for the feudal array—the reformation of religion, which gave to the Crown all it took from the Pope—conquest and commerce—the new reign of the House of Commons—both opening out enormous resources, inducing vast national expenditure, an immense revenue, and a proportionate machinery for carrying on the larger business of government. The executive power lost the hard prerogatives, but it gained the perilous power of patronage. This power is wielded by ministers chosen by the house of the people. But it is hardly less dangerous to the public welfare; for it embitters party struggles, prolongs the rule of oligarchal factions, and saps public morality itself. Public liberty has been so firmly intrenched in England, that the vast centralization of recent

times has been suffered to grow up almost without resistance. But a free people should never be induced to withdraw their own local affairs from their own management; for every loss of direct power tends to unfit them for being good citizens, and the loss of official appointments not only produces additional loss of power, but it promotes corruption, intimidation, and incompetency. It is never intended that the country should become one large farm. The central power is instituted for the common defence against aggression, and for promoting those internal social purposes which individual communities are too weak or too ignorant to accomplish themselves. But it should not supersede the free action of the smaller realms. It is often better to allow them to suffer from their want of wisdom or of will, than to force them prematurely to schemes of usefulness. The force of example should be sufficient. The central power is the sum of the whole, not the indivisible whole. Like the centre of the swiftly revolving wheel, it is steadily visible to the sight; but it is the firm mechanism of invisible parts that gives the centre all its solid strength.

“The metropolis is the seat of the legislative and executive powers, of the army and navy boards—the chief mart of the world—the main abode of national art, science, fashion, law, literature, and social amusement—the focus of information on all passing events—the chief point of contact with foreign people. It is the resort of the nobility and the gentry, but it is not their home, like the city of the French. The affections are chiefly fixed on the rural patrimony. It is in these smaller circles that the real English pulse is felt, in like manner as the fight of Waterloo was won at Eton or Winchester. There is a natural longing in almost all men to link their lot with the visible land. The English have inherited from the ancestors of the forests the love of

rural life, of the chase, and of manly exercise. The country gives more than this. It is the true seat of political power, and the citadels should be well kept. There are abundant materials. The members of Parliament take up the local grievances, and the large public voice. There is a provincial press. The large towns are the centres of activity, intelligence, and public spirit. All the Protestant churches are strong decentralizing powers. The law sends its chief judges on the circuits. The assize is the gathering of a county. The county courts, the courts of bankruptcy, the police courts, the courts of quarter and petty sessions, and other local courts, are resident institutions. The militia and the yeomanry are still part of the national force. The railroads have their own centres—and their tendency is not so much to wheel all to one centre, as to bind all together. They have a centralizing power, and also a strong decentralizing effect.

“ But there is needed a far superior organization of materials, which may more and more dispense with central interference, by developing the local energy. The parish should be re-established. If the Church were reformed, there would be a vast accession of local strength. In a purely civil aspect, the parish is in a state of transition. The establishment of local courts, the enfranchisement of copyhold lands, and the decay of many manorial rights, are already effecting a revolution. The old authorities are displaced, without adequate provision for existing exigencies. There is an evident want of authority in the parish. There should be in every parish a parish council for local affairs, chosen by all the ratepayers. The great central Boards of Education, of the Poor Law, and of Health, might be almost wholly superseded. It is a just notion to have a public Parliamentary minister for the poor; but it shows a sad

want of local organization—and the same may be said of all the public charities. The entire modern system of boards and commissions is become hateful to all classes of the people, and should be reformed, and, as much as possible, abolished. If the parish was what it ought to be—what it might be—its whole work might be done by itself. The parish council should select the parish officers, and transact all the parish secular business. There may be a right of appeal to the council of the hundred, or to that of the county. These also should have as complete and as popular an organization as in the time of Alfred. The county councils should be chosen by the popular voice; and these should elect the sheriffs, the lords-lieutenant, the justices of the peace, the public prosecutor, and all the inferior officers. The whole administration of the shire should be enlarged, improved, and founded on the popular representation. Even the appointment of local judges might be given to local patrons. Every office, from the highest to the lowest, should be made subject to the old Saxon rule, that the people shall appoint their own servants. The town councils should be intrusted with large independent powers within their own limits, and should show a far more zealous regard for education, the cultivation of the fine arts, the public health and recreation, and a higher moral excellence. These independent centres should diffuse a real light and example throughout the whole land. Such a system would search and prove the whole body politic. It would awaken the proper sense of justice and of social co-operation. It would move the national mind to its inmost depths—not with convulsive disturbance, but with the easy sway of conscious power. In such a system, every citizen would find his sphere, and would found his hopes on the just favour of his fellow-citizens. Such a people, thus divided that it may

be thus united—thus standing firm that all may advance together—as willing to yield as to compel obedience—prompt for deliberation as for deed,—such a people might move with one throb the whole realm—nay, the earth itself. The Sicilian sighed for a resting spot for his lever. The true motion is found in the inward strength that comes from the manifold hearts, like the flight from the many feathers.

“The time may come when England, the ‘*arx gentium*,’ will have to play a yet grander part in the great drama of the earth. Foremost among the free, she cannot lay down her commission under this standard without disgrace. Such a trust implies many perils, and many sacrifices. With her hands spread about the whole globe, amid the growing and decaying empires—amid the clash of arms and the confusion of commerce, no man can tell her what a single day may bring forth. For such cares should she not be firmly girded in her own strength? whether to set up farther still the boundary stones, or to fold her arms close around her own body? It is the one full thought that gives the great deed—the thought from many minds meeting to make the one power, as the innumerable raindrops feed the strength of the fathomless sea.”

CHAPTER XI.

THE FOREIGN STATES.

It was now the middle of September, and it was a very dull morning when the sportsmen once more took the field. The birds were very wild, and it required the Serjeant's best skill to make a good bag. Alone with old Mungo, who knew the hills as well as his kennel, the Serjeant was seen skirting the edges of the hills, and, with occasional shots, also driving the game down into the thicker cover for the afternoon sport with wary shrewdness. But the gallant Captain, with one arm, had also two as sharp eyes for this business as those of the learned Serjeant; and as he saw the broods of birds settling quietly in the thick heather, he stole a march with great adroitness on the old campaigner, and had made a good bag long before the Serjeant had come down from his heights. The Serjeant soon perceived this counter-march, and was seen striding angrily down the hill. The Captain now resolved on a masterly retreat with his spoils to the lake, where Richard and the Vicar had been fishing. The appointed place of meeting for the day was at the boat-house. Thither all parties now converged; and, after a most friendly duel between the two friends, the attention of the whole company was absorbed by an enormous pike which the Vicar had successfully landed.

The west wind ruffled the lake into a small storm, and sighed heavily among the shaking rushes and reeds. The clouds swept the skies in endless waves, and the heather

became black with the coming change. The birds nestled closely in the cover, and would have given good sport. But when the repast was ended, and the pipes were lighted, the Serjeant was moved with the solemnity of Nature, and spoke also as solemnly on foreign affairs as if the State were, like Nature, on the eve of elemental war :—

“ God said, ‘ It is not good that the man should be alone.’ Is not this also true as applied to man living in communities ? A nation may be so shut up in selfish seclusion as to be no better than a cross old bachelor. The savage forest-life brings forth variety as well as strength of individual character. The civilized life, so called, tends more and more to make all men alike, so that one man sees with another man’s eyes. It is, therefore, not good for states to live alone, or to live like nuns, to be conversed with only through thick-barred gates. The stranger holds up the mirror in which are marked both the foulness and the fairness of a people’s countenance.

“ But there is a higher thought than this. Man has no right to live alone. He has no right, singly or with a crowd, to sit down on any isle or realm of the earth, be it a garden or a desert, and thenceforth seal it up against his brother. For it is not as a house that may be bolted against a beggar or a king. It is part of the domain of all men, which they may at least claim to traverse, if they but keep the public roads. The right of commerce is implied in all countries. If a realm produce a plant like the tea shrub, which is useful for all mankind, it cannot be meant that they should be forcibly excluded from its use for ever. ‘ The earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof.’ It is, therefore, meant for all his creatures. In like manner, if a realm contains striking wonders of creation, it is surely meant that this book of Nature should be perused by as many as wish to see it.

Again, there is a special search-warrant given by God himself! Man is commanded to preach the Gospel to all nations. This duty implies a clear right of entrance and peaceful residence.

“All these are private rights founded on public law. But the relation of one nation to another is more precise. A nation may compel such rights for its citizens as individuals, but not as a corporate body. It must be conceded that when a nation has formed itself within certain bounds, it ought not to invade the realms of other nations without just cause. There should be the reciprocal respect for justice. The right to use force by arms may, in most cases of external collision, be readily determined. But the right of armed interference for the redress of strictly internal disorders, is more difficult of definition. Treaties may give that right in a precise form. Also, if one state procures a guarantee of its integrity from another state, as against foreign aggression—or contracts a debt, in its national character, with another nation—the state that renders such services has a right of interference, limited to the proper performance of the obligation. It is the right of such a state to see that the other state so manages its public affairs, that there is no just ground for questioning its power to fulfil the obligation it has incurred, in like manner as a mortgagee or a surety is entitled to some interference in the affairs of those who have sought his power or protection. This right cannot be brought within any definite limits, for the very existence of such a state may abide the issue.

“Apart from such rights as these, no nation has the right of direct interference with the internal affairs of another state. Friendly counsel may be offered. But mere misgovernment, even if it amount to the most frightful op-

pression of the common human brotherhood, will not justify an appeal to arms. If the erring state commit any external act of excess which may endanger the peace or welfare of another state, there may be a just cause of remonstrance, and, failing that, of war. ‘*Sic utere tuo ut non alienum lædas*,’ is a maxim of public as well as of private right. If a state encourage the violent aggression of its private citizens, or if it is unable to restrain such acts of private war, the injured state has the right to require redress. In the absence of such overt acts, every state has the supreme power to manage, or mismanage, its own affairs without direct interference. But the other states are also supreme in the conduct of their own affairs. If any state so conducts its government as to make it a scandal to the world, or so as to bring into danger and disrepute the fundamental laws of other states, or so as to hinder the progress of a cherished policy, it is at all times competent for those states to suspend all public intercourse with the sinning state. They are also the sole judges of the sufficiency of reasons for such a course. They have the undoubted right to disclaim all sympathy and alliance with such a state; for such a right is quite consistent with non-interference in domestic affairs. It is like the act of a private citizen, who refuses any longer to have any dealing or greeting with another; and the propriety of this act is within his sole discretion.

“Private citizens exercise towards each other the offices of hospitality and personal intercourse. States also use these offices for promoting friendship and good-will. Ambassadors and envoys are the resident visitors or guests of nations to each other; hence the science of diplomacy for securing mutual good understanding, and for preserving the public peace. It would be vain to deny that this end is mostly well attained, and that war has been warded off by

these friendly officers. If diplomacy ever occasions war or mischief, it is only when it is abused.

" But it should not be a secret service. Envoys should not be spies. If a foreign court be filled with filth, the missionary should stilt above it all. Honesty is the best policy, and her face is open as a sun-flower, and it turns only to her sun-god—Truth. If the web of foreign policy be ever so intricate, there is a golden thread of truth that may be shot through it. Slaves are compelled to falsehood, but a free people should be robed in truth from top to toe. The despotic czars, that must deceive their own serfs, may not throw off the imperial garb of dissimulation when they treat with equals. But it is for themselves the pestilent destroying shirt of Hercules. King-craft is not state-wisdom. When the ambassador of Louis XI. complained to Ferdinand the Cunning that he had cheated the French monarch three times, the Spaniard vowed with an oath that it was a lie, for he had cheated the king ten times—'*L'ivrogne en a menti, je l'ai trompé plus de dix fois.*' Better than this was the deed of the old pagan Roman, who drew a circle on the ground round the Syrian king, and told him before he came out of it, there must be peace or war with the Roman people. That miserable old monarch, Louis XV. placed a secret ministerial spy at the great courts, who superseded the resident minister. Even the large-hearted Maria Theresa, the 'empress king' sent private epistles to her 'dear cousin,' the profligate Pompadour, and that impudent courtesan made war with Prussian Frederick in revenge for his witty sarcasms. There is no greater abomination in England than that its people and parliament should be systematically mystified in its foreign affairs. The fearful game of 'peace or war' may be played by the foreign minister as quietly as if he played *ecarté*

with his own wife. It may be true that he often plays the winning game, but when the game is lost there can be no new shuffling of the cards. The time comes when the pawns must fight for themselves, as on the morn of Inker-mann. They may awake to find all lost but their own skill and strength.

“The executive power should often wield the silent strength—but its counsels should not be as close as those of the monkish Inquisition. It is a dread power, that of making peace or war! and the minister may use it to the best of his ability, and with the patriotic sense of honour. He wields it, too, with a rope round his neck—to remind him of his responsibility. But when the match is kindled, the rope may be wrapped round a corpse. The minister may not fly from vengeance, like Bolingbroke and Oxford—for he leans on the upright pillar of power. Yet one false step by this Atlas, that holds the globe on his back, may bring down both. Not all the strength of confederates may avail to set it up again—not the million-armed people itself. The false judgment may be as fatal as the false heart. At home, we live in the open air, like the southern people; but abroad, there is the thick umbrella against sun and storm alike. Yet here is the very touchstone of national honour. Should this honour lie folded in a portfolio, or hopelessly buried in the blue books? Even the despots give more daily tidings of these events than the British minister. If the Parliament is in session, he is questioned like an adverse witness—nay, he is put to the torture, but he slips from the rack like the wine from a broken bottle, and buries himself up to the very neck in the parliamentary drain. If there be no session, he carries the destiny of England under his single hat. The honest people of England who have been painfully gathering in the autumn

grain, suddenly find that their sickle is needed for a human harvest. They find themselves suddenly at war with a Persian king—then with a fourth part of the whole human race—then with an entire Brahmin army—all within half a year. They drifted into the Russian war on the minister's back—and they floundered back into peace. They learned for many eventful weeks of negotiation no other tidings than the French Emperor gave them in his state gazette. The fall of men and the feats of battle were told on the wings of the wind; but the people were too gross-minded to follow the mystic science of diplomacy! Yet they can judge speedily as well as honestly. They dismissed one ministry for want of earnestness, and gave the reins to another with full license to drive *ad diabolum*. They gave freely their wealth, their blood, their whole faith. They resolved on success. They flinched not an inch when the timid leaders fainted like women. Such a people deserve some confidence in return. Let us have a little more of the truth told to all of us. It would relieve the ministerial mind after listening to so many lies. The issue must come at last. Let us have a constant spring, and not a pump. The official head-shaking is a wonderful feat among simpletons. Woman shakes her little head the other way. She loves a secret as dearly as she loves her husband; but only for the purpose of firing it off—either at him, or a friend, or somebody else. But the costive man sits on it as on a chair of state. For a secret is power, and he loves power more than he loves his wife.

“If other empires are so constructed that their rulers ‘love darkness rather than light’—to sneak about the bed of a ‘sick man,’ eager even to smother him before he has fully spent his own breath—protesting before the bystanders that they are zealous only for his soul's health—such work is not

for us. Let us out at once with what we want, and what we do not want, and what we will not allow others to have. The strong should not stammer. We are free in thought and in speech, and the foreigners may learn all they like to know. The despots can sit on a dragon's egg silently, as in a Sahara desert. We are constantly cackling, like the brood-hen. It is well to worm out the secret thought of a designing czar, and to read the inner life of a silent ambitious people. The envoy is the eye and the ear of his nation. In such a realm he must also have '*la bocca stretta, il viso sciolto.*' But he should be upright as a pine, that only shakes its head with the storm. A free people should be as frank with the slaves, and with their master, as with the free. The foreign relations need not depend on difference of institutions. It is not the household rule that is in question—it is the meeting in the market-place.

"It is of the essence of all governments to give power to the executive—but especially of the democratic. For the supreme power is one of appeal, and not of original jurisdiction. The people exercise their plenary power in the choice of officers, and they exact a severe account. They have the frown that withers, as well as the despots. It is difficult to prevent a free people from fingering the thunderbolts themselves. If they see Phaeton setting the world on fire, they rush to the reins, without waiting to toss him out. Yet there is no greater peril to states than this. A weak executive in a strong state is to give the woman's voice to the giant—worse than that, to give but woman's strength. The many may deliberate—but it is the one that acts. Briareus had a hundred hands, but they moved by one will. All may fly to the wreck—but the voyage is directed by one head. The executive of a democracy should be strong, both as against its own people and

as against the foreigner. A free people may speak its mind with fulness ; but, after decision, it must obey as well as the serf. Respect for the law is greater in free states than in slave states, where opinion has not well delved the great channels. For it is law made by themselves for themselves. Reverence for the law is self-reverence. A state should be able to restrain its citizens from acts of private war with other states, and of overt provocation to war. The war-trumpet has a terrible blast—and it should be blown only by one mouth. It argues a weak spirit in a nation if it will not freely depute power to its foreign agents, be they civil or military. There should be no unworthy suspicion of dishonesty or disability. If there be either, the blame must at least be shared by the masters who gave them power. Choose well—then, trust well. Good masters make good servants. All the smaller orbs have their sun to lighten, to warm them—but not to consume them, unless they wander to wilful error.

“It is a beautiful duty, that of obedience—all Nature seems to hang on it. But there may be a sublime duty in disobedience, as at Copenhagen battle. It is easy to obey the letter. The literal obedience may be no real obedience at all. But it may require genius to discover this. It is lamentable, that genius cannot be reared like other flowers—that a man cannot be read at once like a flower—that no sufficient pains are taken to choose the best flowers. If you send a minister or an admiral to the antipodes, to deal with barbarous foreign people, insolent, cruel, treacherous, and therefore weak and miserable, let it be some one that knows how to be disobedient as well as obedient. Can you pretend to hold the threads of that diplomacy as if it concerned the honest next-door neighbour? All such people are but children—passionate,

wayward, and prone to mischief. Shall your deputy wait till the rod must fall by supreme central order, when the children are in rebellion? Lay on at once, I say. But, remember, even the chastised children know the worth of justice. That divine element must be at the bottom of everything in this world—with savages, children, lunatics. But, making that well visible, if you are touched even in the hem of your honour, lay on with all your might. Better one good flogging than a thousand petty cuffs. What myriads of human beings have been doomed to death—to worse than death—for default of the first fatal sacrifice! It is like the creditor who throws away his whole fortune because he dares not lose a few pounds at first. The Roman republic elected its sovereigns for short periods—but when it sent out its proconsul to the East or to the West, he was armed with all its power. He himself might be judged—but not by the provinces or by the foreigners. There, he might make peace or war—set up a king or pull him down—exact taxes and treaties at his will. There was a tribunal that might tear him from his triumphal chariot, as it neared the forum of the world. But woe to the stranger that touched in scorn the least of his lictors! Yet the Romans were proud of their faith towards the foreign subject people.

“In like manner, British India was won by men that were their own masters—and thus it must be kept. The sceptre of justice, and the ever-bare revolving sword—visible to all men as the Himalayan ice—bloodless if possible, but of terrible sharp brightness. If this work is beyond your strength, surrender it altogether. Leave the land at once, as the Romans left our own island—for ever—with all you possess or can carry away—even if you carry your old sires on your backs, as pious Æneas from Troy. If you cannot

manage this school, give it up at once. Even Dionysius, the tyrant, would have done this in his school. We persisted in treating the Irish as grown up men when they were only infants. It has cost us and them much sorrow. It is only the sorrow that has made them men at last. We were unjust, and we thought to conceal it in kindness. But injustice is a sharp plant that will thrust its head through all the rest, and quickens its seed even when dried in a book, or in the statute vellum-roll. But to wed justice to a left-handed impotence!—all nature forbids the banns.

“The European law of nations, however complex in practice, is simply founded—national independence, within the existing bounds. After the feudal chiefs were swallowed up by the kings—the Western world more than once saw the phantom of universal dominion. The last gigantic spectre was fearful enough. The next has for the present hidden his head in the black Euxine sea. This balancing of the globe by the great powers is done with much straining—in the midst of myriads of armed men. The feat may be very clever—but it is very costly. It seems, diplomacy, with all its academies, cannot be trusted. Undoubtedly, the undue ambition of the great aggressive nations must be restrained by physical force—if it will not yield to the moral forces. *Parcere subjectis, debellare superbos*, is a maxim of order as well as of ambition. But it would yield to the moral agency, if the physical power was always willing to show its strength. Otherwise, it is reasoning with a ravenous wolf over the dead carcass. There should be the instant concurrence of public opinion, and, if need be, of public armament, against the manifest aggressor. Europe rose to meet the conqueror from Elba. When the first Russian soldier crossed the Pruth, it was as plain a.

breach of public faith as when Cæsar crossed the Rubicon. If that dreaming, smoking German people had broken their pipes, and handled the good old sword of their fathers, it would have done more for their fatherland than all the homilies of the philosophers. When a wolf shows his face among the Alpine herds, the shepherds, that wrangle about the bounds of their pasturage, march together in concord against the common foe. Even the wild Circassian chiefs solemnly buried their quarrels in a grave, that they might fight as brethren against the Northern wolf. The time will come when the respect for the public law shall be as general as that for the municipal law—but not till the people are raised to the real rank of citizenship.

“Apart from this huge ambition, this ‘balance of power’ has in its scales a large portion of the imponderable legal fiction. The Vienna treaty did some acts of enormous injustice—joining in marriage those whose hearts were far asunder—violating the just vows and protests—and heaping up the fuel for another fire. Henceforth, the old territorial questions will succumb to the ardent desire of the growing nations. There are here, as in all nature, the repellent and the attractive forces—against which Hercules himself could not have struggled—stronger, at any rate, than the treaties of ‘high contracting powers.’ There are other powers which will revoke many an established wrong—and give small regard to the ‘balance of power.’

“Europe has been often moved with the same one idea. Almost all the nations have passed through the same phases of the feudal system—and there will be for all the same end. After the great Roman Empire had been portioned into innumerable seignories, the crusading trumpet first roused Europe to a sense of unity. Then came the two-edged knife of division—the royal ambition of ruling by divine right the

new-born national strength, and the zeal of hostile religious creeds. When Europe was at last divided into two peaceful camps, the spirit of freedom was unveiled to the kings, as before to the priests. It is in the midst of this strife now. Beaten, bruised, weltering in blood, with her fair locks dragging in the dust, 'the mountain nymph, sweet liberty,' will never part Europe with slavery or serfhood. Like the old Romans, she will sell her fields held by her conquerors at a high price. She will never say with the Frenchman, '*à nous deux l'Europe.*' There are sufficient discerning spirits who know,

'That this is no true world of worth,
Till she be empress of the earth.'

Shall there be, then, another crusade for freedom, or another thirty years' reform war! Heaven forbid! The reform war was as cruel and as bloody as those of the first Cæsar. Cæsar gained a vast empire—but the other war ended without disturbing an inch of territory. This issue should be a warning to the armed missionaries—even if justice were silent. There is much resemblance between the two periods. Let each nation choose for itself. This is altogether a matter within its own breast, like the religion of individual man. There will be no more religious wars except under the political banner. If a people deserve liberty, it will win it—if not by the sword, by the certain process of delay, prudence, and patience. It will come to this, that the despots will become ashamed of themselves. Look at that miserable king of Naples, guarded in a country palace like a prisoner, liable every day to be slain like a felon, and to lie in the street-channel like a dead Nero. So help me Heaven! I would not be such a king if every crown diamond were as big as a cocoa-nut, and the realm were as fair as the gardens of Hesperides! They will win

it, I say, for Freedom must be well wooed to be well won. Can the foreign arm plant any tree of liberty better than those of the playing children of the Paris Boulevards? Native genius! Native power! Let these build up this goodly fabric, as men built Babel—all hands to the work—and God will not blast this time, but bless it. If the Pharaohs will not give the straw for the bricks, Patience will wear out the tyrants without the aid of the plagues. There is a gloom of the stricken spirit which is blacker than the Egyptian darkness.

Shall a nation that has won its own good cause fold its arms without remorse, when the others are veering between life and death—when one good blow—nay, one uplifted arm might decide the day? Is Freedom without the right of mission? Can there be no apostle armed in her name? It seems hard; but the freedom that is good for us may not be good for all at that time. The nation itself shall judge for itself and fight for itself. If it be ready, not all the Swiss guards, not all the hired *lazzaroni* cut-throats, not all the lurking police, will beat down the heart of a nation for ever. But be the gift ever so good, it is not our cause. To strike for it is forbidden. It is not our right; but we can speak in the name of truth and of God. If a state has no such mission, man never lays it down for an instant. When the hour strikes, let him cry, Forward! with all his might—if not comrades, yet friends! henceforth to be sworn comrades in the great pilgrim march of nations—henceforth the guards of freedom, chosen from the many regiments. It should be an honour to be in such an array. But it must be won with more renown than a grand cross.

But a state cannot always be neutral; for there is the law of nature and self-defence. A people may choose between freedom and slavery; but if a stranger enter the

lists, with or without the visor, may not another also appear as the champion of the distressed—not in the spirit of chivalry or knight-errantry, but for the preservation of the Ark of Freedom itself '*arcem civium perditorum*?' The old religious reformers thought thus. If the world must be banded in two camps, is there not a world-wide, as well as a fire-side treason? If there be a Holy Alliance for unholy purposes, may there not be also the Band of Truth and of Faith? This metamorphosis of Europe is as sure as that of the chrysalis. Let it abide the second birth that nature brings—freed from the wanton meddling of man.

"This 'balance of power,' in which Europe is now so nicely weighed, will it not weigh the whole world? The seeds of empire are thrown over the earth. The time will come, when Europe will become smaller in the page of history. The vast future communities of the East, the West, and the far South, will be brought nearer to us, and to each other. Every day space contracts itself, and the great sea becomes diminished in breadth. When the world is allotted to its different owners, there will arise the same exhaustless subjects of national dispute—the whole globe may blaze with the terrible torch of war—and the conqueror may sit in a larger car of triumph than that of the Cæsars. Shall History still blush for human nature? or shall there be published a binding code of peace for the whole earth? Alas! 'If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.'

"The law of nations is founded on the law of nature—among Christians, it should also be founded on the law of Christ. It is not difficult to frame a code which might be received by the nations. There is at present a kind of code in a rough condition, which receives daily supplement or interpretation. But what executive power shall carry it

into effect? What tribunal shall decide on its infringement, or supply the want of express enactment by judicial reasoning? In the common citizen quarrels, the litigants may walk into court together, and ask for judgment. There, the difficulty of decision arises more from the misstatement or ignorance of the real facts, than in ascertaining the abstract rules of law. If the law is ill expounded, the legislature is ready with the amending hand. But the nations have no grand court of law, except the old appeal of battle—the appeal to God, as it is called. The differing nations, like the civil suitors, may appoint a tribunal between them, with power to adjudicate both on the law and the fact. Any honourable device would be better than coming to blows about a matter that might make reasonable men ashamed of the earth. May there not be something still better than courts of arbitration? Men fought private duels, till Ridicule measured out the twelve paces, and the combatants laughed in each other's faces, and went home in the same coach. The last of the duels!—courage! it is not forty years since the murderer, Thornton, demanded wager of battle against his accuser in the Court of Queen's Bench, and the court scratched all its great wigs to discover a flaw in the formalities, and the Court of Parliament stepped in to forbid such tilting for ever. As in the streets, the bully will pull the nose of the small, and spit in the face of the honourable. Shall the bystanders not give an instant judgment on the spot, and heap scorn on the insolent fool? Shall the injured not walk away in greater triumph than the oppressor? If the encounter be between two equals, that might shake the earth with their thunder, is it not well to practise the Christian courtesy on a large scale, as well as in a small way? Shake hands first like the boxers, and then to business! It will not end in a fight

this time. Let there be no more fighting about the roods of barren land—to end, like the Chancery suits, by ruining both plaintiff and defendant. Such questions cannot carry costs. The world is yet wide enough for all. Wealth and honour consist in more than territory. As in the national resources, the land is almost outweighed by other valuable property. It is more profitable to hold commercial dealing with the antipodes than the best farm of land there. At least, if there must be fighting, let it be for something worthy of the work—a fight, in which heroic men would willingly die—at which the angels themselves might hold their breath—and for which the Omnipotent, with his own hands, might crown the conqueror!

“Yes! the time will come when Europe, small as it is, will seem smaller on the map of Mercator. This streaming of the people from the Eastern nurseries is at an end. The slavish race has taken a huge stride back. It had awakened and alarmed Europe. Civilization will always conquer barbarism—if it be itself progressive. If the heavy-headed giant be but one step behind, it is enough. There is always time to take the next, before he gets up. Science devours her parents as greedily as Saturn ate his offspring. If the rifle wins to-day, something better must win the next time. If the floating thick-hided Leviathan save himself for one campaign, he must look to his skin at the next brush. Europe turned her face on the foe, alarmed yet fearless. For the present, Russia has turned her back in abashed pride. Her face is to the South and East. There England and Russia will one day meet, and draw a boundary-line between them—perhaps other lines too. Persia has yet escaped partition between us. Russia splits it already with the huge Georgian wedge, and England shells it from the sea, and rides over its hills. It were a wise thought for

both to keep this phantom alive, to play the warning ghost between them. Let this Persian garden, or paradise, with its flowers, and its greyhounds, its central huge salt desert, its power of cavalry, be like the neutral or common ground in the public square. Keep each a key—but let the garden be neither mine nor thine. But it is written that we meet—if not in the Persian paradise, then, like the eagles, in the Himalayan or Thibetian peaks. For conquest of this kind can only be stayed by Nature's heaviest and highest barrier. The eagle must have a dash among the chattering ravens, if only for love of sport. It was the want of this barrier in the waving steppes that made Russia fight at first only for defence, then for extension. You must go on till you get to a good green hill to sit down upon. She should have stopped southward at the Caucasus, and not have held her Georgian tongue out for the forbidden fruit of Persia and Turkey. If she does not draw in that tongue, it may taste the apples of the Dead Sea, or the prickly shrub on which the desert ass feeds. Surely, there is work enough among the tribes that sent forth Zenghis and Timour the Tartar. Let the Czar pluck the Khan of Bokhara by the beard, and draw the veil aside for ever from the infant grand Llamas. This is better than dog-sledging in Siberia, and safer than shaking the Turk by the sleeve. If he want work for a few weeks, let him take the China tea-gardens, and begin business with three hundred million more serfs. It might save us the trouble of doing that work ourselves. We do not want to eat the whole earth. Let others have a share too. But they will get nothing without a scramble, or a struggle. Even the future neighbours should be friends. There is unreclaimed domain enough for all.

“Will Asia, the mother of all the nations, awake from her long slumber? Is she fixed as marbled Niobe? Is

the Avatar at hand? Is another conqueror or prophet to be nursed among her mountains or in her deserts? She sent forth her children, wave after wave, towards the Atlantic shore—Alexander turned the tide strongly back, and the Greek language and manners ushered Christianity to the East. The Roman wave went eastward along the southern line, and brought back gorgeous spoil and painful tribute. But the great Northern wave still crept westward, and wrecked the proud Roman empire by its sheer momentum. When Christianity grew weak, profitless, and powerless, the Arab restorer came, like a cleansing hurricane. When the battle of Damascus was about to be fought, the Christian bishop, at the early dawn, in his robes, at the head of his clergy, with the cross once so triumphant raised in the air, came down to the gate of the city, and laid open before the army the Testament of Christ. The Christian general, Thomas, another unbelieving Thomas, laid his hand on the book, and said, ‘Oh, God! *if* our faith be true, aid us, and deliver us not into the hands of its enemies.’ But Kaled, ‘the sword of God,’ who had marched from victory to victory, exclaimed to *his* wearied soldiers, ‘Let no man sleep! There will be rest enough in the bowers of Paradise—sweet will be the repose that is never more to be followed by labour.’ The faith of the Arab had become stronger than that of the Christian. The Saracen struck down Spain like a broken reed, and levelled his lance at the heart of France. The Paladins of Tours broke the lance to fragments, and hurled the Paynim over the Pyrenees. The Crusaders once more threw Europe on Asia. The Turks came from their pastures of the Golden Mountains, shattered the gates of Vienna, and sat down to rest and to remain on the Golden Horn. Zenghis, the lord of the Golden Horde, filled his bushels with the ears of the Prussian Teutonic

Knights. Then, again, the great Western wave swept around the Cape of Storms, and washed into the Indian realms. The British lion sat on the thrones of Porus and Timour, on the graves of a thousand rajahs, and laved himself in the sacred waters of the Ganges. It was the march into the catacombs, or into the enchanted castles—the old castes and customs—the entranced human mind—the fingers of Time's clock as fixed as the raptured fakirs. What a strange phenomenon, that the human mind should stand like a tired clock! Such is the might of human institutions. Shall Asia, the mother, awake, then, from her lethargy in her own strength, or by the aid of British Arthur's silver horn? Shall she cast off for ever her accursed idols at one stroke? Her wandering children have returned with arms in their hands, with art and science, with state devices, and with a new religion. Shall it ever be force, or shall the tenth Avatar come peacefully, and at first be disowned as the King of the Jews, yet conquering all once more by Truth and Wisdom? The very beasts of the jungle will soon flee before the steam-giant. The English swords will soon flash into the palace of Peking—and Asia herself, with her mighty mountains, may be weighed in the 'balance of power.' Then will crumble to hopeless wreck that cruel Juggernaut chariot, and the haughty Brahmins shall break bread with the meanest brother, or eat dirt like the swine of the streets. The cross of Christ shall crown the pagoda, as it crested the prouder pillars of Trajan and Antonine.

"The Grand Turk is the high-priest of Islamism—the heir of the Prophet. He sits smoking languidly in the harem of the Bosphorus—on the frontier line of the two continents. His dream has been broken, but he will dream again. Will he depart like the Spanish Moors, leaving the new Christians

behind him, driven to Damascus or Bagdad, with the dream broken for ever? Will the great Moslem power find home and ring-fenced empire in its ancient birth-spot, bringing the Persian heretics into the fold? Will the muftis drink wine and become Christian? Oh, gentlemen of the jury, look well to the evidence before you—witnesses and other proofs. But if the Moslem must be Christian, should he not have the better example of Christian life set before him? Is his life worse than ours, or as good? Let us show to all the heathen the unruffled mirror of Christian life. It should be smoother than the placid Leman lake. Then may brother leap to brother, and all with joined hands may carry on the world's great work together.

“There is a stronger, swarthier lion than the Indian, basking in the hot Afric sands, which the sun will not allow to be clad even with rags, and roaring in the midnight from the mountain caves. The steam-horses shall one day plough this broad, long land, dashing across its hot heaving breast, from Cape Verd to Babelmandel, along the Moon Mountains, through the wild rice-fields and the bush, from Tripoli to the stormy Cape—rousing the thoughtful elephant from his dream, and racing with the long-funnelled giraffe. When man ceases to hunt the beasts, and also his own race, and builds his home, there is then a chance for him, if he be the worst of the lot. There is something better reserved for Ham's sons than to be the black-boots to their cousins. Be a man's brow black as ebony, freedom shall make his soul white as alabaster. Then, this great mother may cry across the Atlantic for her lost children, and bring them again beneath her palms. Commerce is the courier of religion. It begins with the body, and ends with the spiritual sense. It says, with Sancho the squire, ‘Let me whip off this good goose in the kettle, for all else is but prattle, which must

some day be accounted for in the next world!’ But the next world comes to this first. Man may be worse than a beast—but, whether he has brains or not, he may mend himself to be better than a bishop. If Trade with her trident can lift up the dark matron to the steps of the temple, that she may shout for her children across the seas, what tales of unutterable sorrow shall be sighed on her breast! Let this greeting be sculptured in the best black Bergamo marble—Niobe transforming from stone once more into the living body!

“Australia, as seen from the moon, is as big as Europe—almost as round and big-breasted as the moon herself—with one horn at the tropic and the other towards the southern pole—yet fringed only with men, as a broad mantle with beads. Shades of the great pilgrims! will ye not wander on the Stygian shore till this riddle is run out? Quenchless and restless curiosity of man—stronger than that of woman! how many human bones may bleach in the wilderness before the steam-steeds dash across this continent? Has it also a Sahara desert with couching strange lions—or a silver central sea, that breathes into the air freely as the Caspian? Its winding rivers pass through the golden gates. Do they lead to the real gardens of the Hesperides? Oh, the beautiful shade of great Columbus, that imagined them on the Western Andes—if he had been on earth, he would have plunged across the waste as over the ocean, perhaps to sink in it before clasping in his arms the guarding nymphs of the golden apples!

“When Asia sent her swarms to the Western regions, and one herd had trodden down another, the remnants set their backs to the Atlantic wall, and turned to bay. They could go no farther, nor could they go back. They settled honestly in their homes at last, and Freedom was born among them,

with all her stately daughters. They mastered the elements of nature, and the matron ministered to her children around the daily table. They transmuted that Oriental science of the mind from a barren stump of metaphysics, in which the dreamers looked listlessly into the skies, into a tree of goodly golden fruit. From the mountain-top to the sea-strand—from the silver clouds on which Fancy rests, to the innermost core of the human heart, they searched for the truth that makes man the monarch of his promised realm. They did not kneel, like the old Egyptian sages before the harping rock of Memnon—like the Moslems of Morocco or Granada—like the Christians of Rome or of Oxford—ever to the rising sun. They watched the golden couch as he lingered to enter it, as well as the crimson curtains of his morning slumber. The Northmen stumbled on the world beyond the waves without the wit to uncover the hidden pearl. When Columbus, the dove, came back with the golden sands on his wings, and the olive-faced Indians, the great round earth opened her wide lap for all her children. They leaped across the ocean, joyous as the infants, terrible as giants. They bridged it with fleets, peopled it with races, and filled its forests with the sound of toil. The huge submarine serpent will soon carry words to it over the deep sea-bed as easily as from street to street, and the floating Leviathans already swim over it swiftly and safely as over a stream. The products of nature and of labour are exchanged as easily as from the field to the fair. This new world, stretching almost from pole to pole, the asylum of persecuted religion, the refuge of despairing patriots, the El Dorado of adventurers, the land of conquest and of cotton, still fomented with its unwonted, unmixing elements, and heaves with earthquake and volcanic fire. But these will become as extinct in the moral as in the national domain—

and the giant Andes will still be left. This Anglian race that went from our loins, and lords it over all the rest, will soon number a hundred millions of souls. They began their national life with the old customs, and with the mother-tongue, but with the vigorous burst of early youth. They could cast off the old garments of usage as easily as the Indian casts his blanket, and change itself became a custom. The grave old sires may shake their heads at the dangerous gambols of their unruly children—but the time is at hand when these children will become men—with the old allegiance to law and order, and yet full of the unbounded freshness of mere boyhood. They have dark spots on their skins, like the ailing infants, but they are born of Freedom, and they will belong to her army. If the old world sink into dotage, if the aged English mother should languish like the Mediterranean queens, Freedom's empire is here. If the old oak still send forth her vigorous shoots, the sapling that sprang from her seed will also become a royal tree. The hour is coming when this Atlantic power will throw its weight into the European scales. It was not ready for the Russian war—but Europe will not be Cossack, even if her own brave arm should fail in the strife. War between England and her American issue should be branded as a civil war. The old parent should learn to be prouder of her offspring, and these should also remember the story of the daughter that fed her sire with her own milk. We gave no dowry to this daughter but the wilderness, and a mother's curse. Let us join hands for ever across and under this Atlantic sea. Let us not be envious if this new eagle sweeps to the equator, and portions her eaglets with the spoils of worthless tribes. Rome was built by robbers of many races—yet they blended, and ruled the earth with majestic might. Nature mixes together the human elements

as the material—the unlike with the unlike—but the fair solid matter stands fast at last. All men are priests, said the Saxon Reformer—yea! and kings too! says a greater than he. This is the experiment of making all men monarchs. Let the spectators forbear from laughter before the drama enters the second act. It is easier to die than to live for the Fatherland.

“The time will also come when the other British swarms shall choose other queen-bees. The children will arrive at majority, and rule for themselves. Shall the mother of the spreading people not know how to give her best inheritance to her issue? Let them part in peace with perpetual league and covenant between the old and the young! It should be a noble thought, to sow the earth with our seed, and to bring it to fruitful strength, that the grown trees may stand alone in their pride and power. The parents will not surrender their own estate. Let them give their blessing, instead of their curse, to the adventurous children. Let the filial loyalty and the parental love be merged in the mutual respect; and if the world be banded in arms, the kinsmen shall still fight under the same banner.

“The world’s wheel is not yet rounded. The ships are stopped by the Andes. One more bending of that long back at Panama, and they would have passed into the vast Pacific sea. It is long since Balboa was the first to gaze on this sea from the hill-crest. There it lies yet, rippling on the coral reefs, dotted with its beautiful islets, like scattered stars, lighted at night by the red fire of huge volcanoes, waiting for the steam-horses to plough its peaceful field. When the right hour is struck, the Andes will be severed as well as if Roland, the Paladin of the Pyrenees, had done it, and the ships will go on with furled sails. Long before that event the great inland human wave will have swept

over the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific shores. The iron roads will string the prairie, wind up the ravine, and scare the golden-plumed eagles from their eyries. England will be the first in the race here. From the western to the eastern shore, over the fountains of St. Lawrence, at the first rising of the Andes from the plain—will be the first iron route. Then will follow the wires that may for the first time ring round the whole body of the globe. The Earth married with her iron ring to Valour! and it will take but five minutes for a thought to make the tour of the world, and come back to its owner. Shall the earth be made happy with this marriage? Shall wars cease, and the days of the shading fig-trees come? Shall the human kind also ring the mother earth with innumerable clasped hands? Shall the Argonauts sail with Jason for the golden fleece? Oh! gentlemen of the jury! you will still find both for plaintiffs and defendants. When Jason tamed the bulls that breathed flames and smoke, and had feet and horns of brass, he was doomed to plough with them the field sacred to the God of War, and to sow it with the dragons' teeth which should spring up and attack the hero himself. Steeds of fire and steam, that by day and night drudge without ceasing, in mine and workshop, for the profit of many masters; these can also prance along the plain, freighted with the fearful men of war, and scour the ocean with the fire-fountains within their deep breasts. This also is the horse whose neck is clothed with thunder, and the glory of his nostrils terrible, and who will 'smell the battle afar off.' Death himself will desert his white horse for the stronger, swifter steed. The love of man for man may cover the earth like a gentle wave, but it will not extinguish the old fires. The imperial despots, with half a world for their park, have been proud and easy of affront; but the pride of kings

is humility itself beside the sensitive spirit of the free people; the ambition of kings is but the small solitary craving beside that of the millions, and the will of kings is as the wall of water to the wall of rock. The sages and saints that would have preached moderation and wisdom to the kings, pour it without stint upon the people. For Liberty, 'the mountain nymph,' though divine in her birth and her beauty, is but human in her heart."

The day was now more gloomy than ever. The wind began to bring its first drops of the coming flood from the Atlantic brine. The dogs coiled themselves closer up beside the sportsmen, and the guns, like the hearts, pointed homeward to the Lodge. The Vicar, the Captain, and Richard, went in the boat to the foot of the lake; while the Serjeant still picked up his spoils among the heather. His gun gave a harsh crash as he carried on his warfare. It was almost dead night as he entered the path leading to the Lodge and mounted Toby, the black pony, with his bag and basket. The Force had a sullen roar as he reached the valley, but the fires of the Lodge gave a bright light to his path and his thoughts.

CHAPTER XII.

THE INNER LIFE.

It had now rained for three days, almost without ever ceasing. The burns had swollen into rivers, and the Force groaned heavily with the weight of waters. It was the storm that was about to separate summer from autumn, and the parting wrench was made with many tears. By day the wild-fowl were seen, in troops, crossing the valley for the innermost hills, and at night the wild geese might be heard cackling as they passed the Lodge. On the third night the company were all comfortably seated by the fire-wood fire, and the Sergeant was called upon to discourse on the 'Home Life.' After first filling a good bumper of best Oporto to the health of the Women of England, and citing a few Horatian verses, he thus proceeded :—

" A grand human characteristic lies in the general resemblance, combined with individual diversity. This is seen in the outward physical form and expression, as well as in the inward intelligence. There is the same kind of character in the aggregate nation as in the families of a nation. Individuals might be singled out from every nation who might belong to other nations, but the great mass bears the same stamp. The citizens of each state are thus marked by many moral and physical peculiarities which they cannot shake off as easily as their travelling-cloaks. Every man is born amid specialities which affect every thought and act to the latest hour of life. Before society is cen-

tralized, there is greater variety of family and provincial life. At every step of progress, the national life displaces that of the parish or province, and makes men more alike. This result arises from more frequent communion, and the concurrence in many common objects. This same result will be remarked in the communion of different nations with each other. All the vast international intercourse which comes from the progress of civilization, and the pursuit of common purposes, will tend to make the human race more alike. The great human family may never more meet to raise up another Babel Tower; but they are tending to union as surely as the earth's rivers hold their course for the same common ocean. The tree of knowledge is the growing Babel-temple that shall shelter all the people of the Earth.

“The human diversity arises from the development of the human faculties, and it might have been supposed that, as man advanced in society, the diversity would correspond with the development. But man is not only gregarious but superstitiously prone to imitation. Society deprives him of much of his independence for the common welfare; but he strips himself of still more. He becomes content with the judgment of others; he finds opinion already delved for him in the public domain; and his thoughts, like his dress, might befit a great many more as well as himself. As the social state becomes more complex and artificial, the special pursuits are so keenly followed as to deprive others of the right of judgment, till at last there is no other resource, on almost any occasion, but to follow the trodden path. This deference to authority gives great strength to the society, but it is not favourable to the individual freedom. A man may be a spiritual slave as well as a serf of the soil.

“The individual course is often determined in early life by

small events. The character takes the line of accident or of caprice. Once taken strongly, and the man controls events as much as they once ruled him. The national life seems to be affected throughout its whole course by many small, almost invisible forces ; so that it almost might be said of it, 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.' The great earthquakes that heave society are prepared, like those of nature, by small intangible agencies, lurking below the surface till imprisonment gives them strength. Ye red-stringed statesmen ! that can see nothing less than a mountain—at this very moment the drop of water may be trickling within its bowels that may rend it asunder like a broken cord. Yet, again, another unseen spirit may silently pour in the element of concord that shall balance the great hill again as firmly as earth herself.

"The first germs of national character exist in the first founders of the families. Like the great rivers, these may carry their life-blood throughout the whole course, receiving the tribute of many large streams, but blending all into their own likeness ; or they may be so mingled with the streams of other fountains as to form a new homogeneous flood ; or they may resemble the great gulf-stream which traverses the ocean without mingling with its waves—visible and distinct as the stream of the land, on which the sailing ship may rest one foot, with the other in the stiller water. How much may the great continents have been influenced by the diverse characters of the three post-diluvian patriarchs : Shem, who stood still on the old inheritance—Ham, who was sentenced to be the slave of his brothers—and Japheth, the younger son, sent out on his endless adventure, destined at last to dwell in the tents of Shem. The first elements of language grow gradually into strange new developments ; but the law of variation runs through them all. Through

what manifold work may the national type pass without wearing out its first metal! The Asiatic stereotype may be without change amid all the tornados of conquering hosts. But the moveable Western type also is durable: the Lombard rural life resembles that of Virgil, after a thousand alpine storms; the Swiss are the same that Cæsar painted.

“The American is still English, after importing the living freight of all nations. Why is the Frenchman vain, vivacious, colloquial, gay, loving novelty, frank and fickle, hating all lands but his own, pliant to power, loving to live in herds—shooting down his brothers and archbishops at the barricades—colonizing with success only the foundling hospitals? Wherefore is the Englander shy, contemptuous, self-reliant,—loving to track the bird to its bed, the beast to its lair, as lonely as a chamois-hunter,—to set up his solitary hut in the roar of Western cataracts, to wrestle with nature, like Hercules, in singleness of strength, and to sow the whole earth with his seed,—social only in feasts, gregarious only for great debate or greater deed? Ask Tacitus, Polybius, and Cæsar, the men who lived in the times when the one nation was still musing in the Dutch marsh or the sombre German pinewood, and the other as dissolute in its thronged cities, and priest-ridden, as future Rome or Paris herself, still truthful living witnesses. Consider, too, that though both bound in the same feudal chain, both impressed with the same spirit of religion and chivalry, both passing often through the furnace of affliction, the one has come forth free and full of equal, healthful, lustrous life—from head to heels, from heart to hands—and the other red and reeling, enslaved, centralized in one bloated heart that beats with the pulses of all the provinces, and starves them in their life-blood. This is difference of

human mental constitutions, which will not be turned in a day into constitutions of the 'grace of God,' or those born of popular or philosophic caprice. Nations, like the units, are continually changing their skin, and the old form and figure still remain—voice, gesture, gait, sight, and hearing, still the same. Yet even these will change in time, and a nation should look well, then, to the small seeds that are ever spreading in the earth. The strong corn-blade, even in the fertile Nile-slime, may have but its fifty or sixty-fold of increase; but the wicked groundsel has its thousands, and in the next generation its millions. The usurping dandelion holds his globe of seed in his hand, as the crowned kings hold the ball of empire. The weeds are ever ready to choke the flowers—even the infant oak. The new laws may control the old customs, but these also make the laws. Thus, there is in all nations something more to be studied than the outward countenance. The heart of history is in the *inner life*.

"The Norman barons conquered England, but they could not conquer Custom. They mixed with the subject races, till at last they were merged in the great blood-stream. The English conquered their country again from the conquerors, by the peaceful numbers. For a long time, the outward history resembled that of the other feudal nations. There was the same Church—the same march to the Holy Land—the same feudal wars—the same disruption of the great feudal chain—the same desire for popular power—the same yearning for religious reform. But the issue has been very different. In England, the popular liberty has been firmly established, and has put the nation in the van of the world—ever fighting, ever triumphant. But the swords of the dead ages have helped to win the battles, like the mailed knights of St. George and St. James that rode on

their war-steeds through the combats of the crusaders, and of Cortez.

“Climate is almost as powerful as Custom—say rather, it is the mother of Custom. The Southern people have their home in the open dome of heaven, and the citizens seem to form but one family. The roofed houses are but for cooking and sleeping; the daily life depends on the common contrivance. Mankind become especially gregarious and sociable. The public promenade dispels the idea of retirement. The theatre is thronged like a Northern exchange. The marble statues can also live unscathed in the open lodge. The frescoes are fresh as the young children. The church is not the solemn expression of mournful Christian life aspiring from the dust, as in the North: it is throughout gay as the garden, paved with mosaic flowers, and ceiled with smiling love-gods. Gaiety and ‘good-will’ are written on everything—even on the face of the friar—where nature and art have done so much. Imagination refuses to suggest more. But the tyrants are not gay-hearted. Strange that a people should be so readily enslaved, whose manners are so democratic! Ah! Liberty is the child of Courage, but the mother is patient Contemplation—born on the mountain-side, or by the solitary sea-shore. The Northern home is not in the theatre, nor in the church, nor in the street. It does not depend on the sun! It is brightest when Winter showers his snows, or fills his mouth for the night-blast. If there were a fixed amount of love and kindness given to man, its dispersion among many citizens would deprive his own family of their proper share. But love performs the perpetual miracle of the multiplied loaves and fishes. This Northern home, that fond word unknown to so many old and modern tongues, is here the hourly household word: it is the seat of purity, and the source of public morality. Its

privacy, its exclusiveness give thought as well as rest. It is the couch in which the cares are hushed into sweet deep sleep—around which all the human dreams gather—for which the hardest labours are all freely given—which is more precious than the farthest pilgrim-spot. To lose this is to lose all. To be happy in this home, is to be happy everywhere. From this centre man may send his thoughts throughout the universe, and claim wider sympathy with all men of all races. But they have their cradle here.

‘The love of all the human race
For thought is vast—for act is vain—
The zone that would the world embrace
In all the links of all the chain,
Is rent asunder when the earth
Her sigh or sorrow forceth forth.
And thus the heart builds its own sun,
And sheds till then small light around;
But when its day hath thus begun,
Its ray may seek earth’s farthest bound;
Yet all its brightness still will come
From central hearth of happy home!’

“Yet, of all people, the British are the greatest migrators. They seem to leave home behind them without a pang. But it is not so. It is a terrible wrench, to be severed for ever from this consecrated spot; but once moved the first mile, and it is as easy to go to Antipodes as to the next village. Persecution first drove them from the old homesteads; for there is something more precious even than home—the love of liberty and of religion. Commerce and the love of enterprise also loosened the links. At last, friend followed friend as faithfully as if the migration had been over the infinite sea. In truth, it was not to desert home—it was to carry it with them. The home is not in the stone, the brick, or the thatch, but in family, affections, and feelings. This home endures still in the Western woods, and in the

Australian city. All British communities, within the polar or the tropic zones, are the counterparts of the ancestral homes. The old familiar household words are as fresh as when they were first carried out—the private life is the mirror of the old times, and the very names are once more set up in the wilderness. The Mussulman does not turn his face more devoutly to the eastern shrine of his prophet, than the Englishman to his far-off island.

“A new country is peopled with old inhabitants; but they must carry the old songs and traditions; for childhood has no past. The future lies before them full of promise, but the past lies over the ocean. ‘Let me make the songs, and you shall make the laws,’ said a Scottish Solon. The elder Athenians recited their laws in song. In the last century, the Swedes published their laws in verse. Scotland, Ireland, and Wales are rich in national melodies and ancestral tales. All oppressed people cling eagerly to these as to an inheritance which the oppressor cannot touch. The tyrants have often tried to extirpate them as the most fatal to their sway. The Swiss songs are forbidden to the Swiss guards, for they would disband the regiments. Prosperous nations have also delighted in song. Yet the English nation has not been much given to singing. Serious people may be given to speech, but not to song—not even to the chants of lamentation. The Englander does not howl, like the Celtic people, in his misery: he is dumb, and would die dumb, like the hunted rabbit. But instead of useless bellowing, he silently broods over the means of escape, and nerves his soul for endeavour. Neither can he be merry in his rags, like the Celtic gentleman; for he looks on poverty as but a miserable affair, and rather as a cause for sorrow than for glee. Such a people look to the future rather than to the past,—also much to the present. Accordingly, there are

few strictly national songs, and few beautiful traditions. The English muse was like a thrifty housewife that looks well to the bed and board. The poets of the fourteenth century, for instance, in the flowering time of chivalry, are but cold reciters of grievances and preachers of utilitarian right—as Herriot, Hardyng, and the authors of the ‘Visions of Piers Plowman,’ and ‘The Mirror for Magistrates.’ The English romance was brought from France like the wines, and was as little improved by new mixture. There was no original poet before Chaucer. About the Border, among the freebooters, and the merry men of the greenwood and the chase, there are traces of the old passion. Most of the minstrels belonged to the ‘north countree,’ and the rest of Scotland was supplied from the Border. But the extant specimens are not of a high order. The traditions of the marches and the mountains are not of striking interest. Those of the old days before the Saxon invasions—of Lear, Prince Arthur, Merlin, and the Paladins—seem never to have been embodied in ballads worthy of them. The spirit of popular song requires more than the crusades of the distant Holy Land, or the ferocious wars of the Roses, or the forays of Border robbers. The romance of feudal incident had not the same scope in England as in other countries which allowed more of the right of private wars. But the French wars abounded in popular materials. Cressy and Agincourt might have deserved a song. Agincourt was prohibited by the express edict of the blushing young conqueror. But the first extant English song, accompanied with the music, relates to this battle. Both words and music are very poor, and may reconcile the lovers of song for the loss of the old native popular songs written previously to the fifteenth century. Yet they would listen still to the song that Alfred sang disguised as a minstrel,

before the Danish king. When the native chronicles have failed to open out the fountains of song, the future poet can only seek for inspiration in some universal throb that may move mankind to the lowest depth. There were such elements in the wars of the Crown, the Church, and against the people, and heroes were not wanting. But the land of history had been reached, and thenceforth the spirit of song will not be bound down to any rock or island realm. Then, the stately historic muse seizes the books of her singing sister, and bids her mind her own business of ideal creation.

“Chaucer gives a grand glimpse of the older days such as England was when it was most like the other European realms in religion and in feudal manners. It is like sailing down the still feudal Danube. But the curtain drops for the last time, till it was raised for a brief hour in a distant generation by another magician. Spenser rides back to the primeval woods, with cavern and enchanted castle, giants, fairies, goblins, and dragons, and sings sweetly of the old loves of knights and ladies, and robes the passions with sentimental power. Like Ariosto, he loves Nature, but neither of them draws aside the veil that conceals the chief beauties of her divine face. Happily for England and for the world, Shakespeare looked at the right time out of the island on the whole earth—inwardly as through the Greek glass into the souls of men, downward into the hearts of the flowers, and upward into the souls of the stars. He loved Nature as his mother, but he always brought his brothers to her lap to be partakers of her bounty. The loveliest landscape was not complete without the human face and figure; and with the eyes of all these he read till the book of Nature became like a polyglot Bible. He was the type of his countrymen only as being also that of man. A grand characteristic of his

universal likeness was his power of transfusion. No man can pretend to represent the human race who has not as many diversities to show as the whole race itself. He had as many faces as Matthews the mimic. But they were genuine—for the actors spoke for themselves. He united, more than any other man, the strong imaginative power with the judgment of solid common sense. He weighed all opinions and feelings firmly in a balance, and distinguished the truth eternal from the truth temporary as keenly as a trader marks the spurious from the real. The age of chivalry had just gone, and he gives a glimpse of the pageant as it enters the tomb. Yet he sees that 'the too of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.' He shuts the door of the dead past, and emerges through another into the boundless beautiful domain. Liberty, the gem snatched from the wrangling barons, was firmly set in the crown, there to shine till a stronger hand than that of the peers tore it off for ever. The poet was not the apostle of political freedom, but he laid down his velvet cloak for her in the street, like Raleigh, but for a fairer mistress than his. He lived in a serious age of religious strife, when the sword and the axe were both at work, and the tongue was sharper still. Yet he looked calmly through the gloom of three centuries, and saw there would be more harmony at last in the warring human elements. In this sense he taught toleration. Above all, he opened out to his countrymen the whole book of human life, and every chapter became a homily of power. He was a greater metaphysician than Aristotle, a greater poet than Plato.

"Milton looked on man and nature with his own single eye, as through the glass of 'starry Galileo.' The gaze was intense, but it was only in parts. The patient English

people, after doing much work for kings, princes, and priests, had come to do at last a stroke of work for itself. The dramatic poets disappeared before the real drama of life. The age of work had come, after that of brooding thought. It was a work distinct from display of humour or wit. 'The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty,' was now fairly on the flat English sward, leading the new world against the old. Milton was a political, not a religious zealot. His mind was free from all Puritan bias; but he was stern almost as a Covenanter. Yet his essential element was freedom. He also could look back for an instant, in the first burst of youth, on the old days of romance, and on the crumbling cloisters—before plunging into that sulphurous sea of wordy strife. Here, he did the actual work the age required from him. When that work was done, his mind still obeyed the leaning of his generation, and he modelled his epic poem in religious feeling. This great poem, with its unfathomable Past and Future, without the middle history, austere, bold, yet full of romance, is the temple of Puritan worship. In spite of his liberal training, and his independence of opinion, he built up this house chiefly for the old fellow-fighters. To this day, his name is more honoured than that of the great dramatist among the issue of the pilgrim fathers and the persecuted Puritans. But the temple stood open for all to enter—it stood open for one hundred years before many entered—but all came out filled with solemn, silent wonder. The second great English poet has graven still deeper on the face of his countrymen the stamp of earnest seriousness. But he put into the hands of Freedom a sceptre that reached to the skies, and touched the very steps of the throne of God.

"After those great combats of the giants, and the filth that followed them, the English ideal world shrunk into a

smaller space. Society became more sedate, and sneered like a wicked young matron. Political satire can never be called poetry—nor social scandal—nor moral essays on man. The utmost that these can do is to show that a true poet may be hidden under the heap of thin dry shavings, but that he cannot rise, for fear of shame. A true poet! Can any heap, even of iron-slag blocks, keep him down? Never! A man may say truly,—

‘*I liap’d in numbers, for the numbers came.*’

But the letter of harmony may be there without the spirit, as in other still higher affairs. The poet’s true melody comes from the mind, as well as from the mouth; and the mind that cannot be a master to its generation, will become its slave, like that of the foolish. Nature, in the fields, strikes the key-note for this music; and she must continually restrike the chord of concord. This balance of nature and fellow-man, country and town, streets and solitudes, how hard it is to hold! The poets either sit on the clouds and the glaciers, or they grovel in the gutters, like the old Norfolk duke. Darwin, who prophesied railroad carriages and ærial chariots, thought that nature might be sufficiently brought into the town in Wedgwood’s new Etrurian flowerpots, and would have been content with trees clipped into the forms of beasts, mounds shaped into mountains, and fountains squirted into the air, like the Geysers. What was Pegasus himself but an ingenious piece of mechanism? Cowper brought back the real old rural English land, and the country homes. But it was too literal; for the poets, after all that inward darkness, had to learn the alphabet of nature—then to translate, or transfer, like Thomson, instead of creating. There was also a deep gloom over this landscape, as over that seen

from the windows on a wet day—beauty in tears. Nature came into the house, and sat by the cheerful fireside. After that, the poets all went into the country, or to the continent, like Dr. Syntax, in search of the picturesque. Some ran wild, like loosened squirrels, and never came back to the cage; others shrieked out their wrongs with such gestures of passion, that Nature herself, the great mother, was affrighted at her own true children; others sat languidly by the lake-side, under the shade of granite or sycamore, seeking for subtleties, as if Nature had been a professor of metaphysics in the city of Edinburgh. Burns sat at her feet like a true child, looking into her bright face, till it melted his soul into song, like a sun; Byron threw himself boisterously into her lap, as if she had no other child but one. Others examined the old mother-face as curiously as if they had never seen it before—as if every line and feature belonged to some newly-discovered monster. Expression, the charm of the human face, as of Nature's, must be caught in the whole, and not in the parts. There are sermons in stones—but a sermon is not always of the poetic order. There is wisdom in every detail and incident—proper for the purpose—but not always impregnate with the wit of analogy, or hidden human mystery.

“To look in reverie at the book-letters is to lose sight of the words, and, therefore, the sense. Look ever so little at an aggregate, and the faithful old face will come to it. When the sea appears at the end of the long deep valley, it is to the literal like a small cloud or water-pool, but the spiritual sense sees and hears the whole circling ocean at one glance. But to sit there, and gaze on altogether alone, is to imitate the entranced Oriental fools. The poet cannot put himself only into the scene without ridicule; for Nature does not speak—she may smile or look angry, but

there is no dialogue between them. What is the meaning of Nature without man? or of man without man? Who besides can love her or learn from her? The beasts feed upon her—the birds nestle in her arms—but which of them can lie on her breast, be sung to slumber by her melody, and dream of the emerald Sion-hills rising afar off out of the sea of the skies? The poet must not cease to be a man, nor to share every human feeling, nor to accompany every grand human enterprise. His song is for the streets, whence the busy men cannot escape—for the thrilling, throbbing spirit, that answers to every heroic human deed as truly as the alpine echo, but that reserves its sympathy for the substance and not for the show only. Like the old bards, he must live in the camp and on the sea; like the eagles, he must look out from the rock and from the ethereal thrones: but he must speak the human words, at least as distinctly as a parrot; and learn the human melody, at least as well as the Rhenish bullfinches. If he ceases to see man, and to commune with him, he cannot sing for him. He can but sing for himself, and about himself. Then, indeed, Nature, if she spoke, might say to him, as the lion-hearted Johnson once said to poor Boswell: ‘Sir, you have only two topics, yourself and me, and I am sick of both.’ There will be, in fact, but one topic—the everlasting ‘myself.’ A poet is not a sophist, who entangles himself in his own net—not a translator of other men’s thoughts, like Dryden or Pope—nor a fool that can live in his own conceits, and laugh at his own wit. The true minstrel is not one that sits piping in the orchestra, while the world is dancing or dining. He should be in the midst of the throng himself—often hiding his harp under his cloak till the brunt is over, then warbling it all over again with a true melodious distinctness. The poet may be a king, like David or Alfred—or he may fight

in great battles by sea and by land, like the old Greek dramatist, like the Greek historians, like the Spanish Calderon and Cervantes—even though he run away, like old honest Horace. A noble-hearted man may shut himself up in a Westmoreland mountain, and send forth into the noisy world a strain that may catch the ear of the contemplative. But to catch by the sleeve the man that is coursing along the Strand, with eyes buried below the pavement, as if he were engaged in a great venture to walk so many miles an hour for so many days—to stop him—to see him look back and listen, as he leans against the lamp-post—this is the triumph. There are some who are born to weep over a broken primrose—who have chords which any one may touch and torture; but it is a shout like that of an armed host only that can arrest the strong-nerved man on his way through the thick jungle of life. Strength in deed gives the conformable strength of word. Lay on the blows thick, like a Paladin, and the word will be bright as the sword, and do also a wondrous work. There is an evident want of heartiness in the modern English poetry—a want of genuine feeling, of exuberant gladness. Yet what people love more fondly the motherly face of Nature? The old classic poets failed to read the features of this face—to recognize the wonderful harmony that exists between the whole domain and demeanour of Nature and the moral feelings of man—the exhaustless analogy—the marvellous power of mutual illustration. But they must exist together for this purpose. The ancients took one, and the moderns took the other. Truly may it be said of this divorce, ‘Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.’ The studded English homes, that are ever glowing with light and warmth—the hearts that are made stronger by control and seclusion—the storm of feeling that slumbers in its cave, till the

day of outbreak, when all falls prostrate before it—can no man speak worthily to these hearts? none who will step out of this crowd, and speak the word for the rest which shall thenceforth sway them with consenting power?

“This is an age of cities and over-pouring people. The man-made fabrics are marching day by day into the green fields, and the mountain valleys sound with other echoes than those from the old rural deities. Commerce opens her mart at every corner, and stretches her arms over the wide seas. Never was more needed the charming voice of the minstrel to remind men of the old boyhood days, and of the coming time when ‘all his thoughts perish’—to steel them against selfish lusts—and to breathe into them the ardour of noble enterprise. Never was there a fairer field for the poet’s wanderings; never around the Venetian gondolier gathered such an audience to listen to the sonorous strains. The cities grow in greatness, but the iron road runs from the city’s heart through the woods and the fields. The love of outward nature grows even in those who cannot read the books of man. Like the expert street-musicians, the poet has but to open his lips, and the listeners crowd to hang on them. Never had the poet such elements for his craft. His readers may know but the English fields, but he may traverse the earth as easily as a prince. The old European world sufficed for the greatest of the old bards. But the whole earth is now laid out before the poet. The variety of external nature in every clime, the living tribes of every land, are all within his realm. He speaks no more to men of caste or class, intrenched in power or privilege, but to his own brother man. He has nobler themes than tournaments and forays. To him is given still the never-changing office of picturing the passing times, and ushering in, like the larks, the dawn

of other days. No age is wanting in the elements of poetry. But the advanced age requires the advanced skill. Whatever else ceases to exist, man lives still—and the poet must strike at the rock of human feeling. War was once the pastime that braced as well the mailed arm of knighthood and the bared arm of the peasant, as also the answering poet's lyre. But the triumphs of peace are also full of poetic feeling. It is an error to suppose that, as society grows older, its heart grows colder. Sympathy is strong in its confinement, but the human heart is large as that of the earth itself. Every discovery of God's creation, from the new planet to the new polypus; every newly-seen footprint of the old creation; every new achievement of industrial science, are full of appeal to human feelings. Beyond all these, Love never grows old. Boundless as the ocean, this element lies in all its ancient glory, and no plummet has yet sounded its depths. It is profounder than the impure flood of Byron or of Bulwer, who transform the beautiful God of Love into an unclean Satyr; or than the shallow wave of Moore, who converts him into a spinner of heartless sentiment.

“Love, the truly Christian feeling, was the essence of the new revelation: it disbanded Paganism by its soft voice; yet the modern poets are not converted to Christianity. The Christian religion is not so visible in daily life as was the Pagan in the old Pagan lands. The old poets were not ashamed of their religion, sorrowful as it was: they contributed to its better growth, blending with it the remote traditional events, and the national progress; they sublimed it as far as could be, and preached it to the people. The theatre of the Greeks was as good as a temple with its stoled priests. The poets of our days are not even the ministering deacons. In most poems it would hardly be discovered

whether the poet was a Christian or a heathen. In some heathenism is openly preached, as Lucretius preached it. It was said by Parr of the hymn in *Endymion*, that it was a pretty piece of Paganism. There was one great bard whose song aspired far 'above the Aonian Mount,' and who wrote the Christian epic. But the Christian life has grown colder since that time. When the hour of new birth comes for the Christian Church, and the people shall dwell in unity, the poets will change their chords. It is their office to foresee—a poet was once thought to be a prophet. The best prophets are those who contribute to the completion of their prophecy. Christianity in itself is as full of poetic matter as the old Judaism of the Psalmist and of the Prophets. It reveals more—but it still shows the mystic infinite beyond. There is no thick veil on earth before the Holy of Holies; but the wildest imagination may lose itself in the ethereal domain. It enlarged the human vision, moving the veil farther off. It stimulates, without satisfying the fancy. It has its dreaming disciples, as well as Plato. Yet it invigorates the strong intellect, as the old eagle trains his young heir to mount to the skies within his clasping feet.

"In like manner all the Fine Arts will be more bound to the Christian life, and more freely given to the common humanity. These sister arts will also become greater, for they depend on the same power. A people who can do great deeds will also find the workers to describe them. The island has been shut out from the great schools. All men may learn to read and to write, and a land may grow its own poets. But the secluded and severe English life has prohibited the taste for the other arts. Open the schools—and there will not be wanting the scholars. The great Italian painters almost lived in the churches, and

their works are still there. Christianity did this. But it can do much more than this.

"The English have had no time to write the history of their country even in plain prose. They have not, like Attila, hired the foreign scribes to describe their prowess. They have said with the Roman poet :

'Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento :
Hæ tibi erunt artes.'

Except in the profane work of Gibbon, the muse of history has almost been silent in Britain, or merely engaged in opening out quarries for the future builder. Classical learning is declining before a new world of ideas. The old statues are taken down before the new ones are ready to be raised up. There was a time when the Roman words were current, long after the Roman rule had passed away, from Iceland to Sicily. Each people has now its own vernacular tongue, and can understand each other worse than the migrating birds. Literature is written mostly for the adult children, who must be supplied with frivolous tales and romances, like the languid Oriental loungers,—or with illustrating pictures which may get to the level of the intellect. Even the passing events must be told in pictures, as if the citizens had no skill to read the common letters, like the Hindoos or the religious mobs of the Middle Ages. The modern intent is to make the most out of the earth in a comfortable sense. It is a good design, approved by Providence, if it be rightly limited. But the earth was not made wholly for the rearing of the steam-steeds, nor for the growth of cotton. There is nothing more noble than to extract or extort from Nature her useful secrets ; nothing more ignoble than to haunt her couch only for the purpose of outwitting the absent kinsmen. A vast stride has been made towards universal luxury. Even the teachers and

preachers are moving off to the wreck with the rest, like the Cornish parsons. The orators and writers of the Middle Ages, the witnesses of so many human miseries, held the cross steadily up to the sight—with its memory of the Great Sufferer—with its triumphant seat on Sion. Thomas à Kempis spoke to the world like a modern Calvinist, as if it were without hope or power of reform in this life—to be shunned like a realm of Satan. The present pulpits ring with the blessings of harvests, peace, and prosperity—the triumphs of science—and the beneficent beauty of the rich earth. It is well to enjoy wisely the things of this life, not after the manner of the unbeliever, who says there may be no other world to come hereafter, nor yet because all the glory of this world is unworthy to be compared to that which will soon be revealed; but rather that much privation enfeebles mind as well as body. Yet Comfort may be worse than Calamity. 'It is better,' said the wise King of the Jews, 'to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting; for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to his heart.'

"The English have been always thought to be a serious people. 'They take their pleasure sadly, after their fashion,' says Froissart. Gravity may come from want of thought as well as from too much, and from poverty of feeling as well as from excess. The life of some of the nations has been so miserable that it might have sobered Silenus. But here again is the difference of race. Individuals of every race are so lightly constructed as to skim the slough of misery as Camilla touched the corn-fields. Not till the heavens fall on the earth, can their laughter be extinguished. Through what centuries of calamities has the gay French nation passed! The fever of the revolutions exhilarates and maddens. But the long oppression of the cruel feudal ages,

of the selfish Bourbon kings, the memory of those times when the peasants were robbed and slaughtered by their own lords and princes like sheep, when the captured city was given up to merciless massacre, when the state prisons groaned with innocent victims, and the Church blessed the banners of pitiless murderers—these might have broken the spirit of a people. But they have hardly bent it. It broke through the gloom of Calvin and of Robespierre; it danced off the reformation of religion under the elm-trees in the *fêtes de Dimanche*, and it danced off the Revolution in the balls of the church of St. Sulpice. The furrows of one generation have become the dimples of another. On the other hand, the English people have been, perhaps, less oppressed during the last thousand years than any other. Yet gaiety does not grow easily on the native soil. Long afflictions or long prosperity are so variously borne by men and nations as to verify the Horatian maxim, *Fortuna non mutat genus*. Again, misery sits lightly on those who have not the sense to feel its bitterness—on the slaves and the grinning idiots. Also, the equable mind can welcome grief as a sure friend and monitor. Yet the history of a long life must leave on the character of a man or of a nation indelible lines. When that character is formed, it takes the helm, and it may often be thus predicted what course a people will take when the great world-problems come to the surface.

“The feudal chain was forged in England before the Normans came, but these gave it stronger links, and a heavy clank. The people struggled a long time in it—not in fits of frenzy, but with the unconquerable patience they brought from the German woods and plains, till time was strong enough to gnaw it asunder. The civil war between Charles and his people only showed where the strength was; it did not stop, and it did not much hasten, the certain course of events. England did not glide into absolute monarchy, like

the other realms that cast off the same kind of skin. It secured liberty, not so much because it was fortunate in battle, as because it was enabled by long experience to undertake the management of its own affairs. By slow steps this work had gone on; and the harder the toil with which they hewed the steps out of the solid rock, the surer was the final ascent. This was a work of thought, patience, and perseverance. But the instant Freedom touches a nation on the shoulder, it is enlisted in her cause for life. If there is any earnest work on earth, it is where the people are paving the road to freedom. When it is thus once firmly paved, it will never again be torn up for the barricades, and the great state-coach will travel easily on it. The tree of liberty must come up on the spot from the seed, and not be transported bodily in the bulky growth. It was a fortunate defeat for the kings, that of King Charles. If the Fronde had also prevailed in France, the royal race might have been sitting now in the old palace. It is victory that ruins the kings. The French fell prostrate before their gaudy throne for long generations, but when they rose again, they hewed it to pieces. Delirium ends in exhaustion at last. They conquered Europe; but it was only to be conquered at home by another king. It has been, since that first waking, either in the skies or in the dust, like its ultimate heir himself—

‘ Due volte ne le polvere,
Due volte su gli altar ;’

and even on the ground it has rolled in convulsions. It is once more curbed by the hands of a master who governs and guides society by the tail, like the fishes. Will this people, described by their own satirist as half ape, half tiger, become sadder and better? Sorrow is the mother of Thought. It is a grave business to hold the globe in the head, even when, as Canova said, Great Britain is excluded

and the orb is smaller. It is not a task for the jugglers that swallow the swords, or give graceful motion to the gilded balls. Empire is a high enterprise: it begins like charity, at home. Truly, it is after much tribulation that even this kingdom is entered. Freedom is a beautiful goddess, but she is won by hard servitude, like the daughters of Laban. There is not only the fierce fight of brethren, but there is the wandering in the wilderness. Sitting at the foot of sterile rocks, or lying beneath the lonely palm-tree, Contemplation comes like the dropped manna. It is not the vivid moral sentiment only that can bring the pilgrims to the promised land. The thought must explain the trials of time; but the march in the desert gives the discipline, and temperance will give the triumph.

“The religious revolution in England only gave a deeper shade to the old colour—the reform was sure of root in such a land; for Freedom brought this religious spirit by the hand as her sister, and thenceforth they were never apart. Persecution matured them both. There was the same, nay, more ardour for this reform in the lands of the South, in the very seats of the old tyrannous power, and at first as much success. The temporal tyrants perceived this sisterly union, and severed them. But there were other causes than this. The reformed faith was too precise and solemn for the gay people that loved to dance on the Sabbath beneath the shading trees, and who were forbidden to sing their national songs. Religious faith there depends on the feelings, and these are blended with the outward forms. In the Northern climates it depends more on inward thought. These stubborn people will think for themselves even in the affairs of the future worlds—the others are content with the thoughts made for them by the priests of the Church. The Southern people have smothered schism, and reaped infidelity and indifference. The others have learnt that

from the seething caldron comes at last the crystal Truth, and that, however disrupted, Truth, like the organic leaves of the forest, is beautiful throughout. The struggles of sects, the free option of a faith, the conscientious responsibility, the strife for equal justice, and the burthen of government have confirmed the thoughtful character of the nation. Into whatever shreds the large Christian garment has been torn, the nation has never wavered in its religious faith. Whether the sects shall merge in union or not, the British people are henceforth bound firmly to religion. Public and private life are both inspired by duty which is greater than glory. The philosophers of the old church domain shook the Catholic Church that stood in it till it fell to the dust. The English unbelievers have never gained even the ears of the people. The good old German people are shaking off the scoffers. The steadfastness with which the English cling to religious abuses and prejudices shows the stubborn strength of the soil. The Spaniards became more gloomy and more grave by their cruel bigotry. Freedom also is grave with care—but it is built on human endeavour, and lives in nobler hopes.

“ Commerce first shook the old feudal fetters. Care is also written on her brow, as in the ledgers; but she carries Conquest with her in her waggon. From the instant that a people sees the comely figure of Freedom, there arises the longing for worldly advancement. In this race men are ever falling, rising, running, and falling again. The lust for wealth, and the abject dread of poverty, delve the furrows on many a noble brow. The gambler grows old as he watches the chances. Lawful hazard drives Youth away before its time: this Youth draws heavy bills of exchange on Age. In these days, men live, like the engines, at high pressure; they live a hundred years in a hundred months. Above all others, the commercial people should be a religious

people—that the ledger may not become the Bible, and the day-book that of the Morning Prayer.

“The English reserve, so offensive to foreign manners, springs mainly from constitutional shyness. Excessive bashfulness in strong men begets unseemly blunt boldness ; for the restraint will break out into contempt. It is strange to hear the stammering speech, to see the indecisive gesture of a man whose heart is as big within him as his ample breast without ; yet, if you once tread wilfully on this man’s toes—or if you touch the hem of his honour—or if you bring him to the scene of sudden danger—or if you can appeal quietly to his inward heart for sympathy or for succour—this man comes from his hiding-place like the heroic Achilles among the maidens ; bashfulness shrinks back into its bed, and decision is written in every feature of his face. Open out this oyster fairly, and you will find the pearl.

“It is often said that the English are still as unready as Saxon Athelstan, and that they can see and do but one thing at a time. The land is so tolerant of abuses that they must gather together thick as the summer weeds, before they can be well seen ; once let the eye be firmly fixed on them, and they are thrust in a heap into the fire. The work is then liable to be overdone. Long ago, the great dramatist wrote of his countrymen : ‘It was always the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing to make it too common.’ In like manner, the chase is ever to the death—if it were possible, beyond that. Such a character is dangerous to the dawdlers, who think that the day of reformation is far off. The storm is long in its womb ; but it may come like that of the tropics, sweeping the cloudless skies.

“There is doubtless the old insular pride, that believes its own way to be the best, and that has some reason for it in the national pre-eminence. *Toto divisos orbe Britannos.* From the period when the English bows} laid low the

French chivalry, the military character of the nation has been conspicuous. In comparison with the vast array of other lands, the army is but a small machine: but it can do its work. There is also the pride that grows in a nation of classes. Each individual knows his place in his own country. It is not the peer of the realm only that holds his own; the habitual deference to rank, from the throne to the shop, is often invisible in this country, but it is felt. The equal citizens of other lands are amazed at this; and, in return, the English citizen scans, before he speaks, the foreign brother that would address him. The Englishman abroad stalks like a king; at home he is a sovereign, and in his heart despises the slaves and the serfs; when they are his political or social equals, he will admit them. Two changes are coming.—The foreign people will be admitted into the noble guild of freemen; society in England will day by day be more democratic, more equal, and more fraternal. The pride of nations will be that of generous rivalry, each giving the good idea as they give the product of their industrious hands, each advancing side by side in the great human progress.

“Let us grasp the hand of the foreigner with more goodwill, and present to him a more open, cheerful countenance. Let us learn his language. We laugh at old King George II. for his ignorance of the English tongue, for his conversation with his minister in the dead Roman language. Yet we send the sovereigns to the Indies, generals and ministers, who cannot speak to the subjects in their own words. Mithridates could speak the language of twenty-three different tribes. Let us begin at home with our own kinsmen. Let us learn the thoughts of the common folk. Let us look at men not so much for what Fortune has given to them with her blind old eyes, as for the gifts Nature has brought in her lap, and for the use that has

been made of them. We profess to be equal in a church, in spite of the curtained pews—we shall be equal in the sight of God when he judges the earth in righteousness—let us sit on the pavement together here, if not for life, for a few brief moments of communion and conference. It is altogether but a very brief affair here indeed. It is a sad thing to reflect that in this short space, the fellow-travellers to the same abiding City, the really ‘Eternal City,’ should be uncourteous to each other. In the old Canterbury pilgrimages there was a larger charity and communion. To think that you are shrugging the shoulder and making the grimace at one who may soon be seated above you, or at least beside you, at the great Banquet above! Oh! gentlemen of the jury! this is more than an affair of courtesy—let us attend to what we are doing!

“There have been many levelling powers at work to bring us back to the usages of our ancestors since those old feudal thrones were upset. All the human inventions tend that way—printing, gunpowder, steam, the iron rail, the reduced tariff, the penny post, the electric couriers, the innumerable wheels, furnaces, and waters. It is the age of the penny that is conquering the pound. But the great leveller that can throw down the Alps or the Himalayan hills, as easily as the mole-heaps, is Christianity. It will not force any usurper from his seat; but he will come down with the open Book in his hand as meekly as a martyr, till the order shall come from the true host.

“Again, I say, let us be more cheerful among ourselves. It is a hard lot to be covering the earth with conquest and commerce. Why should the conqueror sit so moodily in his chariot? What is the use of all the gold that is washed daily to the shore if it bring but care and grief? Better to let it drop into the yawning sea, than ‘great treasure, and trouble therewith.’ It was a hearty saying of Luther, that

Satan was most disconcerted by laughter. Only laugh lustily at him, and he will run like a fool. Let us have associations for the promotion of laughter. The world itself seems to laugh boisterously in the autumnal nights, as it reels on its winding road. Let us open our throats for singing as well as for the grain, like the birds. Is the old phrase not fair—no song, no supper? Consider how many thoughts there are in this world which cannot bear the yoke of words, that the most eloquent amongst us, as they look into the abyss which surrounds us on all sides, lose their speech! Music expresses all without a single stammer, with words or without them: it embalms a thought for ever with rich spices, and the world grows wealthier in melody every day. All nations have allowed the cloud to drop from the brow at the voice of the charmer, like the sorrowful king Saul. From the psalm of the Puritan to the profane song of the Jacobin clubs, there is a vast interval. But the world in all its phases can be ruled by song. Shall the slaves be merry, and the free forget the sound of joy? The Saxon ancestors loved song as well as the war-whoop. In the court of Charlemagne, these very songs were daily uttered. Even Attila, the ferocious ‘scourge of God,’ was constantly attended by minstrels. The rugged Spartans were softened by perpetual melody. Lycurgus instituted the public tables, not only for moderation, but for the flow of wit and cheerful conversation. Plato would have banished the poets from his ideal republic, and would thus have ostracized himself. Even the solid Germans can whirl to ‘*Frohsinn mein Ziel.*’ To sing more—to laugh more—to drink less! This would be a worthy reformation of manners. Let us not despair. It is not half a century since the old Norfolk duke was found in the sewer at nights, and the Crown Prince could be as great a blackguard as any of the burgesses, and funerals were as merry as christenings. For the idle prince and

peer there might be small excuse, but the heavy-laden become very thirsty. The bodily as well as the mind labour is followed by the strong impulse of repair. It is a sad business when the current sets back in that way. Can it not be conducted safely, like the lightning, into innocent and beautiful fire-work ?

“It is a fearful cruelty to bring the troops of people from the mountain dales, the hill-side, and the woodbine-clad cottages of the fields, where the stream murmurs, and the forest rustles in the night-wind, to the dens of the factory towns, thenceforth never more to see the blue heavens, except through a thick veil of smoke ! The small country town, even if it sends two deputies to Parliament, has no need of public parks and shadowing elms. It is but to step quickly in the streets for ten minutes, to the bridge, and the park spreads out to the next town. The German villages have their linden-trees, and their brass bands. The tailor that has sat crossed-legged all day for the benefit of the public, unbends himself as he unfolds his French horn for the same audience. All the village artisans can set the waltzing children to work almost as well as the Vienna bands. The old minister sees his whole flock here better than in the church. These summer scenes under the lime avenues might tame a tiger’s heart. The German sovereigns tame their people in this way. Like all despots, they drown the hum of disaffection in spectacles and amusements. There are despots among ourselves, and there is a servient class. At least, policy might try to tame the wild people : it would not only be gracious but prudent. It would be worth the pains to see them brought fairly out of these dens of uncleanness into the open day. There would be some chance of the English people becoming acquainted with each other. Pay the military bands from the public purse, and let them play to the public every day, as in

the cities of the tyrants. When the short summer is over, open out the winter gardens. Let us have perpetual summer under a glass cover; crystal saloons in every big town in the land—libraries, lectures, and conversation for all who wish it. Recite the poets as the Persians read Sadi, Ferdusi, and Hafiz, to the eager audience; as the Italians read Tasso to the fishermen. But if you wish to conquer drunkenness, you must substitute one pleasant stimulant for another. It is not every man who can come from the shop, the factory, or the forge, and forthwith begin the wheel-work again in his own brain. Let him look at the stars, and the flowers, his dancing children, and listen to the music. Let him divert his mind with innocent games and pastimes, for it is a terrible demon that is to be conquered, and as Luther said, laughter will do it best. Every man has still his own inner life within him, and it is with the mind as with the body, ‘one man’s food is another man’s poison.’ The woodman and the hunter have not much need of athletic sports. But in a country where the chase is to be purchased like a case of champagne, and the industrial pursuits are sedentary, disease and the doctors are certain to have full work, even if the sages make no work for each other. Artificial sport is the resource. The Greeks and the Romans, who had none of the modern notion of sporting, excelled in the bodily games. They had the noble game of war in abundance. But the modern citizen has neither the training for war nor for peace. The ancient people were pre-eminent for mental vigour, and for physical perfection. In modern Europe, and in America, the people are becoming smaller, shorter, deformed, and often bordering on imbecility. We are becoming like the white tender-skinned Phrygian prisoners who were sold by Agesilaus naked—whose garments brought high prices, but whose bodies brought no purchasers. When Nature joined the two ele-

ments together, she bade them live in harmony, with mutual respect, and each balancing the other with its power. It is better to have the divorce at once than that the ill-matched pair should live in perpetual discord. Nature is very prodigal in her gifts, but they are given on the express condition that they should be well used, as a humane testator devises a favourite horse. The mind in excess, or the body, is to become paralytic, or one-sided. Man is as much made for variety, as Nature herself delights in it. Barrenness will come at last from imperfect existence. The Lombardy poplar was propagated throughout North America by means of one cutting from a female plant. It is now decaying and dying everywhere. If it had been reared from seed—from the two sexes—it would have lived and generated for ever. It is thus with the two human elements. Nature may forbear for a time to notice the breach of condition, but the forfeiture comes at last.

“The State cannot force men to be merry—nor one man another, except by gentle compulsion. But may not the State force a man to do justice to his children? Are they not the heirs of the State? If the natural parent will not perform his part, shall it not be done for him? If he be a confirmed felon, if he instruct his child only in vice and disloyalty, by precept and by example, the law will interfere. Shall it not also meddle, if he will withhold all instruction whatever? Is not the utter absence as bad as the positive evil? or rather, is it not the same? There are tens of thousands of children in the large cities, who neither go to school nor to work. Can this be endured? If the State strip men of the personal independence for the sake of the common good, shall it not give another kind of strength in return for the sacrifice? This terrible British lion, that has done so much work at home and abroad, shall he not be

made more respectable, even in his days of ease, to lie down with the lamb? Machinery is supplanting labour. The human machines are reserved for more skilled work. Wages and food are more abundant. The human race may possibly exist, with less of drudgery, with more power of culture, and with higher hopes even in this world. It is not enough that the State should be satisfied only with the bodily condition of its citizens. Let us remember that it is the office of our land to be the mother of nations—that we export to the far regions the real living machines, as well as those of iron and brass. Let us send them forth as giants to conquer the earth, by the intellectual prowess, as well as by the vigour of physical strength. The strains of Shakspeare and Milton are heard in the howling wilderness, and are daily girding up society for its work. Let us send forth also the strong living men, who may gird the globe itself with the living conscious power of inward heroism.”

The storm still roared without, as the Serjeant finished his discourse. After the others had retired, he and the Vicar sat together a long while into the night, conversing about the inner life of the older and younger nations. As the Vicar painted with great truth the silent growth of the individual mind, the Serjeant's larger sense seized on the great national will. At last, old Mungo ended the conference by getting up, and giving a long howl, like that of the tempest. He then walked up to the Serjeant, and put his head on his master's knee. The Serjeant called him an old black fool—but he took the hint, and they both went to bed. The Serjeant was soon snoring in his bed; and Mungo played the same tune in his own cot in the corner of the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

It was now the end of September. The storm had ceased. The mountain air was much colder, and more exhilarating. A few days of sunshine had restored the old smile to the happy year—now more of the smile of age—and it was readier with the daily tears than in the prime of its strength. The mists had begun to cover the hills with thick veils; and the grouse had become very wild, and had gathered into large troops, with established sentries and outposts. It was Saturday morning, when the Serjeant observed a thick dry mist had wrapped up Meredale as in a blanket, and that good sport might now be had with careful dogs. The Vicar had gone home, leaving a promise of early return. Richard and the French gazelle had gone to a distant waterfall, in search of a rare fern. The Captain was always ready, as in the fields of Spain. The two friends soon found themselves in a thick vapour, which enabled them to come unseen within thirty yards from the sitting birds; and they parted on separate beats, with an agreement to meet at a small hut, far up the valley, at the foot of the great Pike, which had once been used by miners. They travelled a long while almost side by side, but with the stream between them—invisible, but audible by the frequent shots. Old Mungo understood this branch of the craft as well as his master, and never strayed out of sight into the mist, which was often so thick that it was impos-

sible to tell whether the birds had fallen. It was a piece of "secret service;" but the bags were quite filled when the friends met at the hut. Tony had lighted a fire; and in a few minutes the small hut was cheerful with light and warmth. When the repast was ended, the Captain asked the Serjeant his opinion about promotion by purchase—when, according to custom, he took a wide sweep before he made his swoop:—

"In all democratic governments there is an equal right for all the citizens to claim a share in the public administration; for all power comes from the people, directly or indirectly, and they ought to know no favourites except those who are best adapted for the required work. The common welfare, as well as the sense of equal justice, forbids any other measure of preference than this. When the sovereign is absolute, he may choose his servants freely from the whole body of the subjects—even from foreign subjects. Native nobility cannot always prevent this. It is thus that it is often humbled. In the Eastern autocratic states the rise of citizens from the ranks to the highest offices is more rapid and more general than in the most democratic countries; for there is either no middle class from which to choose, or it is not strong enough to claim the rights of conciliation. If the sovereign be capable, his ministers will be fitly chosen; if he be incapable, they may be the mere minions of his lusts. As the empire hangs on one thread, it is in one reign convulsed with energy, in another prostrated into apathy; but when there is a dominant class between the prince and the people, there may be such a hedge of this class round the throne as to smother the sovereign, and to keep the people altogether outside. Has not this taken place in England? The old feudal lords were dissolved, but the machinery that produced them perpetuated them in another form under a

new patent right. They ruled before by the bare sword ; afterwards by the constitutional smothering process. They aided the people against the kings in securing the public liberties ; but they became the keepers of the sovereign, as much as if he had been confided to them by the Lord Chancellor as a lunatic. There was but the freedom to change the keepers from the same class. There was no power of appeal to the nation, except as it existed in the House of the People. But this House was under the same oligarchal sway ; it was filled with their nominees and with themselves. The great state-service became as much a craft as if there had been a state-guild. The ministers would have chosen themselves and their lineal heirs, like the old municipal councils, if Party had not set up two rival houses. As it was, that old hag never dreamed of going further than to the customary marts. Half a century ago, only, it was considered impertinent for any one below the station of a justice of the quorum to have any opinion whatever on the state of the nation—as scandalous as if the circus clown had got into the church pulpit. If a man of genius happened to rise from the dust, whose voice must find echo and obedience in human hearts, he was made free of the guild, and appropriated thenceforth to its service, like the pupils of the ancient Druids. It is well to reverence the real heroes ; but a man may give a very sound opinion on the condition of his country without much actual heroism—without being able to break in upon that hedge of spears, like the Swiss hero, Winkelried. Besides, if the realm is to be entirely ruled by heroes, what will become of the great herd born in purple ? There is no more heroism in our friend the Hon. John Asshurst than there is cream cheese in the cocoa-nut ; the milk even oozed out long ago through many a crack in the top.

“The oligarchs became the kings, and they founded a conquest which was stronger than that of the Normans; for it bound both king and people. They did not neglect to throw sops to Cerberus; but they themselves could bite as well as bark. They succeeded to the enormous inheritance of patronage in the name of their nominal master; they inherited the power of the crown, and many of its vices. In times when the middle people were mainly free from immoral reproach, the oligarchs rivalled each other in personal profligacy. In like manner, there were eminent worthy bishops who could write learned ‘apologies’ (not like the old *ἀπολογία*) for the Bible, and preach affecting funeral sermons, like Porteus, over the dead German Nebuchadnezzars; generals who would not fight, like the hero of Minden; admirals who would not destroy the French fleets, like poor Byng; and ministers who would not resign, like Pelham and Bute. If this state of things had endured, there must in time have been brewed a tempest to restore the equilibrium between the moral and the immoral atmospheres. It might have been a fearful fit of hurricane; for the buildings in this soil were higher and heavier than those in the French seignories. There, the lords, that once might have spit in the king’s face, had descended so low as almost to become lords of the closet (W.C.), and they were but the nominal proprietors of their domains, with the rights of grinding corn, keeping pigeons, ferrying travellers, and shooting partridges. The peasants had fairly elbowed them out of the manors long before the days of the red bonnet. But the British peers and great esquires had both the show and the substance; nay, every year the plodding people of commerce made the land more valuable without any efforts from the owners.

“The Reform Act was designed as the small storm that should purify the air and temper of the nation; but it has

proved to be delusive. Almost all the great reforms which were promised from that event have been wanting in conception, scope, and performance. The municipal reform was a necessary supplement to the other, and almost as clumsily executed. Justice to Ireland was mainly achieved under the direct ministry of Divine Providence itself. The unjust Corn Laws only succumbed to stern necessity. Free Trade was an experiment on the manufacturers—‘*experimentum in vili corpore.*’ The colonies were almost all big with remonstrance, or in open revolt, because they were deprived of the inherent right of British citizens to manage their own affairs. India continued to be governed under a double-star system, which none could comprehend, and which has ended in dismay. The Church, the Law, the military services, have all been touched by the wand of Reform as softly as by that of the mesmeric magician. The real work is hardly yet begun. This disappointment has arisen from the conflicts of the same old parties. The advancing party quailed as they approached every breach made in the walls, and the opposing party became more insolent, and in the end more powerful, often turning the artillery of the besiegers against themselves. The great state siege lapsed into heroic bluster, as at Troy. If a country is successfully and justly governed, the people will not inquire too curiously into the structure of state-craft. Peace throws her rich garments over all alike. But when War compels the rulers to strip for the combat, the sores are visible as those of Lazarus. The honour of the nation was probed to the quick in the Russian war. The end might be glorious or not; but there remains among the ruins of the great fallen city the disgrace of misgovernment. From that moment, Reform reared herself again from the ground with fresh vigour after her long slumber. It will

be seen this time if she shall remain erect, or again fall down before the old dynasties.

“There is no form of government which admits so much selfishness as that of a rich oligarchy. The absolute kings only claimed power by divine right; but these sovereigns claim wisdom by the same tenure. There may be an arrogance of heart when the speech is full of elaborate courtesy. As long as the figure of Justice, however hollow, is unveiled to the human race, it is amazing to see with what reverence it will bend the head.

“The real rulers of the nation should come from its aristocracy; for that word implies that the best are already chosen, from which the best of the best may be taken. But if the national institutions are not fitted for securing well the first choice, the second is sure to be made in a selfish sense. When an aristocracy is well and justly founded—too various or too numerous for an unfair family alliance—too few or too weak to contend in strength with the will of the nation—with windows looking into the far Past, yet with doors open to the worthy new comers—it may be a true representative of the nation itself. For this world is like a waste, through which the traveller must often find his way forward by looking back on the track behind. During the times of lance and sword, when the land was the sole possession, the landowners were the natural leaders. But the sceptre of England would never have been bent around the globe, if there had been as many Richards *Cœur de Lion* as there are country squires. Commerce has its princes as well as Land. It has an aristocracy as conservative as that of the corn-laws. Human nature is not perfect even among the men of Trade. When Vulgarity rises from the floor into the chief seats, it seeks for sympathy from above rather than from below. Envy sits below, and there are enough

on the same level of the velvet cushion to whisper soft sayings. Raise Vulgarity ever so high on this earth, it will meet its mate without glow-worm illumination. But Commerce has also its true nobility as well as the land; for it depends equally on Nature, and Nature is ever making new moulds as the old ones are broken. The Manchester manufacturer may have strong brains, and a stout, true heart; but he does not yet resemble the departed Venetian doges; nor is that marine Lancashire city yet like the bride of the Adriatic. Give the tree but time, and like the other trees, it will be growing while you are sleeping, as the Scottish laird said. According to the German notion, the nobility even of nature requires so many descents before it can be ushered into the full presence. This is the age of speed: hours are now as powerful as the old days. You may catch an elephant in the African waste, and have your face painted on his ivory within six weeks. The ore that is now sleeping in the vein, as it has slept for thousands of ages, may be thrust into the furnaces, transformed into a walking city of the deep, rounding the stormy or snowy capes, or looking into the deep clear Caribbean sea, before the swallow has gone back to his winter palace. Old dame Nature herself may be made to move on quicker. Old Time himself seems to lose patience, and to jerk on the clock-pointers with his own hand. We are come to the times when a real man may be grown much quicker than in the old process. The wear and tear of society is so great that there must always be sufficient extra machinery, to be supplied, like the funeral wardrobes, at the shortest notice. As in the tropic countries, the quicker decay of nature hastens the more gigantic growth. Even a German trial can be got through in less than twenty years. The Court of Chancery has got a steam wing. Men could always run or roll quickly down the hill; they are now brought up still quicker by

steam. They tunnel the Alps themselves. All mounts but that of Parnassus may now be climbed as easily as Ben Lomond.

“The British constitution might almost be perfect, except for this accursed power of patronage. The old rulers have made a miserable business of this power. Being themselves calmly seated on the clouds, like the Olympian gods, they would turn a complaisant ear to the cries of the most humble petitioners. ‘Heaven helps them that help themselves.’ As gold cannot now be thrust into the waist-coat pocket, or left in a hat for the members of Parliament as for the voters at the tavern, the bribery office was begun on another plan. The most inflammable patriot may learn to love the gentle dew that falls on his fire. Besides, have not the Olympian gods themselves, like the old deities, thousands of progeny, some lawfully, many unlawfully begotten—young demigods, like Hercules, that long to wrestle with the monsters of the earth, who at any rate can do more than Hercules probably ever could do, sign his name in legible letters in receipt for pay or pension? Have the Olympians not also numberless cousins, nephews, brothers, uncles, aunts, grandmothers, and godsons? These tribes are strong and prolific as were those of Israel. When that good old man said on a great day in the Upper House, that he would ‘stand by his order,’ I fear it meant also that he would stand by his family. A worthy sentiment, but, unfortunately, that is the sentiment of the whole human race, except of the sentimental sophists, like the Genevese maniac, that spawned his offspring into the foundling house with no more names on their innocent arms than if they had been blind pups. Others of the human race, therefore, think they should have some chance for the choice things of the earth. Something like fairness is asked for. In these rude days, men will even grumble at the justice of

the Scotchman at a tavern dinner consisting of two dishes provided for two guests, a goose and a snipe. Said the prime minister, with the goose at his end, to the vice-chairman, with the snipe at his end, 'This is a weel-contrived dinner—ilka man his birdie.' There was once a goose that dropped the golden eggs. This British Parliament or people will have to kill many a good goose of that kind, and the sooner the better. It is monstrous to suppose that all merit is confined by Heaven into so narrow a channel as this. Men may, possibly, be made to believe that their rulers are demigods, but not that the younger sons and brothers are all of the same heroic caste. Many a sane man holds that most of the rulers are not a whit better or wiser than many earnest men that might be picked up in the streets, in the theatres, or at church. But you will drive such a man to open rebellion and ruin, if you carry the 'divine wisdom' theory much further. It is a great pity that the great people will persist in having almost as many younger sons as a country curate. Injustice will not be borne for ever. Camillus, the conservative dictator, gave the first plebeian consul to the Romans. Wellington came down to the Peers in an Irish green liberty-waistcoat to set free the Catholics. Anything rather than want of fair play. The young patricians have a long start in the life-race—there should be no further favour. The spectators are for them—but they will cry out *Shame, Shame!* and rush in for the stewardship themselves, if justice be outraged. Justice indeed already shouts out along the whole course, 'Give them a larger lump out of the family loaf, and let them start fair and fight for themselves!'

"Formerly, the young family dunces were sent into the church militant. The old judges of the year-books who decided the famous attorney and parson case must have had

as wicked notions under their wigs as Reineke Fuchs himself. They held that it was actionable to call an attorney a 'd——d fool,' for that tended to professional damage—but otherwise as to a parson, '*Parce que on peut estre bon parson et d——d fool.*' A man might be a good parson but a——, as the Queen of France was, according to Comines, a very good woman, but very ugly. It required a hard head to go through that work in the good old days not very long gone—of the vicar and Moses, when the reverend clerk that could sing a good song was put into a good stall. Now, the sleekest rector can but 'crack his voice,' as Falstaff pretended, 'by singing anthems,' or by the Gregorian chant. A bishop is not spun now from the simple raw material of gentility. There was a time when he went to the wars, and on embassies to great kings, sat in the Council of State, and on the Woolsack, walked erect into the Oxford or Smithfield fires. He has since given his name to 'a mixture of wine, oranges, and sugar,' a weak, sickly beverage, such as Anthony Bek would have tossed to his pigs—a certain sign that the age of learning was gone with them; for learning has a fount of fire deeper far than the Picrian spring, and brisker than the above-named mixture. Patristic lore deserves a better dilution. But the 'elegance' of Greek and Roman learning cannot now lift a deserving man into this cathedral throne. Lately, it was enough to have translated Martial or Horace with delightful notes, to pour out the satire of Juvenal along with the Falernian port, to have been the family tutor, to have written a political pamphlet, and another in reply to the first in the moulting season. But the Church is now really 'in danger,' and the Minister shrinks from this kind of work. Even the conqueror of the greater conqueror could say of his reverend brother—'No—no—give him a stall—no—not a bishop—'

no—not that.’ Yet this brother could quote the odes and the *Æneid* in the Durham monastery almost as well as if he had made them all himself. The good mother Church has many prizes in her lap, beside the mitre; and many a man is there ministering against his first will, forced to the altar by the tyrannous father or brother, as plainly as the reluctant brides, and who, like them, had better have had a millstone put round his neck, and been tossed into the deepest sea in the splendour of his innocence.

“The Law is a hard hill to climb—a rock standing out alone, below but beside Parnassus, looking moodily towards it—of bare and rugged granite, but yielding ores of gold. Pegasus cannot get up here, either flying or on foot. There is nothing for it but the four human feet. It has given many great names to the nation’s golden book. But it may be said more truly of the spring in this rock than of the other—

‘ Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring ;’

and the deep drinker will not come again from the same family for many generations. For this reason, the Law has been, what the Church was in the worst Roman times, the most democratic of the public pursuits—giving its prizes only to the strong and the steady—knocking on the head with her heavy mace the eagle that would bear up bodily at once some pampered Ganymede to her Olympus. But the eagle may set her beautiful young boy down safely on the plain that surrounds this steep sharp peak. That plain, flat and fruitful as the Grenada Vega, may suffice for many a benighted wanderer. There let him not thenceforth dream of the clouds, or the *aiguilles de la Loi*, but lie lovingly in the sun or the shade. It is not the pure spirituous alpine air, but it is good for thick breathers, and there can be no fall down the cliffs. Here, let the young Ganymede wait

but one Roman *lustrum*, or hold his tongue for the same period, like the Samian disciples, till he hath the magical power of 'five years' standing,' and he may begin to shave himself, and imitate a man—another *lustrum*, 'ten years' standing,' and he may look out for a new wig and a wife. What innumerable pleasant gardens lie in that broad beautiful plain-like valley. Again, I say, fair play! at least, decency! The State is not an entailed property, like the manors—if it is, it is time to break this entail for ever. The genuine lawyers ought to know how to do this business, even if they are to imitate Lord Mansfield, the chief justice, who always put a good fee into his waistcoat-pocket when he transacted business for himself.

"The true and fair dealing is, to give back a large part of the Patronage Estate to its original owners. Let us examine this huge tree, which rears its head high in the heavens, and below thrusts its greedy stems into the earth, as if it would suck up all her strength.

"The Sovereign alone holds the hereditary office in the state-administration; all other offices hang on this hereditary fixed pin. Yet it is but the first link in the chain that depends on the royal will. Appoint the first minister, and thenceforth all virtue has gone out of the sceptre, as if it had been broken and slipped into a sewer. Nay, this very master-minister is sent to the royal closet by the imperious House of the People, with as little ceremony as the minister sends the name of the bishop to the dean and chapter. This first choice is not procured by testimonials of character, by oral or written examination before a board, by purchase, or by seniority. It is supposed to be due to conspicuous merit, and the power of binding the most suffrages together in one bundle. It is fair that such a chief should choose his associates; that these should insist on their own condi-

tions or decline the alliance, and that the House of Commons should confirm or disclaim the whole confederacy. When the constituent assemblies shall send up more Solons to this House, there may be a Solon ministry. Till then, it must rub on as well as it can. All the other great officers of state are within the power of these ministers—a great many of the smaller too. It is not in the higher offices that the power is liable to gross abuse; for these require the manifest skilled labour, and the labourers must bear the scrutiny of the nation. The House itself can speak its mind on these officers, and strike terror into the heart of an ambassador, a judge, or a bishop. As long as there are manifold voices to cry ‘shame’ to the minister that marks the wrong man, there is security that the best may be chosen for the post. But there is room enough for all kinds of knavery in the smaller appointments. For the people cannot judge those whom they do not know—whom they cannot get to know—whom the printing deities even cannot uncover. As the smaller offices are far more numerous than the large, the aggregate injustice done by bad appointments may be greater not only in a pecuniary amount, but in proportion to the defeat of just expectations. Again, the power of appointment without adequate open responsibility not only renders men indifferent to its proper exercise; but it brings a great many expectants into the arena who never ought to have shown their faces there at all. It corrupts both the giver and the receiver, entirely reversing the golden rule of charity. The true reform here, is to take away as much as is possible from the corrupting power, and to give to those who have competent knowledge of the candidates, and whose acts are amenable at once to public judgment. If the local government of the realm were established in its different circles of parish, hundred, and county, according

to the old Saxon intent, there would exist at once public councils or parliaments everywhere for the appointment and control of all local public offices—not only of those whose office is of ancient institution, but for all the modern officers of county courts, of customs, excise, post-office, and general and local taxation. Again, if the like just government of the Church were restored, there would be similar responsible bodies of representatives of the people, who might be intrusted with the whole patronage of the Church, from a bishop to a parish clerk. Throughout both the departments of civil and religious life, in every part of the land, there would be the competent local jurisdiction not only for the nomination of proper officers, but for the more conscientious promotion of the meritorious. Also, throughout the whole colonial empire, there would be the same organization as at home. The great advantage derived from direct popular elections consists in the power to thwart the pretensions of unworthy persons, who may be supported by unscrupulous and interested patrons.

“The entrance into the public service, and the promotion in it, affect both the rights of individuals, and those of the whole nation. Injustice is so intolerable in democratic communities, that the least trace of it is like the scent of treason. It is not universally true, that all citizens of equal character have an equal claim to knock at the door of every public office, and demand to be measured for admittance. The chief officers of state are responsible for the acts of their subordinates, and they ought, therefore, to be uncontrolled in the choice and promotion of their own staff. Public opinion may compel justice from such an officer in the regulation of his office, but it must strike only at his own head. Every superior officer is stimulated, for his own comfort and credit, to appoint the fittest persons in his

office, and to promote the best. Examination by competition would open a small number of offices in each great department to the whole nation; for a rule of that kind must exclude none from having a fair chance. Such a mode of selection would be impracticable; and if not that, then intolerable. It must be left to the sense of justice of each superior to institute such preliminary or progressive examinations as he may think fit. But in the great mass of appointments depending, directly or indirectly, on the popular choice, the individual right of governing a household, in any absolute sense, is wholly lost. If the people choose, they must choose the best from as many as offer themselves for choice. If more come than are wanted, there is no other resource but that of competing examination between the candidates. This examination must not be wholly intellectual. It must comprise moral fitness, and every other kind of fitness for the entry; and the examiners should openly adjudicate on all claims, and should themselves, as judges, be free from all suspicion of bias. After the entry of worthy persons into office, it would seem fair that seniority should be the rule for promotion up to a certain height, for such a period as might try capability, and that the higher posts in each department should be filled by at least a mixed system of seniority and selection; for it is impossible to procure the best service from officers who know that Time is the only promoter and patron, and it is unjust, even in this world, to reward the good and the bad with the same undiscerning praise and profit.

“The military system depends neither on seniority, nor on good service. With the exception of certain branches, the army promotion is purchased up to the actual command of a regiment. This is the last remnant of a system which once legalized the sale of almost all the public offices.

Without such an origin, it is inconceivable that the soldier's honour should ever have been sold for a price in a regular market, like a cavalry horse or a score of sheep. Money is paid for the ensign's ticket of entry, and may be paid throughout to the very top of the mess. The officer buys to go in, and sells to go out. Thus, in general, it is his boast that he serves his country almost gratuitously in the vigour of his days, and that the army is not burthened with old useless leaders.

"The British nation should be rich enough to pay for all that it gets—and it is often said in the general affairs of life, that the unpaid services are the worst performed. Economy is laudable. Efficiency still more. Justice more even than both. Let us then entirely forget all the paymasters, as we consider this machine. The first consideration is the article itself. As long as mankind refuse to beat their spears into pruning-hooks, the red iron arm is that on which all depends. The State that would not perish should look to this arm of safety with some concern. All the military and naval services must depend on the same ideas of entry and preferment; for there is the same human nature, and the same kind of work to be done. The main British army, the artillery and engineer services, the Indian armies, and the British and Indian navies, differ in constructive idea. One idea must be good, and the other bad. It is not an infallible test to say, if it could be said truly, that all have worked well; for it cannot be shown that all might not have worked better; and there is here, as in civil affairs, the power of vigorous men to rise above the bad institutions. It is not the British constitution that has given so great an empire. It is something behind or beside that. But the institutions, like the other forms of society, should be intended for the evil days, as well as for

the healthful times ; and it should, in all times, be the glory of every profession to perform its purpose in the best manner, and therefore by the best means. The best machines of war have not been very large. But they have been, as Cromwell called his own, very 'lovely.' An army may be small in numbers, but it may be powerful in its strokes, as the lightning, that has intensity instead of quantity.

"Almost all nations have sought to make the army the mirror of the whole people, in which all classes might see themselves. This is the essential idea of democratic states in all departments of the public service. The British army, in the days of its greatest modern glory, was composed of the cream and the scum of society ; the atoms did not mix in the chemical sense, but they did good work together, as has been fitly described. The old battles of Cressy, Agincourt, of the Roses, and of the crown and the people, were won by the middle as well as by the upper classes. At Poitiers, the sturdy archers were mingled with the ranks of the mounted chivalry of the Black Prince, as the Frenchmen fled before them. It was no dishonour to serve in the ranks. When any calling loses its respectability, it loses also the truest men. It was till lately the last resource of any hopeless blackguard to stagger from the tavern into the ranks of the army with the shilling in his pocket, and, when he was well broken in, he was thought to be no worse for fighting in having been a blackguard. This army has now been touched with the spirit of improvement ; great events have stirred the martial feelings of all classes of the people. It has always been the distinguishing glory of this army that it existed by free enlistment. Only make it a profession, like the rest, in which men may hope to win their way by their own gallantry, and the British sceptre

shall not yet be shortened. But to pave the steps with gold is altogether unfair, unheroic, and unworthy. A man who enters that army may know his fate if he has no gold. He is not deceived. But there will ever be the aspect of injustice, and also the blunted spur of honour. What man will do for himself what gold will do for him? What man will try to excel when excellence is the same as money? Yet there are men who are so born with the love of Excellence in them that they will woo her if she leaves them standing on the bare waste. Can there be any sight so hard for human nature as to see the stripling walking over the heads of the grey-haired veterans as if he had been the first to mount the breach of Badajos—rattling his purse as if he would buy the keys of the beleaguered city itself? There was a time when the armies chose their own captains. What must they think of the system that gives them leaders who owe their rank neither to the sharpness of the sword nor of the intellect, but to the degrading power of pelf? The military honour should be brighter than the shield of Achilles; the least breath upon its silver mirror should be drunk up by the sterling sun-ray. Let us with all speed devise some better means of measuring merit than by the vulgar golden rod. With all our dexterity this rod will always have too much sway.

“All the citizens have an equal right to claim service in the army or navy. When the competitors are numerous, it only remains to choose the best—that is, the best for the special business of war. There should be no officers by commission. Every soldier who enters the ranks should wear his commission on his sword. In all pursuits of many men, there must be those who lead, and those who follow. Obedience is the very bond of armed men, and the safety of society; for the final command comes from the civil power. From the first there is one fundamental distinction, and

only one—the fitness to command, and, in default of that, the duty of obedience. If society were altogether a plain, and all men were equal in ability and nurture, the ranks of an army might be the sole source of promotion, and the full democratic element of selection might exist as freely as in the electoral assemblies; but the true source of all is no less than the great body of the nation. When any man presents himself for service, he has a right to aspire to the commanding body at once, if he can show his fitness for such a beginning, that he is fitter than the rest who offer themselves for the same posts. The history of his father is irrelevant; he is as much a fellow-citizen as the son of the sovereign, and he offers himself, not his father. There is here, as in all the civil services, the same opportunity for rank, education, and conduct. The favourites of fortune have the same preference of start everywhere. Let them keep it if they can. The entry into this higher service, therefore, can only be justly made through the door of merit, and every other door through which he passes to the marshal's baton should have this written on it as visibly as in his own life. In this review of the notables, there may soon be discerned real mighty men of war, the chosen of the chosen, the 'bravest of the brave,' passed over many a testing sieve of honour and of worth. If the officers are afraid of such a system, it is a sign of conscious weakness. It is the rule in all professions—in all trades and callings. In these the public judge and give directly. The government of the people should act in the same spirit. When a man sufficiently reveals himself, all others should be proud to give him due precedence.

“But the difficulty lies in making the revelation visible to the patrons. It is not every revelation that can come, if it would, with hosts of attesting angels; and there are some who could not, or would not, see an advent like that. They

would rather see the deserving 'Dowb.' When a man comes with money for his patent of precedence, it is at least an intelligible fact. But the English rulers are said to be so incorrigibly corrupt, or indifferent to justice, that they would rather choose their own grandmothers for generals than those of the natural order of merit. It is a frightful condition. This is not the reproach of other states. Some honest attempt is made to procure this priceless pearl without perjury and condemnation—not without success. We have tried many experiments of the foreigners, and improved their inventions. Let us try this in real earnest. For the whole realm, almost the whole world, depends upon it. An army without generals cannot possibly conquer the earth, or even preserve the peace. These generals must be grown at least as carefully as the prize cauliflowers. Nature will aid us. But we must not ask for her counsel, and then send her about her business. This is, in fact, a main business of hers, and she ought to have far the largest share of the partnership. For the true leader of all armies is born, like the poet, and may be brought any day, like Cincinnatus, from the plough, or, like Condé, from the palace. If there be any serious work in this world, it is surely that of fighting. For it is the *ultima ratio* of the jarring nations. The last word of this argument is worth more than that of the metaphysicians, or of the physicians themselves. The metal may be ever so sterling, but it is the brave hammer that must strike in the right place, and at the right time. The Spartans once fought the Arcadians, and slew vast numbers of the enemy without any loss of their own. They called it "the tearless battle." Alas! when will there be on *both* sides the tearless battle of wrangling brothers with weapons only of truth and reason? When will be the Second Coming? Up to the very stroke of that hour, the human race will

have to wage mortal combat with itself. Let us at least march into that fight, like the old Puritans, with flaming sword in one hand, and the oracles of God in the other. Even the heathen Paulus Emilius went into battle with sword in hand, and prayer to his God for victory in his mouth.

“The good general is not grown like the cucumbers. He must be picked from a good branch. It were well if all the trees in this forest were good oaks. But the timber is very various, and an oak sapling is better than a tall, soft Lombardy poplar. The right of seniority is the title by time. It may be presumed that Time deals fairly by all; but he tries them thoroughly, and when they are found wanting, they must make way for the true heirs of the forest. It is fair that seniority should have a fair chance—should even have its turn of promotion. But selection is the law of nature too. This title by nature is superior to that of time. Merit and Time should divide this patronage. Let Time have some definite portion, and let the rest be given to the worthiest. *Detur digniori*—not always *prior in tempore, potior in jure*, according to the dry old maxim of the law.

“If an army were always marching to the battle-fields, it might be no difficult matter to distinguish the true heroes. The common voice proclaims them louder than the laborious despatches of the commander. The man who first mounts the breach, or who throws the living shells into the sea like the cockles, or who reads the moveable type of battle as readily as the invariable text, is visible to all men. Not all the Horse Guards machinery could prevent Havelock from making himself visible as Orion. Even the miserable Palmerston ministry were obliged to smile faintly on him, and partly for the faintness of that smile were dismissed

with the contempt of the nation. When the power of promotion is abused even in these grand passages of life, as it often has been abused, the unjust decision recoils on the judge at once. But in the days of piping peace, abuse has a large field. Yet it is a gross, wilful thickness of sight that cannot discover the deserving even here: for peace may have its heroes as well as war. The art of war is always growing. The machinery of war in peace is more like that of the civil service. Look hard—look long, and look honestly, and you will see merit without a pair of golden spectacles, as well in the regiment as on the official stools. Periodical inspection, faithful report, and the credible examination of each individual life should do this work in all departments. The eyes and voice of the press, the public, and the Parliament, should look Injustice in the face wherever she rears her horrid head. When the real man is really discovered, hoist him at once over the heads of his comrades according to the real desert. Take him from the ranks, if you cannot find him in the staff. Let him belong no more to the regiment, but to the whole army. It is so in the other services. Follett was raised at once from the ranks in his stuff gown. Let us never be ashamed of giving justice to the deserving. It is both justice to them, and to the State itself. The greatest generals of old and of modern days have been young. When a man is unfit for the rough work, turn him into the pastures for life, like the old war-horse of a hundred fights. It is a costly machine, that of war. But the thriftiest manufacturer must replace the wheels, the axles, and the very body of his best machines, if the work must still be made profitable.

“The great master of war, Napoleon, reserved a fixed amount of rising from the ranks. This rule was in accordance with the social condition of his country, but it is no

less consistent with the universal human nature; for war is itself a school of art, in which the adult may repair the early defects of accident and birth. Many great generals have been unable to write their names. Any man will love the profession in which he may rise to eminence, and no man can excel in that which he does not love. In all other pursuits, there is a boundless ambition before men, which is the spur of renown. Let no man say any longer that there is a barrier in the noble business of arms which Merit cannot pass. The middle class would flock once more to the standards rather than speed the plough, weigh groceries, and measure the cloth of the counter, if there was a better chance for the prizes. Such a spirit might rouse an entire army to honourable rivalry—to true exertion—to scientific study—to exemplary conduct—even to the empire of the earth. Soldiers are machines, but they need not cease to be intelligent. It is this intelligence that makes the freeman differ from the serf—the spirit drives him to the breach or the battery as willingly as to a banquet. It is better than to be driven by the thongs, or by the accursed drugs of alcohol. There are men, like the Alpine herdsmen, who are as much the born gentry as those of the manor-house. There are many of these that must for ever remain strangers to the spirit of chivalry. All the classes of this land are full of hardihood, from the peer to the peasant. There is an instinct in all that courts the danger that leads to an eminence, even if it be as bare as the Jungfrau rock, or as frightful as the Shreckhorn snows. There was once an army of the Ironsides in England, which did some notable work in its day—whose deeds survive the shriek of Faction. These men were as intelligent as they were brave—even as truly loyal—and something even more than that, for they feared God as much as they feared not the face of man. In

those days, the 'career was opened to the talents,' and a maker of shoes became a good and worthy general. Such an army might at any time have chosen its leaders for themselves, like the old Germans. Such an army might still exist in England, ready for the world's battles. This insatiable spirit of democracy will some day rule the armies as it will rule the civil state, for the whole fabric rests on the same broad foundation. Justice is the great leveller, and the great restorer."

The Serjeant struck out the ashes of his pipe with unusual vigour. The Captain had listened with breathless attention; for he loved his calling, and he had studied it in his own quiet way, in the books as well as in the field. For the first time, he now seemed to comprehend the full scope of that spirit which is rousing the nations. The two friends were soon immersed in converse about the ancient and modern services—the great generals—the great battles—and the great deeds of war. The Captain was in fuller strength than he had ever shown, for he was in his own domain; and he swung his stump as if it were about to make a fresh shoot. They were both bearing down with the Macedonian phalanx in the Asian plains, when Mungo once more set up his howl, and the arms were again handled for the campaign of the moors. The mist had now gone to the hill-tops, and the sportsmen carefully hunted the ground for the wounded birds. It was a fine sunny evening, when they at last dropped down into the valley of the Lodge, heavily laden with the spoils of war.

CHAPTER XIV.

INDIA.

THE rain again fell in torrents on the moors, and the friends were confined to the Lodge. During these dark days, there came again into this seclusion the electric words of the great Indian mutiny. There had been days of almost speechless anxiety on this subject. The present message was by far the most favourable of all, and the silent, thoughtful English people might once more draw a stronger breath into their strong hearts. It was in this mood that the Serjeant, after dinner, stirred up the fire into a blaze, and discoursed on the Oriental realms of romance :—

“In the month of June, 1757, two armies advanced towards each other, a few miles from a village called Plassy, in the province of Bengal. If you could have looked at them from the clouds, it might have appeared to be a very unfair match ; for the powerful nabob, Surajah Dowlah, was leading forty thousand foot-soldiers, and fifteen thousand brave well-mounted horse-soldiers, hardy natives of the northern provinces, with fifty large field-guns, each pulled by files of oxen and pushed by an elephant, and an auxiliary force of Frenchmen with guns of smaller size, but much better served. Against all this army, a force of three thousand men, trained indeed by English skill, yet of whom only one-third were of the English race, and led on by a young man of thirty-two years of age, who had begun life as a clerk in the service of a small trading company, and who might be supposed, from the clouds, to know no more about fighting battles than one of those white oxen. It was a fearful odds with still more fearful stake. For the

prize was India, from her Himalayan crown to the tips of her pearly toes. She was not then set down as the prize ; but it was the fact. There was still a river between the two armies—and Clive, like Cæsar, stood beside it in suspense. Across this Indian river was either victory or entire destruction. A council of war decided against crossing. Clive sought alone the shelter of some neighbouring trees, and plunged himself into his thoughts as into a jungle, for a whole hour. When he came back, his face must have shone like a sun, for that hour had decided the fate of India. He gave orders for crossing the river in the morning. The river was passed over, and in the middle of the following night the two armies were within a mile from each other. All that night, Clive heard, in his solitary walk, the drums and cymbals of the great host, led on by the ruthless hero of the Black Hole. At sunrise, on the 22nd of June, this vast host moved on to the attack and exchanged a few shots with the great guns. The English guns mowed down the hosts like a ripe harvest; in a few minutes the enemy were in disorder; in a few minutes more they were ordered to retreat; the English advanced with the old cheers, and in one short hour the army of the nabob of Bengal was no better than a miserable mob, and, with the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, the young English conqueror might be said to have done what Alexander of Macedon had failed in doing—he had conquered India. One hour spent in thought—another in strife—and the imperial Indian Queen bent her diamond head in submission before the Shropshire Paladin. She has since that time bent her whole body down to the floor, like the Oriental courtiers before their sullen kings ; but it was the fight of Clive that first broke the spell. Like the battle of Issus, it showed once more to the world the surpassing

prowess of the Western people—the swift collapse of a huge body that had lost its soul, and that could stand upright no more. After this, the English entered into the realm of romance. They passed through this wondrous Eastern province, for which all the world-conquerors had striven or sighed, as easily as the elephant crushes the jungle; sometimes as fiercely as the tiger scales the brushwood for his spring. They found everywhere a numerous people that had fallen into a deep trance, interrupted only by furious fits of frenzy and helpless exhaustion—where the old clock of Time had gone bravely for a while, and had then stopped as doggedly as if the pointers had been painted on a wall.

“Every village had a clock of this sort—for all the life of the people was in the village institution; and one was the counterpart of another, like the monastic cells, or the parish pews. This village system was a hard complete crystallization, that had withstood all thaw and dissolution, and which, when broken forcibly, separated into crystals still. The wave of the Affghan or Tartar conqueror lifted up the crystals by its power; but they were heavier than the wave, and settled safely down again. Yet the conqueror was not stayed by them in his course for one hour. He strode over them, as over the pebbled beach. For the process of centralization had been inverted: the smaller circles had got suns and centres of their own. In short, the parishes were perfect realms in themselves. There was no country beyond them, and therefore no patriotism but that of the parish. This kind of patriotism may be very delightful; but it is not good for defence. Against the oppressor, or the invader, union is strength. But if the particles are so hardened by the first grasp that they will blend no more—if the plastic spirit is extinct, the union is like that of the piled cannonballs, which may be fired separately against the very hand

that heaped them. Thus, the Hindoos revolved around their own village sun, and forgot that there was any other solar system than their own. The outward world was revealed to them in times of violence, in a manner which did not much encourage the vision—which rather tended to shut the shell of society altogether. There was one idea, which, like the touch of nature, makes the whole world akin—the payment of taxes. The land-tax was the link of this village life. The whole village structure seemed to be expressly set up for raising this revenue in a spirit of justice. The duty to pay brought the other duties to the surface; and the mayor or collector of this revenue became the fountain of justice and of law. This tax was also the link of the outer world. It bound the parish with the county or district, and the zemindar was its sheriff. The Western nations have shown much genius in the power and variety of taxation. The Oriental genius hung society on a single tax. Even the old hereditary idea sprang from this tax. That idea, it is true, looks into the next world, but it seems to look also very hard at this. At first, the offices were elective; but the notion of right by descent became as strong in the village chairs of office, as if they had been thrones. Nay, the whole ‘incorporeal hereditaments’ of human life were held in strict inalienable entail, with clauses ‘irritant and resolute.’ From the poet to the dancing-girl, the village life was complete, and rested, like the claims of the Stuarts, on the divine hereditary right.

“There was one institution, which seemed at first to look towards Indian nationality, but which in reality looked quite the opposite way. Satan never devised a more notable piece of machinery than that of the castes. It was a ‘permanent settlement’ of the people, divided for ever, in this world and in the next, from each other by a greater gulf

than that of Dives and Lazarus. All India was like a playhouse, with separate boxes, stalls, pit, and gallery, with no power of changing the seat that was once taken for them by sullen Dame Nature. Mammon himself could make no promotion here. Then there was the innumerable crowd outside, who could gain no admittance by birth, money, or merit—the accursed of both the worlds—the no-caste or outcasts: for this horrible spectre threw his shadow into the clouds, like that of the Brocken mountain; and it was thought mankind would not stand before the judgment-seat of God with any equal right of justice. In this packed playhouse, how could any man ever hope to see the glorious light of heaven—the freedom of the skies? Even the outside mob was terrified by the brightness of day, and clamoured in vain for entrance even into the shilling gallery. It was thought that the outcast or the loser of caste would be condemned to live over again in all sorts of brute carcasses, with all sorts of brutal propensities and penalties. Alas! it was even so already in this first life-course. For the soul may brutalize the body, as much as the body may degrade the mind. The body is not thrown beneath the brazen feet of Juggernaut, before the miserable spirit of man has already all but perished in the dust before the foul idol. The divine caste of priests had invented a system of religion which tortures the whole daily human life—of almost inconceivable, ingenious absurdity—of terrible grossness, darkness, and depravity—a religion of craven fear—of abortive hopes—without love, as without light and liberty. This vast Hindoo people were thus divided into separate nations—almost into separate atoms or units. They abhorred the stranger less than their own fellow-citizens. Every parish held the like diversity of nations within it. Every life seemed to be folded within itself—

moving inexorably in its appointed orbit, like the satellites of the skies. There was not one nation, but a million nations—nay, every man was a nation to himself, and built a wall of partition around himself. There was no ambition, and therefore no self-reliance. Was it to be wondered that this clock stood still, and ever afterwards refused to go on? The sun himself, as on Gibeon, might have stood still, to look on such a sight.

“How could these herds pretend to fight against the red lions that had brought their souls with their bodies from the far Western islands, and who not only could rely on themselves but on each other? Accordingly, this fight of Plassy was like the lightning-flash that reveals the darkness of a vast world. In a few years, we had managed to seat the British lion on a great many Indian thrones, overthrowing one by the weight of another. The native soldiers fought for us better than for any Eastern shah or sultan; for we taught them the first essential rudiments of war, and they became brave in following the brave. By their aid we spread out this realm to either sea, and to the feet of the everlasting hills—a firm compact realm, within a ring fence, bound by the bands of steel, and bristling with bayonets; but more fruitful, more peaceful, and more contented with the sway of these white-faced strangers than with that of Akbar or the Peishwa. It was a strange sight for all the wondering nations of the earth, to see this huge Indian elephant held by this thin far-stretched red string. But it had proved to be sufficient in many a tug. We had done more to make India one nation than all the conquerors from Alexander to Nadir Shah. Even many of our blunders had contributed to this end. We had just reprov'd the insolence of Persia, the nursery of these Indian conquerors, by rolling back the tide on her own coasts. We had

punished the Burmese by confiscation. The vast northern provinces, just snatched from dangerous traitorous neighbours, had rounded off the empire with the Himalayan wall, and had quietly succumbed to the new rule. All India seemed to be given up to refreshing repose. The long roll of conquests seemed to be complete, and the Romans would have closed the gates of the god Janus. The English are not so given to spectacle as the old Romans. If they have the substance, they care but little for the show. The triumphal procession of Indian conquerors has never passed through the Sacred Way of the great city. The great proconsuls have not been thrown from the Tarpeian rock. They have been tortured by impeachment and inquiry, and the leaders of their gallant armies have often received the condemning praise, and the barren smile. But the English people may be said to have shut on this occasion the gates of Janus, after their own fashion.

“On the same 22nd day of June, 1857, a few British citizens met at a tavern to drink and eat in commemoration of this same battle of Plassy, exactly a hundred years after it had been won—to talk over and to toast in various forms this foundation-day of the British empire of India. Clive of course had gone long ago, and a great many who had been worthy to bear his name—generals, governors-general, and governors of all kinds, had been gathered to glorious graves, streams of British blood had watered the thirsty Indian soil, but the British foot had never yet even slipped on its surface; the empire of Bengal had grown up to the mountains, and the thousand thrones or musnuds of the Indiau rulers all bent low their sceptres or their wands towards the Queen of the far Western islands. It was a proud moment for Memory to recount her stories. Outside this tavern, the daily London life went busily on as if there

had been but a charity banquet inside, or a testimonial dinner given to some prince of fools. But the idea that marked this festival might have better penetrated the British mind. Unluckily, men cannot be brought to believe what they have not seen. If they could have seen for one short hour, as at Astley's Circus, the obeisance of so many dark princes laden with precious stones, and bearing on their proud heads the royal plumes of the Bird of Paradise, before the British lion, in the midst of rich turbans and swarming bareheaded subjects, or the long procession of elephants clad in cloth of gold, superb Arab silver-caparisoned steeds, tent-laden camels, and the hosts of armed and unarmed attendants, this idea might have grown larger, like the Indian realm itself, and this hundred years' anniversary might have been famous in the national annals. But it became famous enough in India itself; for at the very moment when these triumphant citizens were enlarging on the grandeur of the vast Indian empire, that Indian empire was shaken to its centre, and the Indian rebels were let loose upon their rulers, with as much fury as if all the Indian tigers had swarmed from all the jungles into the cantonments. The whole native army of Bengal had broken out in incredible revolt. Never in the history of military affairs had a revolt occurred, so universal, and so atrocious. In a single day this whole Indian empire seemed to sink into the earth or the sea, and to be supplanted by a hideous, portentous monster. It was said, this very day of Plassy had been fixed for general insurrection, that the Oriental belief in fate might have full sway, but that events had been too impatient. There was concurrence enough in crime for the idea of conspiracy. One by one, the regiments rose up and fell upon their British officers with the sudden fury of demons, some without any warning note, some after volun-

tary and earnest protest of devotion, some after long hesitation, as if impelled by invisible uncontrollable power, all with the fierce design of extinguishing the British race and rule. Here and there was some kind of struggle between the sense of loyalty or affection and the power of panic. Also, may be recorded, to the honour of human nature, amidst so much wickedness, many single examples of native gratitude, good feeling, and noble conduct.

“It was an appalling sight for the bravest men—such an array of inflamed armed men, whom we had taught to conquer, whom we had fed, and paid, and pampered—not slinking to their homes like deserters, but breathing sudden, remorseless vengeance, against the stranger race—the prop and pillar of empire not thrown down, but thick with coiling, hissing hydras, against the hands that had reared it. It was a beautiful sight for the whole earth to witness—the bravery with which the strangers stood at bay against such a host of hunters. Never before was the power of race so plain to behold. The chief seats of mutiny were stripped of British-born troops. The Persian Gulf and the Punjab had absorbed the usual regiments. The detached stations, the forts, and the cities, were defended by a mere handful of resolute men, against which the immense wave of mutiny surged in vain. Even one single English officer would hold back the mutinous breath or the murderous stroke, like the exiled Marius. Even the English women, nurtured in gentleness of life, became resolute as the Cimbrian wives, or the Spartan mothers. Never will be told in English words the countless tales of this Indian tragedy, the heroism and the horrors of these hundred days; how the gallant soldier, after days of famine and storm in his small fort, reserved for himself and his faithful wife the last shots from his musket, before the final rush of the demons; how the patient

English husband gently submerged his bride in the gurgling waters of the Ganges, or gave up his weeping children to the mercies of the wilderness; how the loving wife shielded with her own body her husband from the bullets! Never may be lifted up the veil that hides the sins unspeakable of Delhi—the accursed well of Cawnpore. Enough that there is an eye that saw all from his Throne of all Thrones, and that judgeth the world in righteousness.

“The horror of one night has blanched the hair of fair queens, and of hardy chamois-hunters. But the horrors of a hundred nights,—to be beleaguered, by day and by night, by the herds of Bengal tigers—worse still, by the fiends of famine! What a strife against Time these few separated thousands of strangers must wage in the face of these myriad foemen! Day after day bringing mutiny in its mouth, till the very Indian ground seemed to reel beneath the blast—the heir of Timour, Baber, and Aurungzebe sitting like a crowned phantom on the ancient throne of Delhi—the exhaustless arsenal—the unbroken, innumerable rebels that rushed to the old Moslem city—the scorching, consuming summer sun—the wavering princes waiting for one grand disaster—the Bombay and Madras armies faltering more and more in their allegiance—all India from peak to cape, glaring like the tiger ready for the spring, listening for the fuller breath of the tempest that should sweep the white-faced strangers for ever from the floor. Oh! for one whisper of that Ariel power which might gird the globe ‘or e’er your pulse twice beat,’ into the ears of the British citizens that are feasting for the fight of Plassy—a whispered word, that more than all the Athenian oratory might

‘Shake the arsenal, and fulmine over Greece.’

Thousands of miles must this news travel, and steadily over-

land, as a contract for cotton might be sent. This Indian revolt may be rebellion before a single ship can sail from the mother-land—nay, the realm may be lost before the message can get to the Red Sea. What remains but to do as at Trafalgar, in the spirit of that admiral who told his captains, in default of orders, to lay their ships alongside those of the enemy—to set their backs against the wall and fight to the last gasp, after the fashion of British soldiers! History will record with trembling wonder that these men not only stood at bay, but that they mastered this amazing mutiny before a single new soldier had come from his country, and that the foe with whom we had been last and lately in deadly conflict was foremost in our defence. In such a strife, to be unconquered, was to conquer;—not to lose all, was to gain all. It was the power of race that did this wonder. There was also the visible power of God, and those warriors themselves will be the first to repeat, ‘*O Lord God, thou strength of my health, thou hast covered my head in the day of battle.*’

“At last the news of this great revolt reached the British shores, and the whispering wires shot the lightning into the great British heart. A whole army in revolt!—the Mogul Emperor again set upon the throne of Delhi! and the myriads of rebels rushing to its support! Ruthless murder and rapine stalking through the rich provinces, and striding from hill to sea, from plain to peak. Never since that great parting of our own American children from our sway, was the British heart so terribly moved; for pride and pity were both touched. As the story of the atrocious deeds was repeated in every ear, the words of vengeance burst from every mouth, and the ministers of religion preached it under the name of justice. The mildest of men almost wished, like Roman Nero, that the whole rebel herd had but

one head, that it might be cut off at one blow. Yet this brave British heart was never staggered for one moment. The jeering, unfriendly foreigners foretold ruin to British rule in the earth; but the adversity that tries the temper of a nation found this people not wanting in heroic endurance. To bear and to forbear so long before the crushing stroke could be dealt—to fold the arms in patience, till the ships should creep around the Cape with the avengers—to listen to every sickening tale of horror in helpless, speechless sternness—to watch breathless the breeze of mutiny, as it blew over the other armies and people, whether it would be lashed into tempest, or die like a soft wave on the shore—to suffer this agony of suspense, sympathy, and doubt, was the painfulest of all the penances. But none doubted of the final issue. At the darkest moment, the Indian territory might have been sold with as much faith as the Roman land which was covered with the deadliest foes of Rome. India might be lost—wholly lost and ruined for a time; but the English lion would lay his paw at last on this Indian tiger with remorseless power. Yes! this throne shall be theirs again, though they walk to Delhi through a jungle of demons, and through streams of fire. What terrible truthful power is in a free people, who can feel with one heart, and therefore lift up the myriad arms for one stroke!

“In the midst of this amazement, there grew up gradually a feeling of trustfulness. Through the haze of this terrible fire appeared the assuring figures. It was not a rebellion; it was a military mutiny. It might be encouraged by local political conspirators, even by the disgraced dynasty, and the humbled nobility of Oude—it might, in the event of immediate success, have led to rebellion and revolution among the people and the princes; but its cause was to be

found in the ranks of this pampered Brahmin soldiery. It was, in fact, the awakening of the miserable old sepoy conscience, as at Patna and Vellore, and might have been smothered after the like fashion. Every human being has some sort of conscience, which must be respected, for it may be nurtured to bring forth better fruit. This cartridge mutiny of Meerut was so mismanaged, both in cause and consequence, as to spread itself over the whole sepoy army—even to affect the loyalty of men who must have despaired of the final issue of revolt—even after the revolt had been wholly crushed. This unreasonable suspicion had not reached the hearts of the Indian people. This fact was an admission that the English rule had not been intolerable; that it had been much better than that of Mahratta or Moslem princes, and that the people had respected the spirit of justice. If this vast menagerie had broken loose, the English might have been easily chased into the sea; but it was only the big unwieldy elephant that had broken into madness, had murdered his mahout, and which must be struck down by ordnance.

“This story shows the strength and the weakness of the foreign rule, and they confound both the friendly and unfriendly soothsayers. It had been said by many a wiseacre, for many years, that one great disaster would rouse up the whole Indian realm to rebellion; that we ruled by the sword only, and, if that snapped, all were lost. The sword was not broken, but, far more, it was drawn against ourselves. An entire army, by which empires had been won, and might have been held, turned upon us with the fury of demons, and the India peasants helped to cut down the rebels. In spite of the religious frenzy, or its pretext, the Hindoo people stood firm to their protectors. The princes stood loyally beside the new throne that had been raised on the

ruins of the Moguls. This discovery was worth a great many lakhs of rupees ; for there are two perils which beset the throne of the dominant stranger in India. First, there is the old Oriental feeling against the government for the time being, of whatever creed or race that may be ; for it is only the free people that yield the willing allegiance. These Indian subjects were accustomed to the sovereignty of caste ; but a new caste of white-faced strangers had come over the seas for the subjection of all—brave but few—contemptuous of Eastern customs and castes—professing a creed which claimed the whole earth as its inheritance. These Christian despots had established peace and prosperity in the provinces once laid desolate by the yearly scourge of fire and sword. Their law was strange and arbitrary ; but Justice sat beside its judges on the bench. The single word of an Englishman was worth a whole batch of Hindoo oaths. Yet it is astonishing to find in the human annals how soon the wrongs of one generation are forgotten by another. The horrors of war and anarchy are seen through a cloud of darkness, often through some deceiving halo of glory. In so large a realm as this, there is still room enough for Injustice to rear her head. The land-tax brings the Supreme Government into direct contact with the cultivators of the soil, and the fiat of one foreign assessor may oppress a province almost as much as the tramp of hostile armies. Ignorance may be robed in innocence, from top to toe, but her breath may be thick with injustice. We have not committed many political crimes in a land which has grown force and fraud as abundantly as the opium-poppies, but many of those blunders which the stone-hearted statesmen reckon to be worse than crimes. Yet these Indian people still seem to remember the massacres and miseries of Moslem and Mahratta rule, and to reverence the even-handed rule of the British sove-

reigns. The new provinces, still smarting under the lash of the conqueror, are even loyaller than the rest. It is easy for all to see the reign of terror that would follow the success of the rebels. We have got the goodwill of this people—perhaps their gratitude. Let us take one step more with all our might, and win their love; then may they be ours for ever.

“The other peril is from the princes. Thirty years ago, the revolt of this army would have roused all the princes to arms with one accord, even if the affair had ended in their cutting the throats of each other. But the valour of the British soldier, and the sagacity of the British statesman, have become wrapped up in tradition, and are as much matter of faith as the religious dogmas of Brahma or Mahomet. Long ago, the most daring and the ablest of our foes, Hyder Ali, declared that if he had such soldiers, they should be taken to battle in palanquins, and that he feared the armed foe that sprung from the seas as fast as the others melted in the burning plain. Even forty years ago, these reasons swayed the ancestors of Scindia and Holkar, the Mahratta chief, or their names would then have vanished like that of the Peishwa. The princes know well the grandeur of the British name, and the exhaustless strength of the nation. The loyal princes of Nepaul, in their passage through the rich, populous London streets have reasoned on these things. The great native rajahs have heard the tales of the wondrous Western city from a thousand mouths. Yet these lessons are slowly learnt, and many an Indian prince would have staked life and land if the Western giant had fairly slipped his foot on the bloody soil. The few that have become traitors have been blinded by passion, and would have rebelled against the Omnipotent. For such men revenge is sweeter than life—sweeter than honour itself. This loyalty of the smaller rajahs and nabobs is wonderful

enough, for they have had much to bear, and more to fear. They have been like the live rabbits that are put into the cage of the serpent to be devoured at leisure, often leaping into his mouth from sheer uneasiness; nay, the larger princes are not exempt from this fate. We had just successfully swallowed the king of Oude.

“It was said of the princes of Savoy, that they designed to eat up Italy leaf by leaf, as the caterpillar eats the artichoke. We have nearly accomplished this feat in India. There is not much more leaf to eat there. Yet it is clear now to the historic soul, that to taste once was to eat on till the whole supper was gone. It was like ‘Lucullus supping with Lucullus.’ The story of this gorgeous Indian empire, growing from the first factory till it reached the Himalayan heavens, is more marvellous than any that ever entered into the imagination of Arab or Oriental romancer. This dream of a hundred years may die as it has lived; but its memory will live in the lands of the sun as long as they roll around him. Fate, as the heathens call it—Providence, as the Christians have it, has ordained this for as great an end as when it directed the steps of Alexander to the throne of Darius, and brought with him the noble Greek language as the mould into which was to be run in after-ages the Christian gospel. The Persian satraps fell at once before the Macedonian spear. It might have been well if we had followed the example, to have hidden the crowns at once among the conquerors’ first fresh laurels; for we have had to fight many battles more than twice over, which are feats best done by garrulous age after the banquet. We could have done this as easily as what we have done, and there would have been much less injustice. For Conquest eats at once with its sharp sword, while Diplomacy weaves her toils long, and too patiently, and with soft-

beguiling tongue. How can that tongue warble so long without deceit or falsehood? Can a lover's? Can any human tongue? No; not even that of a bishop! All these sultans, nizams, nabobs, rajahs, and chieftains were but of yesterday. None of them were within the imperial statutes of limitation. In England it may take about one hundred years to establish an adverse right against the Church; but a dynasty must have more than a hundred years unless it has had some Napoleon to fight his hundred battles. These Indian princes had risen up like the flies from the decaying carcass. Hardly one of them could number one hundred years. Even the Mogul empire itself, the suzerain state, had then lasted but two hundred and fifty years, from the final conquest of Baber. Yet these swarming flies have been to us almost like the mosquitoes that can sting an elephant to death. We dealt with them by a curious process of protracted strangulation. It was partly in the old Roman style of Asiatic management, and partly in the Saxon style of honest stupidity.

“When the factory-yards were enlarged into a small province, we entered ourselves in the list of petty Indian princes. In this state we might, perhaps, have driven as fine a trade with this notable Indian realm as in binding on our brows the diamond crowns of its dark princes. Unhappily, we were a people impatient of the least burthen of injustice, and ready at any time to fight, at all hazards, for the right. We could fight so well, that if we had hired ourselves out in that line, like the old Italian armies, or like the Swiss, we might have become the Prætorian Guards. But fortune decreed us the emperor's seat. The instant that it is established that a man can fight for himself, it is astonishing to see the respect and homage that are paid to him. The other payments are not far behind. There was

no difficulty in finding causes of quarrel. We had just reasons of our own, and when the enemy fought amongst themselves, it was very easy to throw this Anglian sword into the arena. It cost but the breath of a few words to raise up a rival to a throne, and to extort tribute or allegiance from the new sovereign. It was often almost as easy to march a few gallant men up to the guns on a field covered with the dusky pomp of war, and thus to tear off boldly the impostor from his musnud, or to crush a miserable despot among the ruins of his last strong fort. We taught the natives how to fight, and took them to our standards. We could not breathe the brave, free British spirit into the supple Bengal slaves; but we clothed them in all the outward terror of war, and they fought like heroes, when they were led by the heroes. We became an Indian power. Then came the first squeeze of strangulation, in the system of alliances. It was stipulated that the native power should contribute so many soldiers to the common defence. The sepoy was inefficient or unpaid, at least not forthcoming at the proper time. The subsidiary force was changed into a native force under British orders, for which the native prince paid to his allies a yearly subsidy in rupees. This was the second squeeze. Then, the subsidy fell into arrears, and a part of the territory was forfeited, or the rajah tried his hand at a little bit of rebellion, and a larger bit of dominion departed from him. One after another, the peacock-feathers were plucked out of the crown. What could a poor prince do to amuse himself? If he could not slit the nose of a British subject, he could at least cut off the entire noses of his own serfs. The late king of Oude used to ask people to take snuff with him, and if any one sneezed, his nose was off at once. Had a king of Oude not a right to take as many noses as he liked? He might take

their lives. Let the wretches be thankful! Even in England can a man not pummel his own wife according to law? There must be some conductor of human lightning to the earth. Again, if a prince has lost respect—even self-respect—can he not drown rebellion's rising wrath in the bowl—in the harem—in French brandy and British beer—can he not sit for hours ogling the dancing-girls with drunken stare, and witness on his dining-table the spiteful combats of trained partridges and pheasants? Like the old Romans, as he sinks into sensuality, he may whet his exhausted energies by the spectacle of terrible wild-beast fights, and may occasionally send a prime minister to the gallows in the spirit of good Louis XI. No man's head is safe, except those under the British hats. In England, men would talk of Bedlam. But he has a kind of keeper. There is the British resident: this man is the real king. While all others tremble 'in the presence,' this singular individual walks quietly, in his plain frock-coat, through the lines of glittering guards, courtiers, and attendants, and takes his arm-chair beside the musnud with as much complacency as if he were about to smoke a pipe with the landlord, in the English rural inn of the Royal Oak. He has neither ushers, guards, nor many followers, but the throned master of the millions speaks more softly to him than to the queen of the harem. Yes, it is the keeper of this wild man. At present, ceremony is the business of the day. But before the day is spent, that keeper will tell the king with provoking calmness of temper, without a twitch of irritation, of the arrears of subsidy, the dangerous destitution of the soldiers, the complaints of peasants and citizens, of misrule, of universal intolerable misery, of the tyranny that must provoke rebellion, and give another realm to the stranger. How could it be otherwise? Have not the European

sovereigns, in the midst of their splendour, the utmost difficulty to keep themselves respectable? How can a king of the Indies, in the midst of his humiliation, behave better? Is he not therefore doomed to splendid suffocation as hopelessly as the rabbit that waits his turn in the iron cage of the snake?

“This is the unavoidable issue of the strife between the weak and the strong. All these princes will melt in the same pot at last; for they cannot forget the Past, and they have no Future. In getting this dominion we have done many sad things; the wonder is, that in dealing with so much craft and conspiracy we have not become as bad as the worst of the natives themselves. We may be astonished, like Clive, at our own forbearance. From the Black Hole of Calcutta to the accursed well of Cawnpore, we have known the unfathomable Indian treachery and cruelty. It was in vain we tried to keep aloof from the princes. About the year 1808 was invented the counter-system of non-interference in the affairs of other states. The harvest of this system was anarchy, incessant war, and local ambition, and at last the forced interference in self-defence. From the instant that it became known that we had changed this system, the princes themselves flung themselves at our feet and made us the arbiters of their fate. When the Governor-General put on his head the crown of the Mogul, in 1819, it was felt throughout all India that the new supreme power had begun to reign over all. From the fall of the Peishwa, the head of the Mahratta princes, there was no more war in Hindostan. We conquered because the enemy was divided. But conquest may unite the conquered. During a great disaster the hopes of union against the haughty strangers may begin to spring again. If the native powers had been extinct, there would have

been no leaders. If the red British wave had been drunk up in the streets of Delhi, or swallowed for a while on the plains of Oude, no prophet can tell us what might have been the history.

“It was a great discovery, that it was not Rebellion that had raised her horrid head—that it was only Mutiny—but a most monstrous mutiny indeed—a whole army frenzied into desperate strife for life itself—giving no quarter and expecting none—let loose, like maddened jungle-beasts from their strong cages! Nothing less than this could have roused the British lion from his lair. Within an inch of losing India and her diamond crowns! It is the old story. What a heap of mismanagement and misfortune must concur before this patient easy British people will fix their gaze steadily on anything that is not close to their noses! This British Parliament had given statutes to the Indian empire as if it had been the island of Alderney. A whole generation had passed away since the House had rung with the invectives of Burke and Fox. Even then, and almost till now, this House could not see this huge Indian realm without the telescope of some special philosopher. The thick-minded constituents had no more notion of their noble Indian estate than of the interior of the moon. Yet it was larger than Europe, and held more millions of human beings. It was with much difficulty that the notable men of the nation could be brought to think about it. Church rates, county bridges, or lunatic asylums, were fiercely debated; the great farm was left to the factors to do the best they could with it—only to ask for no money. Fortunately, while the factors did their work with a good eye to themselves, abhorring war chiefly because it was a costly pastime, there was always in India itself a noble growth of true British men, who could

conquer like Clive, and rule the land with power and with wisdom. It is this land that is now emerging slowly out of these fiery mists of mutiny, and the British people are looking on it with speechless wonder, as if they had never seen it before. But they see it plainly now with their own eyes; and to see it in this way once, is to see it for ever. It will never more be ruled by the small statesmen of the city or the cabinet. Such a sun is now shining on this Indian land as has never shone before on its hottest plains—and it will lighten the blackest jungle with its rays. This sluggish British conscience is reached at last. Hearken to what it says.

“It is only a mutiny! But a mutiny of incarnate fiends! Is it possible that we could have nursed these snakes in our breasts without knowing that they still had a deadly bite? Such secret cunning—such sudden horrible cruelty! It is not that the mere acts of mutiny and massacre should be amazing; it is that such fiends should have been our fawning subjects and obedient soldiers. Excessive fear, like anger, makes men mad, and begets injustice, but not torturing cruelty. This must exist before the panic, and independently of it. In brief, this Indian soldiery has shown the depth of depravity to which an unholy religion can abuse the human mind. It has been terrible to look into that accursed well of Cawnpore. Alas! it is not fathomless as the trembling falsehood of the Hindoo faith. It is this which has shocked the honest British mind, and which has roused it from its long sleep. ‘What,’ it says, ‘shall we remain at all in this accursed land, if it be not to make it better? Heaven forbid! Not for an hour. It shall no longer be altogether an affair of rupees and sepoys. We will rule this land as our own, in the fear of God, and in the love of man.’

"It is too true, that this noble Indian empire has never got fairly out of the ledger. The old factory idea has covered India. The rulers have been the merchant-princes, and they have entered in their books the revenue, the outgoings, and the commission-money relating to the realms of Aurungzebe, as they might have set down the invoices of a sea-borne cargo of woollen goods. They have thrown the brilliant crowns into the plate-chest, and the old sceptres have ruled the day-books. This idea was dying out, but it will now at once be fully rooted out. This phantasm, so incomprehensible to the Hindoo mind, of the crowned figure of Commerce holding a sceptre instead of a ledger, will vanish for ever. The British sceptre will be stretched directly over this Eastern empire, and the humblest 'outcast' will be a full British subject-citizen. It will be declared by formal statute that India thenceforth is really part of the British empire: it will be opened out to the free speech of the people, and to the full rule of their Parliament. It will be a shameful business, if this Parliament shall crust this land with corruption like its own. Let us hope that this crust is disappearing altogether, and that vigilance will defeat dishonour. It is a great stake, and there is a great risk. Let us try to be honest: let us remember with pride that India has been won and ruled by the strong spirits of the middle class. As we open it to the highest as to the lowest, let us determine to represent justice on the Indian tapestry with a wrinkle of severity. Already, its great offices have been bartered by favour. Let us have a council for India chiefly composed of those who have themselves risen under the Indian rule, and who can bring with them experience and the authority of a real life. The chief appointments are already in the hand of the Minister, and are subject to the power of Parliament. The public

voice must cry out against the unfit high officers. The first step of patronage in the services may be given to merit in the open day. Strip this council as much as possible of this power of patronage, and from the moment that any man sets his foot on the Indian soil, let him feel that his promotion shall not come over the seas like that of 'Dowb,' but may be freely given by those among whom his life is spent. Let us also determine to do justice to the Indians too. The English language may henceforth become the tongue of the State. Let the law be written in the old Saxon words, but let us distinguish well between the laws of the universal human conscience and that which custom and creed have petrified into a second nature. Till the law of Christ be fully written on the hearts of the heathen, let us remember that 'blindness happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in.'

"It ought truly to be a noble office to rule this noble land as it has never yet been ruled since the days of Brahma or Buddha. Such a country is given into our hands for diviner purposes than to gather its wealth or to give it cheap Sheffield cutlery. To break up this sluggish Eastern life—to blow the silver bugle of British Arthur, that shall waken the slumbering Asian mother—to build the highways through the Himalayan hills to the Tartar tents, the Siberian steppes, and the Chinese gardens—to rule the land in the strength of justice, with wisdom, and with power—this is a grand duty, which the world expects from us—which we expect from ourselves. It was said of the old Greek free states that held other states in dependence, that they had a grand occasion of ruling a land with despotic power, yet in the full spirit of freedom. It is so in India. Our power will now be larger than ever fell to the lot of the conqueror. The land cannot govern itself: it may be ruled by the far

voice of a free people, which has been nurtured by harsh experience into manifest manhood. The finger of Providence points to this land unerringly, as when it twice refused to Clive the right of suicide. That a few thousands should be the masters of as many millions of human beings, is a fearful thought; still fearfuller to think that we may be as unworthy of this trust as the ancient tyrants. Has not a chosen man a visible trust from God, as plainly as if the commission were engrossed by the notary? Can a nation renounce the executorship of the divine decrees? It was revealed to the revelling Assyrian monarch that his kingdom had departed from him. It is as clearly written on the Himalayan wall, that this land is given to us by the hand of God for his glory. Let us stand erect in justice as the highest silver pillar that supports the skies. Let us examine our past life by the glass of conscience, and begin again.

“ We have now a larger power, a larger sense of duty, and larger means. England is now nearer to India by one thousand hours. Soon the electric words will be spoken to it and from it, as to and from the next street. We cannot send the armaments as swiftly, but they may be there already. Henceforth the Indian armies will be more of our own blood, and their officers will belong to England as well as to India. The native subjects will be advanced more in the civil seats of government. The two lands will learn to know each other more. The Englishman will not live in exile, and come home to gaze vacantly on the old dead graves of the past, and to die. The Hindoo and the Mahomedan will come to look at these wondrous Western cities, and consider as he again crosses the seas, on the causes of the Western greatness.

“ This revolt has revealed the ferocity of the Hindoo

faith. The Hindoo is not naturally cruel; his ferocity comes from fear, like his daily adoration. It is the same old idea of propitiating the evil spirits by sacrifice and lingering loathsome penances. The British conscience now asks why this heathen people has not become Christian? After this period of one hundred years, why has not this 'little leaven' of ours leavened the whole lump? This is a question which may be asked at the end of the next century. Let us try to answer it now—that it may not be asked at least with so much self-reproach. We have made so little progress in this course, that there must be some radical defect in ourselves. It cannot lie in Christianity itself; for it is destined to subdue the whole earth. It must have been the fault of its professors. Yet this ought to be the true end of all—for it comprises all in itself. We are ourselves, in our own British homes, wanting in excellence, because we have not fully stripped off the skin of heathenism.

"First, there has been the old shopkeeping idea of offending our customers. We have seemed as indifferent to the faith of Christ as to that of the falsest idols. To glory in the Cross of Christ, is the Christian privilege. To be ashamed of Christ, brings the like future retribution. To fire salutes in honour of the false senseless Hindoo idols, or of the Moslem Mohurrim, what is all this, but to bow the knee to Baal, while we give the lying tongue to God? We have never desired to propagate the Christian faith. The missionaries were long treated as if they were the preachers of rebellion. There was no acknowledged Christian Church. The Christian doctrine was not recommended by the lives of the Christian men. Could the heathen be expected to believe in what we did not believe ourselves? No Christian man or nation can

for a moment abjure Christianity—or decline to plant or water the Christian Church. Whatever else man may do, he dare not do this. The peril of his own soul is beyond all the perils of revolt. All men are, in the Christian sense, of the guild of Freemasons, to whom the sign of the Cross must be made under heavy penalty. This sentiment may be common to other creeds. The errors of men have consisted not in the propagation of belief, but in the manner and form of propagation. Many national conversions have been performed by the sword—even to Christianity. This Indian people will die for their faith as serenely as the Christian. They have borne all forms of oppression for their creed. They refused to bend before the tortures of haughty Aurungzebe. They submitted to the confiscation of their property in the settlement of the land-tax. But they will not throw down their idols at the bidding of the strongest power. It is forbidden to Christians so to spread their gospel. The Arab Kaled was called ‘the sword of God;’ but the Christian conqueror can only wield the ‘sword of the spirit.’ It is keener than the brightest blade of Damascus.

“This Indian land requires to see this sword in all its lustre; for hitherto the Christian faith has been turned strongly from it, like a tide that has met a strong barrier—a barrier that may hereafter be wrenched asunder with one crash. The whole fabric of Indian life is so constructed that, if one stone be removed, the whole falls to the ground in a shapeless lump. This terrible institution of caste has braced society together as with one huge iron girder. Only cut this asunder by some blow of the spiritual Roland, and the way will be open into the happy lands. It has been the reproach of Christian states, that their religion has not more entered into the structure of society. The Pagan

nations have surpassed us in this respect. In India, the distinction between religious life and secular life hardly exists. Even among the Mahomedans the distinction is not defined. To convert a Hindoo into a Christian is little less than to change his skin. He loses his place in the world. He is like a man left behind on a voyage. He may take his place in a new ship; but his family, his friends, and his fortune are in the other ship. The new world is strange and unaccountable to him, without the accustomed feelings. In Europe, a citizen may profess to be an atheist—and his friends shake their heads at him. But in India the renegade is shaken off, as a cobra from the arm. Self-reliance, the great Western life-element, exists only in the mass. There, it is gravitation without cohesion, and in some great day of trial the whole heathen temple may fall heavily to the ground.

“There are twenty millions of this people who are outcasts—creatures after the divine and human likeness, but who are spurned by the proud Brahmins, that reverence the senseless cow. This is a brave army in itself—shut out of the enemy’s camp—already half enlisted as the soldiers of Christ. These were the soldiers of Clive, with whom he won his victories. Let them stand in the shoes of these punctilious priests. Let them also belong to the army of Christ. Sow these men over this Indian wilderness, and there shall spring armies ready weaponed from the soil. This Christian faith has triumphed over subtler souls than these Brabmin priests. It is the same faith that long ago confounded the guile of the sneering Greeks, and threw down from their altars the gilded chiselled figures of Jupiter and Diana. Are the Indian sophists stronger than were those of Egypt and Greece? The strong Roman temples were changed into the Christian churches. It was the

Jupiter Tonans of this people that had conquered the world. Yet his throne, laden with all its spoils, dropped into the sea of oblivion before the heralds of Nazareth. This Christian faith hath its dialectic subtlety, which might have entangled Plato, and which has rivalled in a fruitless fashion the lore of Jewish rabbis and Indian sages. But it is not this which converts the heathen. It is a vain task to balance the great thoughts of the earth, as the hollow strengthless straws, on the finger-tips of disputation. It is not this kind of warfare which makes the Cross triumphant in the hearts of the unbelievers. It is the actual power that lives in this faith, that crushes all before it. Christianity has its two polar forces—Love and Fear. ‘Perfect love casteth out fear;’ and the crowning conquest is ever that of love. But the creed has its terrors, as well as that of the Pagans. It can invite with winning sweetness, but it can subdue the hardest mind by its truthful threats. The Christian dove sits on the back of the lion. In this age of elegant discourse, there are few prophets that can worthily unveil the terrors of the Gospel. But the God of the Christians must be served *‘with reverence and godly fear; for our God is a consuming fire.’*

“It was when Paul preached to the Pagan governor of *‘righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come,’* that Felix trembled. It is this kind of power that should be felt among the dreaming stagnant nations—that should heave this Indian land as with earthquake, and shake the silly idols from their seats. This Christian word, which comes straight from God’s own mouth, should be thundered into the conscience. It is not to reason, but to teach, to warn, to rule, that Christ comes into the world. There is a foundation laid in reason and in evidence, and reasoning runs through all the superstructure, like the veins of the

polished pillars. But the true apostolic fire is fiercer than that which burned in the censers of the ancient vestal virgins. The true apostle makes it a matter of life and death. Hear what the clever French countess said of Bossuet; '*Il se bat à outrance avec son auditoire—tous ses sermons sont des combats à mort.*'

"Henceforth, the Christian missionaries will speak with louder tongues from fuller hearts. The State will not strip off its conscience to lay it at the feet of the Hindoo idols, or of the scowling Moslem muftis. It will acknowledge in its edicts and in its acts the Christian creed; but it will set up no supremacy. There can be no state religion in its strict sense—no union of Church and State. If any creed were established, it ought to be the miserable worship of the majority. But the Christian conscience will not allow this. It must allow toleration. A fair field and no favour! It will be for the first time in Christian history if the crusader does not win in such a fight. Let us, like that other Christian knight, who threw away his shield when he saw none in the hand of his enemy, enter the lists but with the naked sword of Truth.

"In the old European lands, toleration has often proved to be a soft word in the jaw of Injustice. In France the Protestants are equal before the law, but very unequal in the eye of the official intellect. It is difficult to protect a small religious community among a fanatic or intolerant people; for toleration is a plant of still slower growth than confidence. In India, it will no longer be difficult to protect and promote the Christian convert. It will not be so easy to deal justly with the heathen. For Christianity elevates and refines its followers, and they become worthier of the public trusts than those who fling down their souls at the feet of senseless idols. The Mahomedan may be as fit

for the offices of this life as the Christian—for the Koran is a faint echo of the Christian book, and his practice is often better than that of the Christian. But the Hindoo heathen, who will not change his religion, may change in nothing. Preference may pass by him, like the sail on the swift stream, and he will not understand the reason why he has been left behind. There is, indeed, an education which quickens the intellect, and leaves the heart hollower or harder than before. The Hindoo can make himself expert enough for this life without bending the knee to Jesus. The sepoy can be docile as the tamed tiger, and yet hide in his unconscious heart the unrelenting rage of hell.

“It is a great, good work, to convert this dexterous people to Christianity. But it must not be done by stealth. Education is the food that every state must give to its citizens for its own purposes. The higher purpose belongs to the militant church; but the national schools of this land must be left, as in our own land, to the parents and the people. The State may give aid in money to Mahomedan or Hindoo schools, and it may exact some control in exchange, but it must not buy or bribe with gold the proud heathen conscience. The Bible must not be brought into these ‘village vernacular schools’ like a box of smuggled goods. If it must enter, let it be by the common, open consent. The missionary will not expel it from his school. But it will be taught there in the fulness of day—not as a theme of Plato, but as the real Book of Life. If it be read in the Hindoo schools or colleges as a work of literary fame, it must be left to its own fruits. Even in this state it may smite the soul of the heathen, like that of the Ethiopian baptized in the river by the apostle. It seems, the foolish faith of this people can be broken down like the children’s buildings—one good shake sends all down together. Chris-

tianity can be preached in the laws of heavenly bodies, in the properties of earthly elements, in geography, chemistry, and in all the material sciences. These Brahmin lords have so over-weighted the car of the idols with useless untruthful lumber, that it may at any time tumble over and lie helpless. They have asked the people to believe too much. They have believed all for many terrible generations. But the swift inquisitive Indian mind cannot shut out the light that shines from the Western stars. He stands confounded before the fact of his own senses. Stupendous revelation! 'If this fact be true, then our faith has taught falsely—what truth is there in the rest?'—and he trembles till he has laid his hand on the Christian rock. This great Avatar for which he waits, may it not be visible in the thunder-chariots that roll on the iron roads through the waste and over the waters, beneath the hills and across the rice-fields? Leave these Indian sophists or scholars to their own ways, and they may fall down before the cross as freely as before Juggernaut—not crushed beneath the red wheels, but rising to the full stature of evangelized spirits. It is easy to strike down the heavy idols, like Nadir Shah; but they are soon built up again in brass or gold. The decay from within—the burning *oremacosis* of exhausted nature—what hand can restore this, except in the fashion of a new image, as a resurrection from the dead? Christianity begins from the burning of the false gods by the heathen people themselves—not with visible fire from the altar, as when the priests of Baal were slaughtered on the hill of Carmel, yet not less with the ardent spirit of God moving the minds of men to do him rightful homage. It might have been a cruel work to reason a people out of its idolatry without substituting the better substance. The Christian church stands with open doors, and the Christian school is close at hand.

There need be no pause or space between the bane and its antidote. Only, let the two camps be distinct as the bounds of realms—let there be no mixture of the elements that cannot accord. Let all men be free to choose their creed for themselves or their children. But the Christian will never utter that hateful word which charms the ear of the statesman—compromise. Christ will have the whole heart, or not an atom of it at all.

“This inquisitive people despises the proud stolid Moslem indifference, and never wearies in drawing truth from the Western wells. Let it not be forgotten how much of this truth once came from the ancient Indian realm—illuminating, as it passed on, the philosophic soul of Plato, and the seraphic spirits of the old Christian fathers—before it burst out in the springs of the Western states—in the fountains of the Western cities. The soul of this people is not wholly in a state of paralysis. There are dissenters even in India. The great Sikh separation, about a hundred years ago, was an effort for religious union, as among the British churches. The vast secession of the great Buddhist sect, many ages ago, was founded on the abolition of caste, and it now numbers far more millions than any other human creed on the face of the earth. The rulers of a people should know its language—even if it were as various as the dialects of Mithridates. The abominable law of caste forbids the social intercourse. The customs of this people are still coiled up in the stiff lethargy of the Sanscrit writings. Their thoughts are like the treasure that is locked up in the box which has lost its key. To find this key—to open out the real metal—to scrape off its rust and filth—to show it once more in its purity to the people, is a task greater than that of the conquering campaigner. It might be shown to this people that their priests have also, like those of the

Jews, the Moslems, and the Christians, made the word of 'none effect through their traditions.' The ancient Hindoo scriptures speak of the one God as firmly as the Hebrew books, and they are full of moral wisdom. May it not be shown to this people that, in one case as in the other, the Christian faith was but the fulfilment of the law which God had written on the hearts of their sages—that the wise men of the East may still greet the star of Bethlehem?

"It is truly, therefore, a noble work that is set before us—to convert the people to Christianity; for in that word all else is implied, as plainly as in the words of the great Roman conversion—*sub hoc signo vinces*. If the Hindoo people will rise to the fulness of freedom, it must be in the spirit of the Christian faith. This noble tree of Liberty, with its innumerable blossoms, will not grow up, like the 'Pride of India,' in one year. The nation that would win Freedom must be touched by the wand of conscience, or consciousness. The Christian creed, of all others, lives in this element: it insists on the personal accountability of men, and gives them the inward power of control. No representative government can be established in any other than a Christian country; and the nearer such a country approaches to the ideal of the Christian character, it is fitted for political freedom. Europe itself proves this by abundant evidence. This tree will grow as slowly in the East as in the West; and, like the true Christian tree, it is God at last 'that giveth the increase.'

"This unrivalled Indian realm is plainly given to us as a trust from God. Alexander, Mahmoud of Ghizni, and the Moguls sought for this empire as a gorgeous jewel to be set in their crowns. It was in the same spirit that Dupleix and Labourdonnais, even Clive himself, wooed this Indian

empress with the heat of a grand glowing imagination. It was thus that NAPOLEON dreamed of the lustrous land of diamonds and gold. Let us show to the wondering nations that there are other purposes than those of selfish ambition. Let us rule India as all realms should be ruled, for the welfare of its people. Let us remember that this land lies wedged between the fanatic nations of the Arab impostor and those of the degraded Buddhists. The old Gothic conquerors essayed in vain to strike the Moslem head; let us seek the vulnerable heel. It is truly a grand adventure, chivalrous as that of the Crusaders, but possible in the fast promises of the oracles of God. To bring the Christian gospel to the Eastern heathens, to preach it from the Thibet Mountains and the great Chinese Wall, to bring with it that breath of liberty which shall inspire the ancient people with all the human duties, and prepare them for the noblest inheritance of man, the right of self-rule—this is the task which Providence has given to us. Let us tremble lest we prove faithless to the trust!”

“Let the next Hero be the Christian Hero, baptized and branded with the Cross of Christ!” said the Vicar.

“If he be robed in purple, let him have the under-mail of Truth!” said the Captain; and he whispered to his fair child.

Claire sprang from her seat, and returned with her harp, and sang, as she had often sung on the banks of the young Garonne,

THE LAY OF THE LAST PRINCE PALADIN.

A youth was dreaming on the strand,—
A voice come o’er the summer sea :
“Thou hast no gold, thou hast no land—
Rise up, young dreamer, follow me !
And I will give thee seignory.

"There is a realm where demons dwell,
 With red-eyed Murder for their king ;
 Up ! drive them all to doors of hell,
 And I will lend thee seraph's wing,
 To mount the seat where minstrels sing !

"It shall be higher than the hill,
 And safer than the summer sea,
 When millions bend before thy will,
 And greet thy Star of Destiny :—
 Up ! Prince of Fate ! and follow me ! "

He started wildly from the sand,—
 He sped across the sleeping main,—
 He slew the dragons of the land,—
 And there was reverence again,
 And then they crown'd him " King of Men ! "

He heard the strangers' scoffing mirth,
 Across the stream, across the plain ;
 He laid his crown down on the earth,
 And, as his sword leap'd out again,
 He laugh'd out too—this King of Men !

He cross'd the plain, he cross'd the hill,—
 He heaved them like a hurricane ;
 He made the lands a street of steel,
 He made the ancient kingdoms reel,
 The peerless, young Prince Paladin !

The great kings were his chamberlains,
 They stood in silence for his nod :
 The small ones were his minions,
 They trembled at his royal rod,
 As if he were on earth a god !

He brought the spoils of kingdoms old,
 And hung them, heedless, on the wall ;
 He paved his princely courts with gold ;
 He summon'd to his stately hall
 The wisest, truest men of all.

His banner in the battle-field
 Was held by eagles of the sky ;
 And valour cleaved through sword and shield,
 And victory his chariot wheel'd,
 To give him wider seignory.

Then came a voice, both hard and hoarse :
 "Thou fool ! thou hast not gain'd the goal !
 If thou hast fraud as well as force,
 Once more !—strike down the fiend Remorse,
 And then thou shalt be lord of all ! "

He raised his arm with mutter'd oath,
Another firmly held it still :
" I am the Spirit of thy Youth—
Thou shalt not smite the Soul of Truth ! "
" *I will !* " he said, with wrath,—" *I WILL !* "
" I call'd thee, " said the voice again,
" When thou wert sleeping on the strand,
To drive the devils to their den :
Thyself hast now the demon's brand ;
Farewell ! "—and loosed the hero's hand !
He struck with an unmeasured might,—
He struck again—again—again ;
But phantoms floated 'fore his sight,—
The demon-brand burnt to his brain,
And all his valour it was vain.
He strung him for one stroke to slay
A mighty Northern man of war,—
The swoop, it whirl'd his strength away,
And, as he fell, that dreary day,
The big earth trembled to her core.
A spirit sat upon the heap
Of slain, where he was lying low ;
He saw her dimly through his sleep,
And, for the first time, he could weep,
As he had wept long years ago.
Her name was Glory—thus she spoke :
" I loved him fondly from his youth,
As from his sea-sleep he awoke ;—
Yet bear him back to some sea-rock !
For Glory lives with Truth—with Truth ! "

CHAPTER XV.

THE EARTH AS SEEN FROM THE MOON.—THE HUMAN
DESTINY.

L' aiuola, che ci fa tanto feroci,
Volgendom' io con gli eterni Gemelli,
Tutta m' apparve da' colli alle foci.

DANTE, *Par. c. 22.*

A SEASON of delightful autumnal weather had now succeeded the storms and the mists. Cloudberry Pike had from day to day appeared in full sunshine, a beautiful blue pillar touching the clear blue skies. The sportsmen had resumed their meetings at the Spring, and the Serjeant and the Vicar had poured out sermons and conversations on a great variety of topics, both of the past, the present, and the future. The Serjeant's holiday was now drawing to a close. A huge ominous parcel had been delivered, which contained a great "brief for the defendants," but which had been instantly seized by the fair lady of the Garonne, and imprisoned in her own room. It was now determined to have a sporting excursion to the Pike, which should comprise the whole party, and which should give a grand conclusion to the happy days they had spent among the hills. It was a brilliant day of old October, when the whole army marched up Meredale. The grouse were sitting out on the heather on all sides, looking on the alpine landscape, as if they also could love its brightness, yet wary for the approach of the inexorable enemy. It was the last campaign, and

both parties took the field in full force of war. Thenceforth there would be the peace of the African waste. The sportsmen soon separated for the process of stalking, and all the routes were made to converge towards the Pike for the afternoon repast. The Serjeant, with old Tony, the keeper, and old Mungo, was soon absorbed in a deep ravine which ramified into numerous 'breaks' and natural sykes, where they could travel for miles unseen, except by the sun-god. The Serjeant's active strength expressly fitted him for this work of skill. Mungo was so well trained for this work that he never required a single word of admonition. Sometimes at the heels of the Serjeant, and sometimes leading the way up the slippery sides of the sykes, with his nose in the air, he seemed to know exactly where the birds were to be found, and where there was no likelihood of a shot. Tony and his master, in their grey caps and jackets, halted at the corners to look out for the sentinels, and, as in the real warfare, shooting them first, and then firing at the rising pack. The shot birds were stealthily picked up by the keeper, often on his hands and knees, that the rest of the ground might not be disturbed. Sometimes old Mungo was directed, in ticklish places, to creep on his belly, and to bring in the dead game to the syke; for the least vestige of a face, the least visible movement of a cap-ribbon, might rouse a whole army of the foe. Often the Serjeant himself was obliged to wade through the deep bog mud and water, and to creep, like the dog, over a rising hillock. Once, as they had advanced a long way up a diverging syke, in search of birds which they had seen with a glass, at a great distance, and the Serjeant was just going to shoot the sentinel, a large polecat leaped out of the heather. The Serjeant hated all poachers, and always made it a point of honour to deal first with the common foe. He instantly shot the

creeping, winding vermin, without showing himself to the birds. The grouse, keen of sight, yet dull to appreciate sound, sat still till the Serjeant recharged his gun, and he and Tony then brought down enough to fill a bag; for the Serjeant was as cool at this work as with an adverse witness; and the rush of wings, which sounded like a storm to the unskilful, braced his nerves for the task as much as a storm from the legal bench. It was a work of great excitement, and even his iron frame was almost worn out as they reached the flat ground which ended the region of sykes, and which was crowned by the towering Pike. Meanwhile, the other sportsmen began to appear with their spoils, and the Vicar and Claire, with the baskets and ponies, had reached the spot of meeting by a route which did not interfere with the sport.

It was a delicious moment when the Serjeant stretched his legs on the round broad leaves of the mountain bramble, the Cloudberry, which grew in great abundance, and which gave its name to the Pike. There was the berry without the cloud, and the new landscape of the other side was as startling as if he had never seen it before. It was indeed a marvellous vision of beauty, after the hard travel through the rough sykes; for the whole western side of the hills was one abrupt escarpment, and the eye looked down at one leap into a wide luxuriant broad plain of many miles in extent, covered with swept corn-fields, forests, streams, and black moorland patches, bounded in the far distance by high blue hills, the firth of the Western sea, and the multitude of crowding hills beyond that, as far as human vision could be carried. The smoke of towns and villages, the cathedral towers, the silvery tarns, the stretching highways, and even the dotted churchyards, were visible as the purple heather of the land that was left behind. After enjoying this grand

spectacle for a long time, the repast was spread out in a sheltered spot, which still commanded the whole new wondrous world, and the men and dogs were assembled around the dead game at an adjoining spring.

When the repast was concluded, and the bottled springs had ceased to flow, and the fires began to be lighted with the villanous Virginian weed, the Captain called upon the Serjeant for a finishing address to the jury, in the great cause of Nature and Human Nature. The Serjeant seemed to be inspired with the occasion, like the great orators, and at once began:—

“On the doors of the Delphian temple, which was supposed to be the centre of the earth, were said to have been inscribed the mystic words *EI EN*, which have been interpreted to mean *Thou art one*. The noble Greek mind, in the midst of its bewilderment among Pans and Apollos, gods of the sea, the skies, and the streams, saw the unity of creation. The many Greek cities had their defending deities. Here was the shrine of all—of all in one. The centre of the earth is far removed from the Delphian cliff—into other lands. The human pride has often pretended to measure this earth from its own spot. The golden milestone of the Roman forum was in its long day the centre of the earth, from which all miles to all other spots were measured. The Athenians, in like manner, measured their miles from the altar of the twelve gods of the Agora. The modest Laplander reckons distances by the number of horizons which can be traversed by the reindeer—say, three in the twenty-four hours. It is useful to individuals as to nations, to teach them how great they may become by knowing first how small they really are. But for the stars above him, almost any man might mistake the small sphere in which he lives for the universe. There, he

sees the infinite and intangible close to his own horizon—the immeasurable beside, yet beyond, the daily steps. An Athenian once taught this lesson to a young citizen, rich, powerful, and gifted with beauty almost as a woman, as full of peril as of promise—the boy-man Alcibiades. When this spoiled child of fortune and of Athens imagined that he was a grandee of the earth, Socrates produced a map of the known world, and asked him to point out his estate in it. The youth could find no lands of his: it was well to find Attica itself legibly written on the map, for it was not only unfruitful, but of small extent. If the sway of Athens had not been over the seas, like that of England, her name might have been there in very small letters, if at all. Canst thou see that small island which now holds the heart of the earth? The wide realms of the unreclaimed savages are visible enough. What a speck is this on the surface! A state may be small in stature, but it may really hold the heart of the world, both for the present and for many future ages—possibly as long as the world endures. A man may be great in any state, and may be very small elsewhere, like the M.P. for Brassborough; and also the reverse may happen, as with the philosopher of the same country, who was known in many distant cities, and whose dwelling could not be pointed out to the inquiring stranger. The great men belong to the earth, which is said to spin through space as their mausoleum. If there should be a great assize-day of all the worlds, will it not be asked which has best witnessed to the glory of the Architect? It is well, therefore, to look at this world of ours from some neutral point—from a short distance, as the unskilful painters wish their works to be viewed. Let us set our Alcibiades in the moon, where all lost things are said to be easily found, and where we may, therefore, possibly find modesty. It was once proposed by a

philosopher, of course a geometrician, that large geometrical figures should be drawn or raised on the face of the earth, in order to show the lunar residents that it was inhabited by intelligent beings. Others would suggest other expedients. The archdeacon might wish to exhibit the Thirty-nine Articles on a board; the lawyer might wish to show a specimen of special pleading in large letters; and the great hat-architect who sent the huge hat in a van through the great city, might propose that Mount Athos should be cut into the form of a hat, instead of the great king Alexander. But the signs of intelligence must be discovered by intelligence. What would our friend, the Hon. John Asshurst, say, if you took the trouble to explain to him the bridge of asses ever so plainly? Alas! what could he prove, except that he was also of the family! Let us leave this to imagination, like the moustache. Let us sit awhile in the lunar silver-horn, with a strong, long telescope, as on the alpine horns, the loyal subjects of the Man in the Moon.

“How much depends on the gazer as well as on the glass! A mariner would inspect the seas and the straits; an engineer the mountains and the streams; a shipbuilder would look for woods or hæmatite iron-ore veins; and a coal-owner would long to bore into the beds below. Frederick of Prussia would have looked for inhabitants of six feet two inches in stature, and the wicked Duke of Queensberry would have shot out his very eyeballs at the innocent fair ladies. Even in more unsubstantial concerns, there would be the like diversity of inspection. The naturalist, the poet, the politician, the seer of science, the preacher, and the lawyer—each would look through his own lens. Let us try to look in the spirit of that wisdom which folds all within her mantle, standing with her one white hand on the old

chronicles of time, and with the other pointing onward with the pilgrim's staff.

"The earth is beautiful enough, both in its body and in its garments. Its alps reach to the clouds, and its silent valleys are delved deep in the ocean. It is full of life, from peak to plain—from plain to sea-bed. Variety sits on every part of field and forest, and it is visible on every creature that runs, or flies, or creeps, or swims. One thing is worthy of note. In each zone, region, or circle, animated nature is different, sometimes much, even almost altogether, with one single exception—man. He alone lives everywhere on the surface, and assumes the empire over all, as one born in the purple. The birds and the beasts differ in outward form, as in inward propensity; but man is the same near the poles or at the equatorial girdle, with the like bodily properties, and the like moral passions. There is difference enough in development, but the difference is almost as visible at each man's door as a thousand leagues from it. However noble may be man, or however mean, he cannot dissolve partnership with his brother. There is community of interest, as well as of faculty, for ever. All are co-partners, or co-heirs, whether they burrow in the arctic snows, or lie torpid in the tropic sun, or fill the temperate cities with the sound of toil or jubilee. The scope of this partnership is to replenish and subdue the earth.

"It was a vast design, to multiply, and fill the earth with living men: it almost cost the whole idea of brotherhood. Look at them even now, as they are severed by rivers, seas, mountains, and deserts. They live apart and call each other strangers, as if they belonged to different planets. They have speech, but they cannot speak to each other; they have laws, manners, deep human feelings, and divine expectations, but these are almost as various as the faces. There

may be the same end, but the means are diverse. Is it strange that human beings, born from one cradle, should wander so long and so far, that when they meet a brother, he is as unknown to them as Joseph? But is it not strange that when they meet at last, it may be as enemies to slay each other, and that the most refined communities of men are compelled to enlist skill and science for the pursuit of war? Yet war is not a demon without remorse or reward. It restores the brotherhood in letters of fire. When men are seated in their pleasant places, and are inclined to ease and indolence, this is the rod that admonishes them, like that of a severe just father. Whether it comes on the wave of foaming steeds, like that of Zenghis, or with the Koran verse on the bright Damascus blade, it is the hurricane that brings the elemental equilibrium—the concord of heaven and earth. In the mutual appeal to God, there is the acknowledgment of His might. It fires the beacons of faith and of freedom, and heats the furnace through which men pass to visible glory. There is the doom of defeat, the quenchless sense of duty, the stirring sense of honour, the measureless solemn sacrifice, and the incense of success. Yet can man not discover his brother but in the dust-cloud of battle? Must they ever shake hands with the swords only—without the genuine hand-and-heart clasp? There was a time when the sword seemed to bring the promised unity—when Octavius shut the gates of Janus. The Roman city revelled in grateful banquets, in festivals of love and friendship, while the sword still flamed from the gates, like that over the doors of Paradise, and brought men to common obedience—to slavery. In the very perfection of that genial sentiment, there arose another of larger, milder promise. When the human family was led to peace at the chariot-wheels of the world-conqueror, and feverish

hope looked for an advent, the Roman poets sang of the dying Marcellus. But the child of prophecy was not born by the hill of the Capitol. When all eyes from all regions turned to Rome as to the altar of the earth, He was born among the herdsmen of Nazareth. It was He that taught, once for all, the brotherhood of all mankind; and it was taught at last from the throne of the Cæsars. Yet here also it was too truly written that the divine promise depended on the human performance—in the words of doom, ‘Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword.’ The divine Christian faith became but a standing protest against human disunion—a promise yet unperformed, like that of the king called Δῶτωρ, the Promiser—the shadow of that which is to come—a dream of the land of rest and unity—of ‘Peace on earth, good-will to man.’

The spiritual human power has been insufficient for human unity—and the world staggers on to that goal like the drunken satyrs. Yet nature has provided even for this perversity, in the diversity of climate, soil, and productions. If all realms were alike, the nations might live apart in their own sufficiency. But look at this round orb with its varied fruitful lands, its long winding rivers, its circling sea. It was the divine purpose of dispersion, not only that the earth should be peopled, but that it should be subdued. Nature was like the widowed matron that has nurtured her sons to manhood, and then sent them forth for themselves. It was not only to hunt, slay, skin, and eat the beasts of the chase—to gather together the herds on the hills, and to guard them from the ravenous beasts of prey, but to gain mastery over the lumpish earth—to plough up the flowers, and sow the corn-seed—to hew down the forests, and to sow the sea with ships—to dive down

into pits, and bring forth the metal and the mineral. Wherever man went, he might say as truly as Cæsar, *Veni—vidi—vici*. He questions nature with more pertinacity than the parrot with the single phrase—questions her like a resolute child till the answer comes. What wealth he has inherited—so much, that he has not yet seen all his landed estate—and has not yet made inventory of all that he has seen! Man was made to wander, that the earth might become a garden, a workshop, a wareroom, and a factory; also a school, a palace, and a temple—that it might be all in one, and as one concern. The herd disperses to feed like the Alpine cattle—but they should assemble at the evening Alp-horn blast. From the first moment of separation from his brethren, man took with him a counterpart agreement for future union. The first idea of commerce is exchange. This idea even runs through all the clumsy contrivances of the currency-doctors, who seem to be almost as hopeless as the divinity-doctors. If one man has too much of one article, and too little or none at all of another, and he meets another man in reversed condition, the barter may be very useful to both. Sometimes man, sometimes nature, may be the manufacturer. Nay, Nature herself sets this example of exchange — when she drives the icebergs towards the equator, and pours her aromatic rivers through the very waters of the deep sea. She is constantly holding the balances in her hands over the land, over the water, and in the skies. Man begins to be a trader, from the instant he begins to want that which he has not. Too often the trader was first a brigand, and took that which he wanted without giving anything back, except a thrust of the steel. There are still enough of brigands, pirates, buccaneers, and burglars. Happily, in the long run, the profession is found

to be not only wanting in honesty, but to be carried on at a great loss to the general partnership. For all men are partners—though there be many with a very small share in the business. The grand achievement is, that men may sit at one table—like the kindred of the Asiatic or Scottish clan, the chiefs at one end, and the common folk at the other end—not once a year at the periodical dividend-dinner, but every day. It is a bountiful repast—because, like that of the Roman emperors, it comes from all climes, save that the tongues of the red-winged African wild-birds are not plucked for the festival, nor the brains of pheasants and peacocks, nor the milk of lampreys. Vitellius had his rarities served on the golden shield of Wisdom—*clypeum Minervæ*. There was a meaning in this beyond the scope of *his* brains. As each guest is a contributor, it is only fair that each should sit at the board. If every one may not bring a sirloin, a boar's head, or a dish of oriental birds'-nests, a turkey or turtle, let him bring what he can. The free good-will should pass for something. Any one may pull a flower-festoon from the highway hedge, that may hang from the rafter with a better grace than the hair-hung Sicilian sword. But every one should do something—if it be but to tell a story, or to sing a song.

“It is a great feat, to have thus brought so many men again together—brandishing the steel of cutlery for carving rather than for your own throat. True, it is a sensual feast—say, selfish. But here they are with the old smiles for each other. Better late than never!—better thus than not at all. Besides, when the stomach apparatus is in good working order, and hath something to work upon, it is amazing to see how the human brothers hug each other with fraternal love, nay, even if they have to get up a temporary stomach, like the sponges. You may accom-

plish any purpose under the sun by dint of the dinner business. Charity walks into the festival room with the British lion as if they were man and wife. Feed this lion, and he will open his paws softly as an infant—for relieving the widows and orphans, for converting the Hebrews, for amending the law, for providing for curates' poor destitute families, for endowing a church or a charity, or for giving a testimonial to a fool. Really, after all, man does love his brother. In spite of all prejudice and cousinly scandals, they have but to meet, and they fall into each other's arms. Even at home, in the very street you live in, if you could only by some means or other get acquainted with your next-door neighbour, with his interesting sick wife and eleven children, you might get to like the careful, good man as well as if you had made his acquaintance on the top of Mont Blanc or at the Pyramids. It seems to me, that if this human love has but the barest chance, it will grow amain, and make a soft carpet for itself, like the lofty, steep Alpine grass that clothes the bare rocks.

“It is a still greater feat, that so many men should eat together. Get that done, and there is an end to caste and class. The time will come when the insolent Brahmin shall condescend to eat with the British rulers. The children at one daily board must be akin. The rugged old Spartans saw this in their daily public banquets. Only contrive to dip into the dish with the untamable Arab, and you are safe. Nay, break bread even with a British Radical, and he would spare your neck in the next civil war, if he had got you down in the deepest ditch. Once get a fellow-citizen to eat your salt, and you give mutual bonds for good behaviour. It is almost as good as lending him one hundred pounds sterling. Malevolence flies abashed from the banquet. Even the town-councillors smile across

the table at each other—and the vestries, and the burial and charity boards. So would the Blues and the Yellows, if they were allowed to meet. They should be made to meet in this friendly encounter. There should be a table, once a year at least, stretching from the Scilly Isles to the Orkneys, open to all the citizens, like the macaroni feasts of the Naples king and his *lazzaroni* gentlemen. Well, gentlemen of the jury! it is spread every day—there are but gaps for the sake of convenience. Since the wicked Corn Laws were abolished, and commerce became free, there is but one table. Let us stretch this table from arctic to antarctic, with cross and parallel tables at every degree of latitude and longitude! You will never have such an opportunity with this huge human family, as when you catch them at the same eating and drinking board;—for all men must eat and drink. They may not be philosophers, or members of Parliament or of Congress; but they must eat if they will live, though they should not live only to eat. Even the wisest men are not much better than Sancho the squire, at this work. Let us have the full family party every day—Christmas all the year round! Why should men be shut up to dine alone, as in the stiff English hotels, or in small pews, as in the abominable London taverns?

“It seems, that if this banqueting business is well managed, the world has great chance of being made one. It is beginning at the belly, like the good wine, which gets at last to the head and the heart. When the grosser inward man is duly cared for, the next thought is about the outward garment. If the feast is good, it is but decent to come to it in good clothing. Here again, Commerce opens out her wings, and flaps consent. In time, mankind, and even womankind, will be all clad decently, and with due reference to the cold and hot, the wet and dry, the young and old, the

rich and poor. It has been a fearful affair, this clothing business, from the first fig-leaf to the episcopal apron. Man has long lived in the stolen or cast-off clothes of the beasts and birds—and has tried to disguise the robbery by fraudulent fresh devices, like the stealers of silver plate. Surely, they will come to something rational at last, without returning to the raw skins, or to the bare human skin itself. In the greater banquet above, the ethereal essence may appear unapparelled or clad with transparency. But it is right to be decent in this life. The civilized man becomes modest as a woman. The Prime Minister of the Coral Isles may walk down the chief street of the capital in a pair of flannel drawers, perhaps even without them, in the full faith of nature; but the smallest clerk of the Board of Excise must walk along the Strand in full costume. If a minister walked across Parliament Street without his boots, there would soon be as many people about him as might suffice to tear up the stones for the barricades. Again, when the human frame is thus worthy of sight, the vain creature will look for itself in a mirror—even, for default of better, into a pewter plate. This dining-hall will be filled with the trophies of the past, the pictures and the sculptures. Let us allow that there may be a just pride in looking back, as a foundation for the promise of the future. The ingenious human artificers and craftsmen will search the earth, like Solomon, for their goods, and transform the misshapen matter into glorious workmanship. For the world is to be conquered by the head as well as by the hands.

“When the company have feasted, shall they not make merry with wine and song? Even the same sturdy old Spartans could do this, and laugh at the man who was caught with his own wife, till the rafters rang. At such a time you might get a song even from an archbishop. When

men are happy, even for an hour, they begin to sing as naturally as the larks. Nay, if a man be but enough feasted, he will sing by himself—for his own entertainment—an astounding fact! The world then shall break out into song—at first with a low hum, like the thanksgiving-hymn of the bees—then with the guiding, concerting instruments, perhaps after the fashion of a Dutch concert—soon to swell into the universal harmonious chorus that will shake the globe itself. What a clasping of hands and hearts is here! what stretching across the table! what greeting of uplifted goblets! what toasts and sentiments! what memorable speech! what swift echo from the brazen throats and the golden hearts! what vows of eternal love, as if the whole race of prodigals had come home again! What, if they sing in a thousand tongues—is it not the same song of joy, visible on the lips as plainly as if it were written on vellum with the bill of fare? They shall sing each other's songs. Hark, as the renowned world-harper rises for his song! Of what shall this man sing to such a company? Not of ancient family feuds—of the days of force and foray—of the fist and foot dominion of man over man—of castle and cannon! No! the minstrel must strike another chord, or he will get no fee. Not yet shall he sing of the citizens of Orion or Sirius—the loves of the Pleiades—the stately march of worlds to Hercules the Hero. Courage! yet, also, patience! At present, the triumphal song may suffice. His harp is hung with the pearls of the past. As he looks at these, he may perceive the finger that points to the great highway. He also must learn to forget, as well as the rest of the sages. Fated is the race that neither learns the new nor forgets the old, even if it has been royal for thirty generations. To unlearn is to learn—yet it is sometimes needful to learn again the forgotten.

“ At such a meeting shall the human speech not be free ? Of all hard things in this life, one of the hardest is when a man is compelled to suppress his soul as if it were a soiled shirt. But to be compelled to rejoice by order of the police ! I think if I were the Austrian emperor I would contrive some other means of making cheerful subjects than bringing them to perjure themselves by drapery and gas jets. For heaven’s sake let a man speak out his mind, if you will keep him from villany. If the family must meet at this table, be it long or round, it is not genteel to deny the right of remark. Truly what vulgarity is in some of these kings ! Even the despotic old kings allowed their wise fools to say what they liked. King James was complimented by being called the wisest fool in Christendom. Let us hear what a man has to say on any given subject, if it end only in proving himself the prince of fools. Even a fool may sometimes hit the bull’s-eye. There is some truth in all men, except those that are forced to speak other men’s thoughts. It is not all in the wine. With or without the wine, let us have free speech. If there be riotous or libellous guests, turn them out. But the tongue is doubtless given to man for utterance, not for ornament, like his Roman nose — not only for ordering salad and lobster, but for diviner ends. Get this converse well arranged, and the earth may be *one* without singleness of speech. Let all dialects learn to speak the truth, and they will recognize each other as readily as the Freemasons. The human family will not talk for ever, not even the adorable little ladies. They will listen, think, and set to some work. Woman’s thought drops gently into the silk or the wool as cleverly as if it were in the pattern. But the man, the master, must drive all home with his two-handed hammer. Let not this hammer be thrown into the whirlpool of rebellion ! for it may one day

leap forth a two-handed axe or fierce sword. There was the martel or mallet that smote the Saracens; there was the Cromwell hammer that knocked down the monkly rookeries; there was also the greater Cromwell sword, that abolished royalty and priesthood for a time in Britain, and that split up the skulls of the Irish patriots.

“The power of changing place is a vast achievement in itself. At first the human race might be seen from these lunar alps creeping about the earth, each man groping for his brother, as if utter darkness dwelt there. Primeval man might have looked with envy on the wild ass. Now he outstrips the gazelle and the eagle, even in the transport of his body and goods. There is a likelihood of the great family gatherings, even to stand as godfathers for each other’s children. Even the kings will not now live at home in their palaces, like the prize cabbages. They have some chance of making the acquaintance of their own subjects. The very pilgrims travel by rail to the shrine of Mariazell. This new horse with iron feet, and brazen fiery breath, will win by many necks all the Olympian prizes. He will pay no regard to passports or to armed police: he carries within him a surer array than the wooden steed of Troy, that was stuffed with Greek warriors.

“It is also true that the Christian religion is conquering the earth, in spite of all obstacles. Look at the chart itself as it lies open. Europe and America are Christian; Africa, Australia, and Polynesia will belong to the same band. Asia, the mother, only holds to the old ways; but she will yield at last. The books of Brahma, and Buddha, Mahomet, Confucius, and Zoroaster, will no more live beside Christianity than the book of Mormon. Year by year this conquest is eating up the whole earth, not by force, not by the flaming sword, like that of the Arab; not, as of yore, like Charle-

magne and his furious Saxons; nor by fraud and imposture, like the others. It has its emissaries and its altars in foreign lands, while the rest are stagnant. But it has another strength than this. It has made the advancing nations of the world powerful and pre-eminent. Wherever they go, Commerce goes first, reaching out her friendly hands, and Conquest follows closely behind, and Religion enters at the open gate. It may be contraband ware—it may be death to bring it in, but it will come in as surely as the opium drugs. But it is not thrust out—for the people have no faith in the creed that makes them weak and miserable. Let it not be forced in with the sword, nor smuggled in like forbidden goods. Fair play—and the wooden gods will fall down before the invisible Christ. When that abominable Brahmin caste shall be abolished, there shall be a fire of the fallen images which shall light the whole earth. Opinion and Belief ride in a car as ponderous as that of Juggernaut, as slowly, yet more surely, not over the maimed body, but beside the upright guiding spirit—slowly, yet without one step of retreat, without one look of repentance.

“The human sway over the earth extends day by day. The ferocious beasts of the jungle and the wilderness must make their peace with man, and be tamed by his kindness, or exist no more as living races. Nay, the very wild men of the woods and the prairie must come into this universal copartnership, or must also be extinct as the Crusaders, or the race of Cain the murderer. There can be no dominant partners here: the partnership articles become stricter at every renewal. Look at that small grub that is now gnawing the Georgian cotton-leaves. It will raise the price of cotton one penny per pound, and will bring starvation to many British families. That other ‘worm i’ the bud,’ that is set on the European mulberry-trees, invisible as yet to

the eye of man, will blight the hopes of whole provinces, and will raise the price of gold itself over half the world. A financial shock travels, like an earthquake, into the farthest lands. Yet the world rolls on in increasing richness—it abounds in tangible goods—let us hope, also in the store of good sentiments and spiritual treasure—even in the inspiring songs and the funds of wit. Yet it is strange to see how few men love excellence for itself—how many excel in subduing nature only because they are compelled by Nature herself, or are too careful to hoard for the heirs, or in default of heirs, that they may take all with them into the tomb itself. Alas! it is so written that men walk towards the Palace of Perfection like the centipedes—or that they should resemble the Spanish knight who set out on a war-horse and returned home on an ass. Thou doting simpleton! canst thou not spell that word, E-n-o-u-g-h? Canst thou take out of this earth the smallest shred of her robes—even the thinnest thread of thy own body? Oh! wipe the sweat from that heavy brow, and cry out ‘Content!’ It would disenchant a whole life better than King Arthur’s silver trumpet. Thou hast enough! Help thy worthy, poorer neighbours. Ye millennarian dreamers! it is you also who prevent the reign of the saints. Must it not come, like other reigns, by human effort? Shall it not begin and end in Christian love? It is not yet all your goods that Charity asks for. Beware! there is one stronger than Charity, that will soon ask for all, without waiting for the communion of goods or of the saints!

“Look at this beautiful orb, from the lunar alps, in her fairy ring, spinning like the dancing dervishes—so fast that ye can hardly see her face. If you could see better, you might see Thought also written there, with her rivers of

rolling tears. She is silent as Contemplation herself, with all her swiftness. The ploughman whistles for want of thought. It is said, each of these creeping men has his grief or its ghost that haunts him—that there is the something bitter—*aliquid amari*—in every heart. Is the matron Earth herself exempt from the secret care? Does she travel fast like those stricken with compunction? Hath the beautiful one proved false to the promise of her birth, the pledge of her baptism, the vow of marriage, and in the care of her children? Have her children cared for her? Is she weary of the pilgrimage, ever beginning, never ending—ever in sight of the shrine, never arriving there—coming closer to it, only to fly the faster away? Doth she long for the days of her ancient innocence, or for death? Will the golden age come again, after those of iron and brass? Will Columbus come again, and discover the hidden Hesperides gardens? Have all expedients failed, both human and divine, to write happiness on this fair brow? Have the sages lived in vain? Hath the Redeemer died in vain? Have the conquerors vainly swept the floor? Have the minstrels vainly sung? Is the chase ever for that which is on the wing—a little nearer—a little farther—again nearer,—but never caught? Thou idiot! march at once to the mountain peak, and give thy vain grief into the abyss above! Look at that blue depth above and around thy head, sparkling with the other worlds. Are we also of this grand procession towards Hercules the Hero? Shall this march be accomplished, or will the fair earth be dropped, like a pearl lost in some escape of night? Forward! forward! to the last!—fighting to the last!

“Shall men not grow in love, as well as in knowledge—from within, like the large oaks, as well as from without, like the hard, cold crystals? Shall this fair orb cease to roll

before its triumphal song is ready for the Great Hall? Shall the Great Architect unmake it before it has become in truth the temple of the living God—before men have learned fully to love each other—even to know each other? Is this not the school through which the pupils pass into the real life, with the prison or the pauper discipline? Shall there not again be Paradise on earth—this time, from pole to pole? To lose by disobedience—to win by loyalty! Then indeed, the earth might sail on to the heroic star,—

‘Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.’

What solemn whispers float across that deep azure! ‘I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours.’ Yea!

“Yea—it is labour that must be found in this world.

“The faithful endeavour!

“This earth should shine in the firmament, like metal that is rubbed bright by the industrious housekeepers. The work before so long a rest should be hard and hearty. Forward! to the palm-trees and the fountains! Faith sees them plainly as the hot life-sands. Let us not wait for heroes, demigods, or paladins. Let each be hero to himself. It should always be said of the Earth, that in her worst hours she never left Hope behind, like those that enter Hell. But the chiefest sister, Love, will not stir without the whole caravan. Man never dies, even on earth—for he is like the English kings, who toss the crown and the robes to the heirs as they climb the skies. All the generations make but one man. He has continuity in himself, the unit, and may hereafter wear the crown, if he has here been even without a hat. It is a solemn thought that at last he must leave for ever the land of his childhood for the unknown

seas. He will never return from this pilgrimage with the palm wreathing round his staff. There are on this ocean no wrecks or waifs from the lands beyond, like those of the Azores. He lays down his garments on the shore before he plunges into this deep—and he is gone out of sight for ever. The great good men of the earth, one after the other, all depart, before the world has found out their full worth. These very garments, in which they lived, may be put on others. What do they leave behind them, that was their own, but the sweet memory of their short life? This is the only real heritage they have to bequeath, and it is not given according to the laws of primogeniture, or entail. There is equal partition among all the brethren. Thenceforth, the enfranchised belong no more to the earth. If the beautiful orb should spin out of its ring, and fall like the teetotum, or burst its girdle with volcanic vapour, and vanish altogether, wherefore should the ransomed heed? Shall it not still be said of the earth, *Thou wert one*? Shall her great ones not plead her cause in the great Council-Chamber? When the worlds are tried before that tribunal, and it shall be asked what this hath done for the end of its creation, shall the few good men save her, as they might have saved Gomorrah? ‘*One star differeth from another in glory.*’ For one world the angels may but weep—for another, may burst into Hallelujah. Mystery of mysteries! that man can sow the earth with imperishable souls—whose abiding city is not here: ‘Behold! I show you a mystery: we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump’—when thou shalt be ‘delivered from the burthen of the flesh,’ and shalt stagger in the deep valley. There is one thing solid still: ‘Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away.’ Through the bewildering excess of light, as through the

darkness, the hand of the traveller is firmly clasped, as by the St. Bernard brothers, who descend the snows to greet the endangered guests. It is bewildering to think of this voyage that all must take. The very thought of this starry splendour dazzles the senses—so that many have believed themselves already there, seeking for those that were lost. Alas! what remains for us, but to turn steadily once more to real work? Labour, like prayer, nerves the spirit afresh. If thou art not doomed to conquer a world, thou canst at least plant a potato. To conquer the world! to weep, like the Greek youth, for default of more to conquer! Thou royal fool! canst thou truly conquer the kingdom of Lilliput? Canst thou hold up a handful of the earthly body, and tell its history? Canst thou weigh the atoms better than the Pleiades? The work lies at each man's hand, and beneath his feet. Let each do his best, wherever he is born. The careful Savoyard makes his garden on the lofty rock, as in a nest, beside that of the eagle. This garden of the Hesperides, it lies everywhere—in the many square miles, and in the single rood.

“Yes, truly, as this orb, now old in years, moves onward, it should give a good light of its own to the swift angels as they pass it on their errands. It is not wedded to the sun, like Saturn, with silver rings, but it shines in the skies as the glow-worm waiting for the bridegroom. It will yet be brighter, for it has not yet fulfilled the law, ‘This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you.’ This universal love-attraction is the gravitation-essence that holds the worlds together. The atom Man clings to the other atom Man as they both rest on the earth, and wheel with her among the stars. The day of promise is nearer every day. The orb will not roll on for ever in unaccomplished destiny. These panting,

foaming steeds that sweep the land and the sea, they shall carry nobler freight than trump, sword, and cannon,—they shall do better than the conquering Arab coursers that dashed across the deserts into the Atlantic Ocean. These couriers that overtop the mountains, and dive below the sea-depths, shall hold the earth in a firmer embrace than the Scandinavian serpent, that was destined to coil around her. The whispers from this lyre shall be mild as those of the seraphs—more merciful than those of Memnon. It shall bind the globe with invisible threads, and stretch its arm into the empyrean for communion with the worlds above, like the strain of vespering songsters, that waits for its echo from the skies. The earth itself shall be ringed with living men, holding hands, as for the electric shock. It shall come from every heart, and there shall be written in golden letters, visible from far worlds, around the equatorial girdle, more plainly than on the doors of Delphi, ‘THOU ART ONE!’ There shall also be inscribed in the same scroll, the word which the Crusader wrote on his good sword, the gentle name of JESUS! The world is His! It was purchased for a price. It is *Aceldama*, the field of blood. It shall be called Περὶχώριον, the Field of Faith.”

The Serjeant closed his discourse; for his manly voice faltered, and his eyes began to grow dim with unwonted tears. There was a deep silence for some time. The Vicar was as silent as the rest; for the thoughts that had been stirred were too large for expression. It was a time, not for discussion, but for harmonious silent feeling. At last the Vicar said with much solemnity: “The same words are written on all the orbs that stud the firmament, but we can yet no more read the letters than hear their melody. Roll on! thou unresting, untiring earth! in peace; for a stronger than Atlas holds thee on the tip of his finger.

When thou shalt fall, it shall not be from the human shoulders! nor like the heeded sparrows. When thy bubble shall burst in the skies, like those of the children, and its place shall be seen no more, thy memory may yet be like that of the good true men, and thy spirit may live for ever in the Eternal city."

The day was now also drawing to a close, and the sun had begun to draw the crimson curtain of his couch. As the sunset promised to be very beautiful, it was agreed to pass homewards along the ridge of Gilder Fell, where it might be fully witnessed, and then to make the rapid descent down Gilderdale to the Lodge. Claire was soon lifted to the back of the black pony Toby, and the rest of the party slowly followed them. The men and dogs returned by the other valley of Meredale. The former party still journeyed on in silence as the sunset became every instant more beautiful. The colours increased in variety and in intensity, till there was a gorgeous field of splendour in the skies. There was a general halt.

"He is departing," said the Vicar, "like those who die in Christ, with the golden smile on his face."

Again the pilgrims went on. The sun had now set, and there stood in the western skies a still more marvellous sight. It was now a field of the spreading seas, with isles and inland firths, and blue Alpine heights, and golden shores. Afar off, in the midst of the green ocean, rose up majestic towers, which might betoken an abiding city. Once more Richard halted the black pony on which his betrothed was riding, and the whole party was enthralled with wonder. As they halted, a brace of grouse sprung up from the thick heather, almost at the Serjeant's feet. Instinctively the gun was raised to his shoulder, but the birds flew on this time, unharmed. "It is like firing ordnance in

the chancel of a cathedral," said the Serjeant, as he turned to look at the western skies—and the Captain slapped the back of his friend with delight. At that moment, Venus shone forth brilliantly in a purple sea.

"*FATA MORGANA!*" exclaimed the Serjeant. "It is no mirage of the deceiving southern skies. It is the visible concord of Heaven and Earth."

"It will fade, like the rest," said the Vicar. "See how the Love-star herself is following her Sun-god in his far travel. Love itself will not live long in the earth."

The gay girl of the Garonne for once forgot her gaiety, as she trembled on her black horse, and thought of the white steed of Death. But as she met her lover's earnest glance, and the father's fond caress, her heart was assured again, and she sang the song of the virgin, as she had learnt it in her native land, till the tears dropped from those strong men, like the trickling from the strong rocks.

Again they went onward, as the western glory gently faded into dim twilight. As they reached the place of descent, the stars began to stud the skies, and the heather became blacker at every step. The lights of the Lodge were now seen; and as the wanderers marched down the vale, the roar of Foxglove Force was the sole speech of Nature—silencing that of man. As they reached the Lodge, the hum of the human world was as startling as the breaking of the morning dream. As they entered the gate, the Vicar first broke the silence, and said,—

"It is a day which might be marked for us with the Dominical Letter among the Golden numbers of the Calendar!"

"It is a day," said the Captain, with tears in his eyes, "which reminds me of the Home of the Garonne, when my wound was healing!"

"This is a cause," said the Serjeant, "in which I would rather appear as the meanest witness in the box, than hold a ten-thousand-guinea brief for all the manors of the Domesday Book!"

The lovers also looked at each other. It was but the star-light, yet they shone to each other like the silent stars.

